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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE AND HIS PLAYS;

AN INQUIRY CONCERNING THEM.*

HOW can we undertake to account for the literary miracles of antiquity, while this great myth of the modern ages still lies at our own door, unquestioned?

This vast, magical, unexplained phenomenon which our own times have produced under our own eyes, appears to be, indeed, the only thing which our modern rationalism is not to be permitted to meddle with. For, here the critics themselves still veil their faces, filling the air with mystic utterances which seem to say, that to this shrine at least, for the footstep of the common reason and the common sense, there is yet no admittance. But how can they instruct us to take off here the sandals which they themselves have taught us to wear into the inmost *sekos* of the most ancient sanctities?

THE SHAKESPEARE DRAMA—its import, its limitations, its object and sources, its beginning and end—for the modern critic, that is surely now the question.

What, indeed, should we know of the origin of the Homeric poems? Twenty-five hundred years ago, when those mys-

tic characters, which the learned Phœnician and Egyptian had brought in vain to the singing Greek of the Heroic Ages, began, in the new modifications of national life which the later admixtures of foreign elements created, at length to be put to their true uses, that song of the nation, even in its latest form, was already old on the lips of the learned, and its origin a tradition. All the history of that wonderful individuality, wherein the inspirations of so many ages were at last united—the circumstance, the vicissitude, the poetic life that had framed that dazzling mirror of old time, and wrought in it those depths of clearness—all had gone before the art of writing and memories had found its way into Greece, or even the faculty of perceiving the actual had begun to be developed there.

And yet are the scholars of our time content to leave this matter here, where they find it! With these poetic remains in their hands, the monuments of a genius whose date is ante-historical, are they content to know of their origin only what Alexander and Plato could know, what Solon and Pisistratus were

* In commencing the publication of these bold, original, and most ingenious and interesting speculations upon the real authorship of Shakespeare's plays, it is proper for the Editor of *Putnam's Monthly*, in disclaiming all responsibility for their startling view of the question, to say that they are the result of long and conscientious investigation on the part of the learned and eloquent scholar, their author; and that the Editor has reason to hope that they will be continued through some future numbers of the Magazine.

fain to content themselves with, what the Homerids themselves received of him as their ancestral patron!

No: with these works in their hands to-day, reasoning from them alone, with no collateral aids, with scarce an extant monument of the age from which they come to us, they are not afraid to fly in the face of all antiquity with their conclusions.

Have they not settled among them, already, the old dispute of the contending cities, the old dispute of the contending ages, too, for the honor of this poet's birth? Do they not take him to pieces before our eyes, this venerable Homer; and tell us how many old forgotten poets' ashes went to his formation, and trace in him the mosaic seams which eluded the scrutiny of the age of Pericles? Even Mr. Grote will tell us now, just where the Iliad "cuts me" the fiery Achilles "cranking in;" and what could hinder the learned Schlegel, years ago, from setting his chair in the midst of the Delian choirs, confronting the confounded children of Ion with his definitions of the term *Homeros*, and demonstrating, from the Leipsic Iliad in his hand that the poet's cotemporaries had, in fact, named him Homer the seer, not Homer the Blind One?

The criticism of our age found this whole question where the art of writing found it, two thousand five hundred years ago; but, because the Ionian cities, and Solon, and Pisistratus, might be presumed, beforehand, to know at least as much about it as they, or because the opinions of twenty-five centuries, in such a case, might seem to be entitled to some reverence, did the critics leave it there?

Two hundred and fifty years ago, our poet—our Homer—was alive in the world. Two centuries and a half ago, when the art of letters was already millenniums old in Europe, when the art of printing had already been in use a century and a half, in the midst of a cotemporary historical illumination which has its equal nowhere in history, those works were issued that have given our English life and language their imperishable claim in the earth, that have made the name in which they come to us a word by itself, in the human speech; and, to this hour, we know of their origin hardly so much as we knew of the origin of the Homeric ep-

ics, when the present discussions in regard to them commenced, *not* so much, —not a hundredth part so much, as we now know of Pharaoh's, who reigned in the valley of the Nile, ages before the invasion of the Hyksos.

But with these products of the national life in our hands, with all the cotemporary light on their implied conditions which such an age as that of Elizabeth can furnish, are we going to be able to sit still much longer, in a period of historical inquiry and criticism like this, under the gross impossibilities which the still accepted theory on this subject involves?

The age which has put back old Homer's eyes, safe, in his head again, after he had gone without them well nigh three thousand years; the age which has found, and labeled, and sent to the museum, the skull in which the pyramid of Cheops was designed, and the lions which "the mighty hunter before the Lord" ordered for his new palace on the Tigris some millenniums earlier; the age in which we have abjured our faith in Romulus and Remus, is surely one in which we may be permitted to ask this question.

Shall this crowning literary product of that great epoch, wherein these new ages have their beginning, vividly arrayed in its choicest refinements, flashing everywhere on the surface with its costliest wit, crowded everywhere with its subtlest scholasticisms, betraying, on every page, its broadest, freshest range of experience, its most varied culture, its profoundest insight, its boldest grasp of comprehension—shall this crowning result of so many preceding ages of growth and culture, with its essential, and now palpable connection with the new scientific movement of the time from which it issues, be able to conceal from us, much longer, its history?—Shall we be able to accept in explanation of it, much longer, the story of the Stratford poacher?

The popular and traditional theory of the origin of these works was received and transmitted after the extraordinary circumstances which led to its first imposition had ceased to exist, because, in fact, no one had any motive for taking the trouble to call it in question. The common disposition to receive, in good faith, a statement of this kind, however extraordinary—the natural intellectual preference of the affirmative

proposition at hand, as the explanation of a given phenomenon, when the negative or the doubt compels one to launch out for himself, in search of new positions—this, alone, might serve to account for this result, at a time when criticism, as yet, was not; when the predominant mental habit, on all ordinary questions, was still that of passive acceptance, and the most extraordinary excitements, on questions of the most momentous interest, could only rouse the public mind to assume, temporarily, any other attitude.

And the impression which these works produced, even in their first imperfect mode of exhibition, was already so profound and extraordinary, as to give to all the circumstances of their attributed origin a blaze of notoriety, tending to enhance this positive force in the tradition. Propounded as a fact, not as a theory, its very boldness—its startling improbability—was made at once to contribute to its strength; covering, beforehand, the whole ground of attack. The wonderful origin of these works was, from the first, the predominant point in the impression they made—the prominent marvel in those marvels, around which all the new wonders, that the later criticism evolved, still continued to arrange themselves.

For the discoveries of this criticism had yet no tendency to suggest any new belief on this point. In the face of all that new appreciation of the works themselves, which was involved in them, the story of that wondrous origin could still maintain its footing;—through all the ramifications of this criticism, it still grew and inwound itself, not without vital limitation, however, to the criticism thus entangled. But these new discoveries involved, for a time, conclusions altogether in keeping with the tradition.

This new force in literature, for which books contained no precedent—this new manifestation of creative energy, with its self-sustained vitalities; with its inexhaustible prodigality, mocking nature herself; with its new grasp of the whole circuit of human aims and activities;—this force, so unlike anything that scholasticism or art had ever before produced, though it came, in fact, with the sweep of all the ages—moved with all their slow accumulation—could not account for itself to those critics, as anything but a new and mystic manifestation of nature—a new upwelling of the occult vital

forces, underlying our phenomenal existence—involving the historic order with one capricious leap, laughing at history, telling the laboring ages that their sweat and blood had been in vain.

And the tradition at hand was entirely in harmony with this conception. For, to this superhuman genius, bringing with it its own laws and intuitions from some outlying region of life, not subject to our natural conditions, and not to be included in our "philosophy," the differences between man and man, natural or acquired, would, of course, seem trivial. What could any culture, or any merely natural endowment accomplish, that would furnish the required explanation of this result? And, by way of defining itself as an agency wholly supernal, was it not, in fact, necessary that it should select, as its organ, one in whom the natural conditions of the highest intellectual manifestations were obviously, even grossly, wanting?

With this theory of it, no one need find it strange that it should pass in its selection those grand old cities, where learning sat enthroned with all her time-honored array of means and appliances for the development of mental resource—where the genius of England had hitherto been accomplished for all its triumphs—and that it should pass the lofty centres of church and state, and the crowded haunts of professional life, where the mental activities of the time were gathered to its conflicts; where, in hourly collision, each strong individuality was printing itself upon a thousand others, and taking in turn from all their impress; where, in the thick coming change of that "time-bettering age," in its crowding multiplicities, and varieties, and oppositions, life grew warm, and in the old the new was stirring, and in the many, the one; where wit, and philosophy, and fancy, and humor, in the thickest onsets of the hour, were learning to veil, in courtly phrase, in double and triple meanings, in crowding complexities of conceits and unimagined subtleties of form, the freedoms that the time had nurtured; where genius flashed up from all her hidden sources, and the soul of the age—"the mind reflecting ages past"—was collecting itself, and ready, even then, to leap forth, "not for an age, but for all time."

And, indeed, was it not fitting that this new inspiration, which was to reveal the latent forces of nature, and her scorn of

conditions—fastening her contempt for all time upon the pride of human culture at its height—was it not fitting, that it should select this moment of all others, and this locality, that it might pass by that very centre of historical influences, which the court of Elizabeth then made,—that it might involve in its perpetual eclipse that immortal group of heroes, and statesmen, and scholars, and wits, and poets, with its enthroned king of thought, taking all the past for his inheritance, and claiming the minds of men in all futurity, as the scene and limit of his dominion? Yes, even he—he, whose thought would grasp the whole, and keep his grasp on it perpetual—speaks to us still out of that cloud of mockery that fell upon him, when “Great Nature” passed him by—even him—with his immortal longings, with his world-wide aims, with his new mastery of her secrets, too, and his new sovereignty over her, to drop her crown of immortality—lit with the finest essence of that which makes his own page immortal—on the brow of the pet horse-boy at Blackfriars—the wit and good fellow of the London link-holders, the menial *attaché* and *élève* of the play-house—the future actor, and joint proprietor, of the New Theatre on the Bankside.

Who quarrels with this movement? Who does not find it fitting and pleasant enough? Let the “thrice three muses” go into mourning as deep as they will for this desertion—as desertion it was—for we all know that to the last hour of his life, this fellow cared never a farthing for them, but only for his gains at their hands;—let learning hide as she best may, her baffled head in this disgrace—who cares?—who does not rather laugh with great creating nature in her triumph?

At least, who would be willing to admit, for a moment, that there was one in all that cotemporary circle of accomplished scholars, and men of vast and varied genius, capable of writing these plays; and who feels the least difficulty in supposing that “this player here,” as Hamlet terms him—the whole force of that outburst of scorn ineffable bearing on the word, and on that which it represented to him—who doubts that this player is most abundantly and superabundantly competent to it?

Now that the deer-stealing fire has gone out of him, now that this youthful

impulse has been taught its conventional social limits, sobered into the mild, sagacious, witty “Mr. Shakespeare of the Globe,” distinguished for the successful management of his own fortunes, for his upright dealings with his neighbors, too, and “his facetious grace in writing,” patronized by men of rank, who include his theatre among their instrumentalities for affecting the popular mind, and whose relations to him are, in fact, indentical with those which Hamlet sustains to the players of *his* piece, what is to hinder this Mr. Shakespeare—the man who keeps the theatre on the Bankside—from working himself into a frenzy when he likes, and scribbling out unconsciously *Lears*, and *Macbeths*, and *Hamlets*, merely as the necessary dialogue to the spectacles he professionally exhibits; ay, and what is to hinder his boiling his kettle with the manuscripts, too, when he has done with them, if he chooses?

What it would be madness to suppose the most magnificently endowed men of that wondrous age could accomplish—its real men, those who have left their lives in it, woven in its web throughout—what it would be madness to suppose these men, who are but men, and known as such, could accomplish, this Mr. Shakespeare, actor and manager, of whom no one knows anything else, shall be able to do for you in “the twinkling of an eye,” without so much as knowing it, and there shall be no words about it.

And are not the obscurities that involve his life, so impenetrably in fact, the true Shakespearean element? In the boundless sea of negations which surrounds that play-house centre, surely he can unroll himself to any length, or gather himself into any shape or attitude, which the criticism in hand may call for. There is nothing to bring up against him, with one’s theories. For, here in this daylight of our modern criticism, in its noontide glare, has he not contrived to hide himself in the profoundest depths of that stuff that myths are made of? Who shall come in competition with him here? Who shall dive into the bottom of that sea to pluck his drowned honors from him?

Take, one by one, the splendid men of this Elizabethan age, and set them down with a Hamlet to write, and you will say beforehand, such an one can not do it, nor such an one,—nor *he*,

with that profoundest insight and determination of his which taught him to put physical nature to the question that he might wring from her her secrets; but humanity, human nature, of course, had none worth noting for him;—oh no; he, with his infinite wit and invention, with his worlds of covert humor, with his driest prose, pressed, bursting with Shakspearean beauty, he could not do it; nor he, with his Shakspearean acquaintance with life, with his Shakspearean knowledge of men under all the differing social conditions, at home and abroad, by land and by sea, with his world-wide experiences of nature and fortune, with the rush and outbreak of his fiery mind kindling and darting through all his time; he, with his Shakspearean grace and freedom, with his versatile and profound acquirements, with his large, genial, generous, prodigal, Shakspearean soul that would comprehend all, and ally itself with all, he could not do it; neither of these men, nor both of them together, nor all the wits of the age together:—but this Mr. Shakespeare of the Globe, this mild, respectable, obliging man, this “Johannes Factotum” (as a cotemporary calls him, laughing at the idea of his undertaking “a blank verse,”) is there any difficulty here? Oh no! None in the world: for, in the impenetrable obscurity of that illimitable green-room of his, “by the mass, he is anything, and he can do anything and that roundly too,”

Is it wonderful? And is not that what we like in it? Would you make a man of him? With this miraculous inspiration of his, would you ask anything else of him? Do you not see that you touch the Shakspearean essence, with a question as to motives, and possibilities? Would he be Shakespeare still, if he should permit you to hamper him with conditions? What is the meaning of that word, then? And will you not leave him to us? Shall we have no Shakespeare? Have not we scholars enough, and wits enough, and men, of every other kind of genius, enough,—but have we many Shakespeares?—that you should wish to run this one through with your questions, this one, great, glorious, infinite impossibility, that has had us in its arms, all our lives from the beginning. If you dissolve him do you not dissolve us with him? If you take him to pieces, do you not undo us, also?

Ah, surely we did not need this master spirit of our race to tell us that there is that in the foundation of this human soul, “that loves to apprehend more than cool reason ever comprehends,” nay, that there is an infinity in it, that finds her ordinances too straight, that will leap from them when it can, and shake the head at her. And have we not all lived once in regions full of people that were never compelled to give an account of themselves in any of these matters? And when, precisely, did we pass that charmed line, beyond which these phantoms cannot come? When was the word definitively spoken which told us that the childhood of the race was done, or that its grown-up children were to have henceforth no conjurers? Who yet has heard the crowing of that cock, “at whose warning, whether in earth or air, the extravagant and erring spirit hies to his confine?” The nuts, indeed, are all cracked long ago, whence of old the fairy princess, in her coach and six, drove out so freely with all her regal retinue, to crown the hero's fortunes; and the rusty lamp, that once filled the dim hut of poverty with eastern splendors, has lost its capabilities. But, when our youth robbed us of these, had it not marvels and impossibilities of its own to replace them with, yet more magical; and surely, manhood itself, the soberest maturity, can not yet be without these substitutes; and it is nature's own voice and outcry that we hear whenever one of them is taken from us.

Let him alone! We have lecturers enough and professors enough already. Let him alone! We will keep this one mighty conjuror, still, even in the place where men most do congregate, and nobody shall stir a hair on his impossible old head, or trouble him with a question. He shall stand there still, pulling interminable splendors out of places they never could have been in; that is the charm of it; he shall stand there rubbing those few sickly play-house manuscripts of his, or a few old, musty play-house novels, and wringing from them the very wine of all our life, showing from their greasy folds the gems and gold of all the ages! He shall stand there spreading, in the twinkling of an eye, for a single night in a dirty theatre, “to complete a purchase that he has a mind to,” the feasts of the immortal gods; and before our lips can, by any chance, have reached even the edge of

those cups, that open down into infinity, when the show has served his purpose, he shall whisk it all away again, and leave no wreck behind, except by accident; and none shall remonstrate, or say to him, "wherefore?" He shall stand there, still, for us all—the magician; nature's one, complete, incontestible, gorgeous triumph over the impossibilities of reason.

For the primary Shakespearean condition involves at present, not merely the accidental absence of those external means of intellectual enlargement and perfection, whereby the long arts of the ages are made to bring to the individual mind their last results, multiplying its single forces with the life of all;—but it requires also, the absence of all personal intellectual tastes, aims, and pursuits; it requires that this man shall be below all other men, in his sordid incapacity for appreciating intellectual values; it requires that he shall be able, not merely to witness the performance of these plays, not merely to hear them and read them for himself, but to compose them; it requires him to be able to compose the *Tempest*, and *Othello*, and *Macbeth*, without suspecting that there is anything of permanent interest in them—anything that will outlast the spectacle of the hour.

The art of writing had been already in use, twenty-five centuries in Europe, and a Shakespeare, one would think, might have been able to form some conception of its value and applications; the art of printing had been in use on the continent a century and a half, and it was already darting through every civilized corner of it, and through England, too, no uncertain intimations of its historic purport—intimations significant enough "to make bold power look pale" already—and one would think a Shakespeare might have understood its message. But no! This very spokesman of the new era it ushers in, trusted with this legacy of the new-born times; this man, whom we all so look up to, and reverence, with that inalienable treasure of ours in his hands, which even Ben Jonson knew was not for him, "nor for an age—but for all time," why this Jack Cade that he is must needs take

us back three thousand years with it, and land us at the gates of Ilium! The arts of humanity and history, as they stood when Troy was burned, must save this treasure for us, and be our means of access to it! He will leave this work of his, into which the ends of the world have come to be wrought for all the future, he will leave it where Homer left his, on the lips of the mouthing "rhapsodists!"

Apparently, indeed, he will be careful to teach these "robustious, periwigged fellows" their proper relations to him. He will industriously instruct them how to pronounce his dialogue, so as to give the immediate effect intended; controlling even the gesticulations, insisting on the stops, ruling out utterly the town-crier's emphasis; and, above all, protesting, with a true author's jealousy, against interpolation or any meddling with his text. Indeed, the directions to the players, which he puts into the mouth of Hamlet—involving, as they do, not merely the nice sensibility of the artist, and his nervous, instinctive, esthetic, acquaintance with his art, but a thorough scientific knowledge of its principles—these directions would have led us to infer that he would, at least, know enough of the value of his own works to avail himself of the printing press, for their preservation, and not only that, they would have led us to expect from him a most exquisitely careful revision of his proofs. But how is it? He destroys, we are given to understand, the manuscripts of his unpublished plays, and we owe to accident, and to no care of his whatever, his works as they have come to us. Did ever the human mind debase itself to the possibility of receiving such nonsense as this, on any subject, before?

He had those manuscripts! He had those originals which publishers and scholars would give millions now to purchase a glimpse of; he had the original Hamlet, with its last finish; he had the original Lear, with his own final readings; he had them all—all, pointed, emphasized, directed, as they came from the gods; he had them all, all finished as the critic of "Hamlet" and "Midsummer Night's

* Though the editors of the first folio profess to have access to these very papers, and boast of being able to bring out an absolutely faultless edition, to take the place of those stolen and surreptitious copies then in circulation, the edition which is actually produced, in connection with this announcement, is itself found to be full of verbal errors, and is supposed, by later editors, to have been derived from no better source than its predecessors.

Dream" must have finished them; and he left us to wear out our youth, and squander our lifetime, in poring over and setting right the old, garbled copies of the play-house! He had those manuscripts, and the printing-press had been at its work a hundred years when he was born, but he was not ashamed to leave the best wits and scholars of all succeeding ages, with Pope and Johnson at their head, to exhaust their ingenuity, and sour their dispositions, and to waste their golden hours, year after year, in groping after and guessing out his hidden meanings!

He had those manuscripts! In the name of that sovereign reason, whose name he dares to take upon his lips so often, what did he do with them? Did he wantonly destroy them? No! Ah, no! he did not care enough for them to take that trouble. No, he did not do that! That would not have been in keeping with the character of this most respectable impersonation of the Genius of the British Isle, as it stands set up for us at present to worship. Some worthy, domestic, private, economic use, doubtless, they were put to. For, is not he a private, economical, practical man—this Shakespeare of ours—with no stuff and nonsense about him—a plain, true-blooded Englishman, who minds his own business, and leaves other people to take care of theirs? Is not this our Shakespeare? Is it not the boast of England, that he is just that, and nothing else? "What did he do with them?" He gave them to his cook, or Dr. Hale put up potions for his patients in them, or Judith, poor Judith—who signified her relationship to the author of "Lear," and the "Tempest," and her right to the glory of the name he left her, by the very extraordinary kind of "mark" which she affixes to legal instruments—poor Judith may have curled her hair to the day of her death with them, without dreaming of any harm. "What did he do with them?" And whose business is it? Weren't they his own? If he chose to burn them up, or put them to some private use, had not he a perfect right to do it?

No! Traitor and miscreant! No! What did you do with them? You have skulked this question long enough. You will have to account for them. You will have to tell us what you did with them. The awakening ages will put you on

the stand, and you will not leave it until you answer the question, "What did you do with them?"

And yet, do not the critics dare to boast to us, that he did compose these works for his own private, particular ends only? Do they not tell us, as if it were a thing to be proud of, and "a thing to thank God on," with uplifted eyes, and speechless admiration points, that he did "die, and leave the world no copy?" But who is it that insists so much, so strangely, so repetitiously, upon the wrong to humanity, the fraud done to nature, when the individual fails to render in his account to time of all that nature gives him? Who is it that writes, obscurely, indeed, so many sonnets, only to ring the changes on this very subject, singing out, point by point, not the Platonic theory, but his own fresh and beautiful study of great nature's law, and his own new and scientific doctrine of conservation and advancement? And who is it that writes, unconsciously, no doubt, and without its ever occurring to him that it was going to be printed, or to be read by any one?

*"Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee."*

For here is the preacher of another doctrine, which puts the good that is private and particular where the sovereignty that is in nature puts it:

*"Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves. For if our
virtues*

*Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not
finely touched*

*But to fine issues, and nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use."*

Truly the man who writes in this style, with such poetic iteration, might put in Hamlet's plea, when his critics accuse him of unconsciousness:

*"Bring me to the test
And I the matter will reword; which madness
Would gambol from."*

What infirmity of blindness is it, then, that we charge upon this "god of our idolatry?" And what new race of Calibans are we, that we should be called upon to worship this monstrous incongruity—this Trinculo—this impersonated moral worthlessness? Oh, stu-

pidity, past finding out! "The myriad-minded one," the light of far-off futurities was in him, and he knew it not! While the word was on his lips, and he reasoned of it, he heeded it not! He, at whose feet all men else are proud to sit, came to him, and found no reverence. The treasure for us all was put into his hands, and—he did not waste it—he did not keep it laid up in a napkin, he did not dig in the earth, and hide his lord's money; no, he used it! he used it for his own despicable and sordid ends, "to complete purchases that he had a mind to," and he left us to gather up "the arts and fragments" as best we may. And they *dare* to tell us this of him, and men believe it, and to this hour his bones are canonized, to this hour his tomb is a shrine, where the genius of the cool, sagacious, clear-thoughted Northern Isle is worshiped, under the form of a mad, unconscious, intellectual possession—a dotard inspiration, incapable of its own designs, wanting in the essential attribute of all mental power—self-cognition.

And yet, who would be willing to spare, now, one point in that time-honored, incongruous whole? Who would be willing to dispense with the least of those contradictions, which have become, in the progressive development of our appreciation of these works, so inextricably knit together, and thereby inv wrought, as it were, into our inmost life? Who can, in fact, fairly convince himself, now, that deer-stealing and link-holding, and the name of an obscure family in Stratford—common enough there, though it means what it does to us—and bad, or indifferent performances, at a Surrey theatre, are not really, after all, essential preliminaries and concomitants to the composition of a *Romeo and Juliet*, or a *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or a *Twelfth Night*? And what Shakespeare critic, at least, could persuade himself, now, that any other motive than the purchase of the Globe theatre, and that capital message or tenement in Stratford, called the New Place, with the appurtenances thereof, and the lands adjoining, and the house in Henley street, could by any possibility have originated such works as these?

And what fool would undertake to prove, now, that the fact of the deer-stealing, or any other point in the traditionary statement, may admit of question? Certainly, if we are to have an historical or traditionary Shakespeare of any kind, out of our present materials, it becomes us to protest, with the utmost severity, against the least meddling therewith. If they are not sufficiently meagre already—if the two or three historical points we have, or seem to have, and the miserable scraps and fragments of gossip, which the painful explorations of two centuries have, at length, succeeded in rescuing from the oblivion to which this man's time consigned him*—if these points are to be encroached upon, and impaired by criticism, we may as well throw up the question altogether. In the name of all that is tangible, leave us what there is of affirmation here. Surely we have negations enough already. If he did not steal the deer, will you tell us what one mortal thing he did do? He wrote the plays. But, did the man who wrote the plays do nothing else? Are there not some foregone conclusions in them?—some intimations, and round ones, too, that he who wrote them, be he who he may, has had experiences of some sort? Do such things as these, that the plays are full of, begin in the fingers' ends? Can you find them in an ink-horn? Can you sharpen them out of a goose-quill? Has your Shakespeare wit and invention enough for that?

But the man was a player, and the manager of a play-house, and these are plays that he writes. And what kind of play is it that you find in them—and what is the theatre—and who are the actors? Has this man's life been all *play*? Has there been no earnest in it?—no acting in his own name? Had he no part of his own in time, then? Has he dealt evermore with second-hand reports, unreal shadows, and mockeries of things? Has there been no personal grapple with realities, here? Ah, let him have that one living opposite. Leave him that single shot "heard round the world." Did not *Eschylus* fight at *Salamis*? Did not *Scipio* teach *Terence* how to

* Constituting, when well put together, precisely that historic trail which an old, defunct, indifferent, fourth-rate play-actor naturally leaves behind him, for the benefit of any antiquary who may find occasion to conduct an exploration for it.

marshal his men and wing his words? (A cotemporary and confidant of Shakespeare's thinks, from internal evidence, that the patron wrote the plays, in this case, altogether.) And was not Socrates as brave at Potidea and Delium as he was in the market-place; and did not Cæsar, the author, kill his millions? But, this giant wrestler and warrior of ours, with the essence of all the battles of all ages in his nerves—with the blood of a new Adam bubbling in his veins—he cannot be permitted to leap out of those everlasting buskins of his, long enough to have a brush with this one live deer, but the critics must have out their spectacles, and be down upon him with their objections.

And what honest man would want a Shakespeare at this hour of the day, that was not written by that same irregular, lawless, wild, reckless, facetious, law-despising, art-despising genius of a "Will" that did steal the deer? Is not this the Shakespeare we have had on our shelves with our bibles and prayer-books, since our great grand-sires' times? The next step will be to call in question Moses in the bulrushes, and Pharaoh's daughter.

And what is to become, too, under this supposition, of that exquisite specimen of the player's merciless wit, and "faceious grace in writing," which attracted the attention of his cotemporaries, and left such keen impressions on the minds of his fellow-townsmen? What is to become, in this case, of the famous lampoon on Sir Thomas Lucy, nailed up on the park gate, rivaling in Shakespearean grace and sharpness another Attio morceau from the same source—the impromptu on "John-a-Combe?" These remains of the poet, which we find accredited to him in his native village, "with likelihood of truth enough," among those who best knew him, have certainly cost the commentators too much trouble to be lightly relinquished; and, unquestionably, they do bear on the face of them most unmistakable symptoms of the player's wit and the Stratford origin.

No! no! We cannot spare the deer-stealing. As the case now stands, this one, rich, sparkling point in the tradition, can by no means be dispensed with. Take this away, and what becomes of our traditional Shakespeare? He goes! The whole fabric tumbles to pieces, or settles at once into a

hopeless stolidity. But for the mercurial lightning, which this youthful reminiscence imparts to him—this single indication of a suppressed tendency to an heroic life—how could that heavy, retired country gentleman, late manager of the Globe and the Blackfriars theatres, be made to float at any convenient distance above the earth, in the laboring conceptions of the artists whose business it is to present his apotheosis to us? Enlarge the vacant platitudes of that forehead as you will—pile up the artificial brains in the frontispiece to any height which the credulity of an awe-struck public will hesitate to pronounce idiotic—huddle the allegorical shapes about him as thickly as you will, and yet, but for the twinkle which this single reminiscence leaves, this one solitary "proof of liberty," "the flash and outbreak of a fiery mind of general assault," how could the old player and showman be made to sit the bird of Jove so comfortably as he does, on his way to the waiting Olympus?

But, after all, it is not this old actor of Elizabeth's time, who exhibited these plays at his theatre in the way of his trade, and cared for them precisely as a tradesman would—cared for them as he would have cared for tin kettles, or earthen pans and pots, if they had been in his line, instead; it is not this old tradesman; it is not this old showman and hawker of plays; it is not this old lackey, whose hand is on all our heart-strings, whose name is, of mortal names, the most awe-inspiring.

The Shakespeare of Elizabeth and James, who exhibited at his theatre as plays, among many others surpassing them in immediate theatrical success, the wonderful works which bore his name—works which were only half printed, and that surreptitiously, and in detached portions during his life-time, which, seven years after his death, were first collected and published by authority in his name, accompanied, according to the custom of the day, with eulogistic verses from surviving brother poets—this yet living theatrical Shakespeare, is a very different one from the Shakespeare of our modern criticism;—the Shakespeare, brought out, at length, by more than two centuries of readings and the best scholarly investigation of modern times, from between the two lids of that wondrous folio.

The faintly limned outlines of the nucleus which that name once included, are all gone long ago, dissolved in the splendors, dilated into the infinities which this modern Shakespeare dwells in: It is Shakespeare the author, that we now know only, the author of these worlds of profoundest art—these thought-crowded worlds, which modern reading discovers in these printed plays of his. It is the posthumous Shakespeare of the posthumous volume, that we now know only. No, not even that; it is only the work itself that we now know by that name—the phenomenon and not its beginning. For, with each new study of the printed page, further and further behind it, deeper and deeper into regions where no man so much as undertakes to follow it, retreats the power, which is for us all already, as truly as if we had confessed it to ourselves, the unknown, the unnamed.

What does this old player's name, in fact, stand for with us now? Inwrought not into all our literature merely, but into all the life of our modern time, his unlearned utterances our deepest lore, which "we are toiling all our lives to find," his mystic page, the page where each one sees his own life inscribed, point by point, deepening and deepening with each new experience from the cradle to the grave; what is he to us now? Is he the teacher of our players only? What theatres hold now his school? What actors' names stand now enrolled in its illustrious lists? Do not all our modern works incorporate his lore into their essence, are they not glittering on their surface everywhere, with ever new, unmissed jewels from his mines? Which of our statesmen, our heroes, our divines, our poets, our philosophers, has not learned of him; and in which of all their divergent and multiplying pursuits and experiences do they fail to find him still with them, still before them?

The name which has stood to us from the beginning, for all this—which has been inwrought into it, which concentrates it in its unity—cannot now be touched. It has lost its original significance. It means this, and this only to us. It has drunk in the essence of all this power, and light, and beauty, and identified itself with it. Never, perhaps, can it well mean anything else to us.

You cannot christen a world anew, though the name that was given to it at the font prove an usurper's. With all that we now know of that heroic scholar, from whose scientific dream the New World was made to emerge at last, in the face of the mockeries of his time, with all that appreciation of his work which the Old World and the New alike bestow upon it, we cannot yet separate the name of his rival from his hard-earned triumph. What name is it that has drunk into its melody, forever, all the music of that hope and promise, which the young continent of Columbus still whispers—in spite of old European evils planted there—still whispers in the troubled earth? Whose name is it that stretches its golden letters, now, from ocean to ocean, from Arctic to Antarctic, whose name now enrings the millions that are born, and live, and die, knowing no world but the world of that patient scholar's dream—no reality, but the reality of his chimera?

What matters it? Who cares? "What's in a name?" Is there any voice from that hero's own tomb, to rebuke this wrong? No. He did not toil, and struggle, and suffer, and keep his manly heart from breaking, to the end, that those millions might be called by his name. Ah, little know they, who thus judge of works like his, what roots such growths must spread, what broad, sweet currents they must reach and drink from. If the millions are blessed there, if, through the heat and burden of his weary day, man shall at length attain, though only after many an erring experience and fierce rebuke, in that new world, to some height of learning, to some scientific place of peace and rest, where worlds are in harmony, and men are as one, he will say, in God's name, Amen! For, on the heights of endurance and self renunciation, where the divine is possible with men, we have one name.

What have we to do with this poor peasant's name, then, so hallowed in all our hearts, now, with household memories, that we should seek to tear it from the countless fastenings which time has given it? This name, chosen at least of fortune, if not of nature, for the place it occupies, dignified with all that she can lend it—illustrious with her most lavish favoritism—has she not chosen to encircle it with honors which make

poor those that she saves for her kings and heroes! Let it stand, then, and not by grace of fortune only, but by consent of one who could afford to leave it such a legacy. For he was one whom giving did not impoverish—he had wealth enough of his own and to spare, and honors that he could not part with.

"Once," but in no poet's garb, once, through the thickest of this "working-day world," "he trod" for himself, with bleeding feet, "the ways of glory here," "and sounded all the depths and shoals of honor," and, from the wrecks of lost "ambition," found to the last "the way to rise in."

"By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,

The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish the hearts that hate thee;

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and
fear not:

Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,

Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st,
thou fall'st

A noble martyr!"

Let the name stand, then, where the poet has himself left it. If he—if he himself did not scruple to forego his fairest honors, and leave his immortality in a peasant's weed; if he himself could consent to bind his own princely brows in it, though it might be for ages, why e'en let him wear it, then, as his own proudest honor. To all time let the philosophy be preached in it, which found "in a name" the heroic height whence its one great tenet could be uttered with such an emphasis, philosophy—"not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose, but musical as is Apollo's lute," roaming here at last in worlds of her own shaping; more rich and varied, and more intense than nature's own; where all things "echo the name of Prospero;" where, "beside the groves, the fountains, every region near seems all one mutual cry;" where even young love's own youngest melodies, from moon-lit balconies, warble its argument. Let it stand, then. Leave to it its strange honors—its unbought immortality. Let it stand, at least, till all those who have eaten in their youth of the magic tables spread in it, shall have died in the wilderness. Let it stand while it will, only let its true significance be recognized.

For, the falsity involved in it, as it now stands, has become too gross to be en-

dured any further. The common sense cannot any longer receive it, without self-abnegation; and the relations of this question, on all sides, are now too grave and momentous to admit of any further postponement of it.

In judging of this question, we must take into account the fact that, at the time when these works were issued, all those characteristic organizations of the modern ages, for the diffusion of intellectual and moral influences, which now everywhere cross and recross, with electric fibre, the hitherto impassable social barriers, were as yet unimagined. The inventions and institutions, in which these had their origin, were then but beginning their work. To-day, there is no scholastic seclusion so profound that the allied voice and action of this mighty living age may not perpetually penetrate it. To-day, the work-shop has become *clairvoyant*. The plow and the loom are in magnetic communication with the loftiest social centres. The last results of the most exquisite culture of the world, in all its departments, are within reach of the lowest haunt, where latent genius and refinement await their summons; and there is no "smallest scruple of nature's excellence" that may not be searched out and kindled. The Englishman who but reads *The Times*, to-day, puts himself into a connection with his age, and attains thereby a means of enlargement of character and elevation of thought and aims, which, in the age of Elizabeth, was only possible to men occupying the highest official and social position.

It is necessary, too, to remember that the question here is not a question of lyric inspiration, merely; neither is it a question of dramatic genius, merely. Why, even the poor player, that Hamlet quotes so admiringly, "but in a dream of passion," his soul rapt and subdued with images of tenderness and beauty, "tears in his eyes, the color in his cheeks," even he, with his fine sensibilities, his rhythmical ear, with his living conceits, if nature has but done her part towards it, may compose you a lyric that you would bind up with "Highland Mary," or "Sir Patrick Spens," for immortality. And even this poor tinker, profane and wicked as he is, and coarse and unfurnished for the poet's mission as he seems, when once the infinities of religion, with their

divine ideals, shall penetrate to the deep, sweet sources of his yet undreamed of genius, and arouse the latent soul in him, with their terrific struggles and divine triumphs, even he, from the coarse, meagre materials which his external experience furnishes to him, shall be able to compose a drama, full of immortal vigor and freshness, where all men shall hear the rushing of wings—the tread from other spheres—in their life's battle; where all men shall be able to catch voices and harpings not of this shore. But the question is not here of a Bunyan or a Burns. And it is not a Bloomfield that we have in hand here. The question is not whether nature shall be able to compose *these*, without putting into requisition the selectest instrumentalities of the ages. It is a question different in kind; how different, in the present stage of our appreciation of the works involved in it, cannot be made manifest.

It is impossible, indeed, to present any parallel to the case in question. For if we suppose a poor actor, or the manager of a theatre, or a printer, unlearned, except by the accident of his trade, to begin now to issue out of his brain, in the way of his trade, wholly bent on that, and wholly indifferent to any other result, and unconscious of any other, a body of literature, so high above anything that we now possess, in any or in all departments; so far exhausting the excellency of all, as to constitute, by universal consent, *the* literature of this time; comprehending its entire scope; based on its subtlest analysis; pronouncing everywhere its final word, even such a supposition would not begin to meet the absurdity of the case in question.

If the prince of showmen in our day, in that stately oriental retreat of his, in Connecticut, rivaling even the New Place at Stratford in literary conveniences, should begin now to conceive of something of this sort, as his crowning speculation, and should determine to undertake its execution in person, who would dare to question his ability? Certainly no one would have any right to criticise, now, the motive conceded, or to put in suspicion its efficiency for the proposed result. Why, this man could not conduct his business a day, he could not even hunt through the journals for

his own puffs and advertisements, without coming by accident in contact with means of moral and intellectual enlargement and stimulus, which could never have found their way, in any form, to Elizabeth's player. The railway, the magnetic telegraph, the steam-ship, the steam-press, with its journals, its magazines, its reviews, and its cheap literature of all kinds, the public library, the book-club, the popular lecture, the lyceum, the voluntary association of every kind—these are all but a part of that magnificent apparatus and means of culture which society is now putting in requisition in that great school of hers, wherein the universal man, rescued from infinite self-degradations, is now at last beginning his culture. And yet all these social instrumentalities combined cannot, even now, so supply the deficiencies in the case supposed as to make the supposition any other than a violent one, to say the least of it.

The material which nature must have contributed to the Shakespearean result, could, indeed, hardly have remained inert, under any superincumbent weight of social disadvantages. But the very first indication of its presence, under such conditions, would have been a struggle with those disadvantages. First of all, it would force its way upward, through them, to its natural element; first of all, it would make its way into the light, and possess itself of all its weapons—not spend itself in mad movements in the dark, without them. Look over the history of all the known English poets and authors of every kind, back even to the days of the Anglo-Saxon Adhelm, and Cedmon, and, no matter how humble the position in which they are born, how many will you find among them that have failed to possess themselves ultimately of the highest literary culture of the age they lived in? how many, until you come to this same Shakespeare?

Well, then, if the Genius of the British Isle turns us out such men as those from her universities; but, when she would make her Shakespeare retreat into a green-room, and send him forth from that, furnished as we find him, pull down, we say, pull down those gray old towers, for the wisdom of the Great Alfred has been laughed

* It should be stated, perhaps, that the above was written two or three years since, and that no reference to Mr. Barnum's recent addition to the literature of the age was intended.

to scorn; undo his illustrious monument to its last Anglo-Saxon stone, and, "by our lady, build-theatres!" If not Juliet only, but her author, and Hamlet's author, too, and Lear's, and Macbeth's can be made without "philosophy," we are for Romeo's verdict, "Hang up philosophy." If such works as these, and Julius Caesar, and Coriolanus, and Antony, and Henry V., and Henry VIII.—if the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the *Merchant of Venice*, and the *Twelfth Night*, if *Beatrice*, and *Benedict*, and *Rosalind*, and *Jaques*, and *Iago*, and *Othello*, and all their immortal company—if these works, and all that we find in them, can be got out of *Plutarch's Lives*, and *Holinshed*, and a few old ballads and novels—in the name of all that is honest, give us these, and let us go about our business; and henceforth let him that can be convicted "of traitorously corrupting the youth of this realm, by erecting a grammar-school," be consigned to his victims for meroy. "Long live Lord Mortimer!" Down with the "paper-mills!" "Throw learning to the dogs! we'll none of it!"

But we are not, as yet, in a position to estimate the graver bearings of this question. For the reverence which the common theory has hitherto claimed from us, as a well-authenticated historical fact, depending apparently, indeed, on the most unimpeachable external evidence for its support, has operated, as it was intended to operate in the first instance, to prevent all that kind of reading and study of the plays which would have made its gross absurdity apparent. In accordance with this original intention, to this hour it has constituted a barrier to the understanding of their true meaning, which no industry or perseverance could surmount; to this hour it has served to prevent, apparently, so much as a suspicion of their true source, and ultimate intention.

But let this theory, and the pre-judgment it involves, be set aside, even by an hypothesis, only long enough to permit us once to see, for ourselves, what these works do in fact contain, and no amount of historical evidence which can be produced, no art, no argument, will suffice to restore it to its present position. But it is not as a hypothesis, it is not as a theory, that the truth here indicated will be devel-

oped hereafter. It will come on other grounds. It will ask no favors.

Condemned to refer the origin of these works to the vulgar, illiterate man who kept the theatre where they were first exhibited, a person of the most ordinary character and aims, compelled to regard them as the result merely of an extraordinary talent for pecuniary speculation in this man, how could we, how could any one dare to see what is really in them? With this theory overhanging them, though we threw our most artistic lights upon it, and kept it out of sight when we could, what painful contradictory mental states, what unacknowledged internal misgivings were yet involved in our best judgments of them. How many passages were we compelled to read "trippingly," with the "mind's eye," as the players were first taught to pronounce them on the tongue; and if, in spite of all our slurring, the inner depths would open to us, if anything, which this theory could not account for, would, notwithstanding, obtrude itself upon us, we endeavored to believe that it must be the reflection of our own better learning, and so, half lying to ourselves, making a wretched compromise with our own mental integrity, we still hurried on.

Condemned to look for the author of Hamlet himself—the subtle Hamlet of the university, the courtly Hamlet, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form"—in that dirty, doggish group of players, who come into the scene summoned like a pack of hounds to his service, the very tone of his courtesy to them, with its princely condescension, with its arduous familiarity, only serving to make the great, impassable social gulf between them the more evident—compelled to look in that ignominious group, with its faithful portraiture of the players of that time (taken from the life by one who had had dealings with them), for the princely scholar himself in his author, how could we understand him—the enigmatical Hamlet, with the thought of ages in his foregone conclusions?

With such an origin, how could we see the subtlest skill of the university, not in Hamlet and Horatio only, but in the work itself, incorporated in its essence, pervading its execution? With such an origin as this, how was it possible to note, not in this play only, but

in all the Shakespeare drama, what, otherwise, we could not have failed to observe, the tone of the highest Elizabethan breeding, the very loftiest tone of that peculiar courtly culture, which was then, and but just then, attaining its height, in the competitions among men of the highest social rank, and among the most brilliant wits and men of genius of the age, for the favor of the learned, accomplished, sagacious, wit-loving maiden queen;—a culture which required not the best acquisitions of the university merely, but acquaintance with life, practical knowledge of affairs, foreign travel and accomplishments, and, above all, the last refinements of the highest Parisian breeding. For "your courtier" must be, in fact, "your picked man of countries." He must, indeed, "get his behavior everywhere." He must be, in fact and literally, the man of "the world."

But for this prepossession, in that daring treatment of court-life which this single play of Hamlet involves, in the entire freedom with which its conventionalities are handled, how could we have failed to recognize the touch of one habitually practiced in its refinements? how could we have failed to recognize, not in this play only, but in all these plays, the poet whose habits and perceptions have been moulded in the atmosphere of these subtle social influences. He cannot shake off this influence when he will. He carries the court perfume with him, unconsciously, wherever he goes, among mobs of artisans that will not "keep their teeth clean;" into the ranks of "greasy citizens" and "rude mechanicals;" into country feasts and merry-makings; among "pretty low-born lasses," "the queens of curds and cheese," and into the heart of that forest, "where there is no clock." He looks into Arden and into Eastcheap from the court standpoint, not from these into the court, and he is as much a prince with Poins and Bardolph as he is when he enters and throws open to us, without awe, without consciousness, the most delicate mysteries of the royal presence.

Compelled to refer the origin of these works to the sordid play-house, who could teach us to distinguish between the ranting, unnatural stuff and bombast which its genuine competitions elicited, in their mercenary appeals to the passions of their audience, ministering to

the most vicious tastes, depraving the public conscience, and lowering the common standard of decency, getting up "scenes to tear a cat in,"—"out-Heroding Herod," and going regularly into professional fits about Hecuba and Priam and other Trojans,—who could teach us to distinguish between the tone of this original, genuine, play-house fustian, and that of the "dozen or sixteen lines" which Hamlet will at first, for some earnest purpose of his own, with the consent and privy of one of the players, cause to be inserted in it? Nay, thus blinded, we shall not, perhaps, be able to distinguish from this foundation that magnificent whole, with which, from such beginnings, this author will, perhaps, ultimately replace his worthless originals, altogether; that whole in which we shall see, one day, not the burning Ilium, not the old Danish court of the tenth century, but the yet living, illustrious Elizabethan age, with all its momentous interests still at stake, with its yet palpitating hopes and fears, with its new-born energies, bound but unconquerable, already heaving, and muttering through all their undertone; that magnificent whole, where we shall see, one day, "the very abstract and brief chronicle of the time," the "very body of the age, its form and pressure," under any costume of time and country, or under the drapery of any fiction, however absurd or monstrous, which this author shall find already popularized to his hands, and available for his purposes. Hard, indeed, was the time, ill bestead was the spirit of the immemorial English freedom, when the genius of works such as these, was compelled to stoop to such a scene, to find its instruments.

How could we understand from such a source, while that wretched player was still crying it for his own worthless ends, this majestic exhibition of our common human life from the highest intellectual and social stand-point of that wondrous age, letting in, on all the fripperies and affectations, the arrogance and pretension of that illustrious centre of social life, the new philosophic beam, and sealing up in it, for all time, "all the uses and customs" of the world that then was? Arrested with that transparent petrefaction, in all the rushing life of the moment, and set, henceforth, on the table of philosophic halls for scientific illustration; its gaudy butterflies

impaled upon the wing, in their perpetual gold; its microscopic insects, "spacious in the possession of land and dirt," transfixed in all the swell and flutter of the moment; its fantastic apes, unrobed for inextinguishable mortal laughter and celestial tears, still playing, all unconsciously, their solemn pageants through; how could the showman explain all this to us—how could the player tell us what it meant?

How could the player's mercenary motive and the player's range of learning and experiment give us the key to this new application of the human reason to the human life, from the new vantage ground of thought, but just then rescued from the past, and built up painfully from all its wreck? How could we understand, from such a source, this new, and strange, and persevering application of thought to life, not merely to society and to her laws, but to nature, too; pursuing her to her last retreats, and holding everywhere its mirror up to her, reflecting the whole boundary of her limitations; laying bare, in its cold, clear, pure depths, in all their unpolite, undraped scientific reality, the actualities which society, as it is, can only veil, and the evils which society, as it is, can only hide and palliate?

In vain the shrieking queen remonstrates, for, it is the impersonated reason whose clutch is on her, and it says, you go not hence till you have seen the inmost part of you. But does all this tell on the thousand pounds? Is the ghost's word good for that?

No wonder that Hamlet refused to speak, or to be commanded to any utterance of harmony, let the critics listen, and entreat as they would, while this illiterate performer, who knew no touch of all that divine music of his, from its lowest note to the top of his key, was still sounding him and fretting him. We shall take another key and another interpreter with us when we begin to understand a work which comprehends, in its design, all our human aims and activities, and tracks them to their beginnings and ends; which demands the ultimate, scientific perpetual reason in all our life—a work which dares to defer the punishment of the crime that society visits with her most dreaded penalties, till all the principles of the human activity have been collected; till all the human conditions have been explored; till the only uni-

versal rational human principle is found—a work which dares to defer the punishment of the crime that society condemns, till its principle has been tracked through the crime which she tolerates; through the crime which she sanctions; through the crime which she crowns with all her honors.

We are, indeed, by no means insensible to the difference between this Shakespeare drama, and that on which it is based, and that which surrounds it. We do, indeed, already pronounce that difference, and not faintly, in our word *Shakespeare*; for that is what the word now means with us, though we received it with no such significance. Its historical development is but the next step in our progress.

Yes, there were men in England then, who had heard somewhat of those masters of the olden time, high Eschylus and Sophocles—men who had heard of Euripides, too, and next, Aristophanes—men who had heard of Terence, and not of Terence only, but of his patrons—men who had heard of Plato, too, and of his master. There were men in England, in those days, who knew well enough what kind of an instrumentality the drama had been in its original institution, and with what voices it had then spoken; who knew, also, its permanent relations to the popular mind, and its capability for adaptation to new social exigencies; men, quick enough to perceive, and ready enough to appreciate to the utmost, the facilities which this great organ of the wisdom of antiquity offered for effectual communication between the loftiest mind, at the height of its culture, and that mind of the world in which this, impelled by no law of its own ordaining, seeks ever its own self-completion and perpetuity.

And where had this mighty instrument of popular sway, this mechanism for moving and moulding the multitude, its first origin, but among men initiated in the profoundest religious and philosophic mysteries of their time, among men exercised in the control and administration of public affairs; men clothed even with imperial sway, the joint administrators of the government of Athens, when Athens sat on the summit of her power, the crowned mistress of the seas, the imperial ruler of "a thousand cities."

Yes, Theseus, and Solon, and Cleis-

thenes and Pythagoras, must be its antecedents *there*; it could not be produced there, till all Athena had been for ages in Athens, till Athena had been for ages in all; till three centuries of Olympiads had poured the Grecian life-blood through it, from Byzantium to Sicily; it could not be produced there, till the life of the state was in each true Athenian nerve, till each true Athenian's nerve was in the growing state; it could not begin to be produced there, till new religious inspirations from the east had reached, with their foreign stimulus, the deeper sources of the national life, till the secret philosophic tenet of the inner temple, had overflowed, with new gold, the ancient myth, and kindled, with new fires, the hearts of the nation's leaders. The gay summits of Homer's "ever-young" Olympus, must be reached and overlaid anew from the earth's central mysteries; the Dyonisian procession must enter the temple; the road to it must cross Ægealeos; the Pnyx must empty its benches into it; Piræus must crowd its stranger's seat with her many costumes, before Eschylus or Sophocles could find an audience to command all their genius. Nay, Zeno and Anaxagoras must send their pupils thither, and Socrates must come in, and the most illustrious scholars of the Olympian cities, from Abdera to Leontium, must be found there, before all the latent resources of the Grecian drama could be unfolded.

And there were men in England, in the age of Elizabeth, who had mastered the Greek and Roman history, and not only that, but the history of their own institutions—men who knew precisely what kind of crisis in human history that was which they were born to occupy. And they had seen the indigenous English drama struggling up, through the earnest, but childish, exhibitions of the cathedral—through "Miracles," and "Mysteries," and "Moralities," to be arrested, in its yet undeveloped vigor, with the unfit and unyielding forms of the finished Grecian art; and when, too, by the combined effect of institutions otherwise at variance, all that had, till then, made its life, was suddenly abstracted from it. The royal ordinances which excluded it, henceforth, from all that vital range of topics which the censorship of a capricious and timorous despotism might include among the inter-

dicted questions of church and state, found it already expelled from the religious sanctuaries—in which not the drama only, but all that which we call art, *par excellence*, has its birth and nurture. And that was the crisis in which the pulpit began to open its new drain upon it, having only a vicious play-house, where once the indefinite priestly authority had summoned all the soul to its spectacles, and the long-drawn aisle, and fretted vault, had lent to them their sheltering sanctities; where once, as of old, the Athenian temple had pressed its scene into the heart of the Athenian hill—the holy hill—and opened its subterranean communication with Eleusis, while its centre was the altar on which the gods themselves threw incense.

And yet, there was a moment in the history of the national genius, when, roused to its utmost—stimulated to its best capability of ingenuity and invention—it found itself constrained to stoop at its height, even to the threshold of this same degraded play-house. There were men in England, who knew what latent capacities that debased instrument of genius yet contained within it—who knew that in the master's hand it might yet be made to yield, even then, and under those conditions, better music than any which those old Greek sons of song had known how to wake in it.

These men knew well enough the proper relation between the essence of the drama and its form. "Considering poetry in respect to the verse, and not to the argument," says one, "though men in learned languages may tie themselves to ancient measures; yet, in modern languages, it seems to me as free to make new measures as to make new dances; and, in these things, the sense is a better judge than the art." Surely, a Schlegel himself could not give us a truer Shakespearean rule than that. Indeed, if we can but catch them when the wind is south-south-west—these grave and oracular Elizabethan wits—we shall find them putting two and two together, now and then, and drawing inferences, and making distinctions which would have much surprised their "uncle-fathers" and "aunt-mothers" at the time, if they had but noted them. But, as they themselves tell us, "in regard to the rawness and unskillfulness of the hands through which they pass, the greatest matters are sometimes car-

ried in the weakest ciphers." Even over their own names, and in those learned tongues of theirs, if we can but once find their stops, and the skill to command them to any utterance of harmony, they will discourse to us, in spite of the disjointed times, the most eloquent music.

For, although they had, indeed, the happiness to pursue their studies under the direct personal supervision of those two matchless scholars, "Eliza and one James," whose influence in the world of letters was then so signally felt, they, nevertheless, evidently ventured to dip into antiquity a little on their own account, and that, apparently, without feeling called upon to render in a perfectly unambiguous report in full of all that they found there, for the benefit of their illustrious patrons, to whom, of course, their literary labors are dedicated. There seemed, indeed, to be no occasion for unpegging the basket on the house's top, and trying conclusions in any so summary manner.

These men distinctly postpone, not their personal reputation only, but the interpretation of their avowed works, to freer ages. There were sparrows abroad then. The tempest was already "singing in the wind," for an ear fine enough to catch it; but only invisible Ariels could dare "to play" then "*on pipe and tabor*," [stage direction]. "Thought is free," but only base Trinculos and low-born Stephanos could dare to whisper to it. "That is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of—Nobody."

Yes, there was one moment in that nation's history, wherein the costume, the fable, the scenic effect, and all the attractive and diverting appliances and concomitants of the stage, even the degradation into which it had fallen, its known subserviency to the passions of the audience, its habit of creating a spectacle merely, all combined to furnish to men, in whom the genius of the nation had attained its highest form, freer instrumentalities than the book, the pamphlet, the public document, the parliament, or the pulpit, when all alike were subject to an oppressive and despotic censorship, when all alike were forbidden to meddle with their own proper questions, when cruel maimings and tortures old and new, life-long imprisonment, and death itself, awaited,

not a violation of these restrictions merely, but a suspicion of an intention, or even wish, to violate them—penalties which England's noblest men suffered, on suspicion only.

There was one moment in that history, in which the ancient drama had, in new forms, its old power; when, stamped and blazoned on its surface everywhere, with the badges of servitude it had yet leaping within the indomitable heart of its ancient freedom, the spirit of the immemorial European liberties, which Magna Charta had only recognized, and more than that, the freedom of the new ages that were then beginning, "the freedom of the chainless mind." There was one moment in which all the elements of the national genius, that are now separated and incorporated in institutions as wide apart, at least, as earth and heaven, were held together, and that in their first vigor, pressed from without into their old Greek conjunction. That moment there was; it is chronicled; we have one word for it; we call it—Shakespeare!

Has the time come at last, or has it not yet come, in which this message of the new time can be laid open to us? This message from the lips of one endowed so wondrously, with skill to utter it; endowed, not with the speaker's melodious tones and subduing harmonies only, but with the teacher's divinely glowing heart, with the ambition that seeks its own in all, with the love that is sweeter than the tongues of men and angels. Are we, or are we not, his legatees? Surely this new summing up of all the real questions of our common life, from such an elevation in it, this new philosophy of all men's business and desires, cannot be without its perpetual vital uses. For, in all the points on which the demonstration rests, these diagrams from the dissolving views of the past are still included in the problems of the present.

And if, in this new and more earnest research into the true ends and meanings of this greatest of our teachers, the poor player who was willing enough to assume the responsibility of these works, while they were still plays—theatrical exhibitions only, and quite in his line for the time; who might, indeed, be glad enough to do it for the sake of the princely patronage that henceforth encompassed his fortunes, even to the

granting of a thousand pounds at a time, if that were needed to complete his purchase—if this good man, sufficiently perplexed already with the developments which the modern criticism has by degrees already laid at his door, does here positively refuse to go any further with us on this road, why e'en let us shake hands with him and part, he as his business and desire shall point him, "for every man hath business and desire, such as it is," and not without a grateful recollection of the good service he has rendered us.

The publisher of these plays let his name go down still and to all posterity on the cover of it. They were his plays. He brought them out,—he and his firm. They took the scholar's text, that dull black and white, that mere ink and paper, and made of it a living, speaking, many-colored, glittering reality, which even the groundlings of that time could appreciate, in some sort. What was Hamlet to them, without his "inky cloak" and his "forest of feathers" and his "razed shoes" and "the roses" on them? And they came out of this man's bag—he was the owner of the "wardrobe" and of the other "stage properties." He was the owner of the manuscripts; and if he came honestly by them, whose business was it to inquire any further, then? If there was no one who chose, just then, to claim the authorship of them, whose else should they be? Was not the actor himself a poet, and a very facetious one, too? Witness the remains of him, the incontestible poetical remains of him, which have come down to us. What if his ill-natured cotemporaries, whose poetic glories he was eclipsing forever with those new plays of his, did assail him on his weak points, and call him, in the face of his time, "a *Johannes Factotum*," and held up to public ridicule his particular style of acting, plainly intimating that it was chargeable with that very fault which the prince of Denmark directs his tragedians to omit—did not the blundering editor of that piece of offensive criticism get a decisive hint from some quarter, that he might better have withheld it; and was it not humbly retracted and hushed up directly? Some of the earlier anonymous plays, which were included in the collection published, after this player's decease, as the plays of William Shakespeare, are, indeed, known to have been

produced anonymously at other theatres, and by companies with which this actor had never any connection; but the poet's company and the player's were, as it seems, two different things; and that is a fact which the criticism and history of these plays, as it stands at present, already exhibits. Several of the plays which form the nucleus of the Shakespeare drama had already been brought out, before the Stratford actor was yet in a position to assume that relation to it which proved so advantageous to his fortunes. Such a nucleus of the Shakespeare drama there was already, when the name which this actor bore, with such orthographical variations as the purpose required, began to be assumed as the name and device of that new sovereignty of genius which was then first rising and kindling behind its cloud, and dimming and overflowing with its greater glory all the less, and gilding all it shone on. The machinery of these theatrical establishments offered, indeed, the most natural and effective, as well as, at that time, on other accounts, the most convenient mode of exhibition for that particular class of subjects which the genius of this particular poet naturally inclined him to meddle with. He had the most profoundly philosophical reasons for preferring that mode of exhibiting his poems, as will be seen hereafter.

And, when we have once learned to recognize the actor's true relations to the works which have given to his name its anomalous significance, we shall be prepared, perhaps, to accept, at last, this great offer of aid in our readings of these works, which has been lying here now two hundred and thirty years, unnoticed; then, and not till then, we shall be able to avail ourselves, at last, of the aid of those "friends of his," to whom, two hundred and thirty years ago, "knowing that his wit could no more lie hid than it could be lost," the editors of the first printed collection of these works venture to refer us; "those other friends of his, whom, IF WE NEED, can be our guides; and, IF WE NEED THEM NOT, we are able to lead ourselves and others, and such readers they wish him."

If we had accepted either of these two conditions—if we had found ourselves with those who need this offered guidance, or with those who need it not

—if we had but gone far enough in our readings of these works to feel the want of that aid, from exterior sources, which is here proffered us—there would not have been presented to the world, at this hour, the spectacle—the stupendous spectacle—of a nation referring the origin of its drama—a drama more noble, and learned, and subtle than the Greek—to the invention—the accidental, unconscious invention—of a stupid, ignorant, illiterate, third-rate play-actor.

If we had, indeed, but applied to these works the commonest rules of historical investigation and criticism, we might, ere this, have been led to inquire, on our own account, whether “this player here,” who brought them out, might not possibly, in an age like that, like the player in Hamlet, have had some friend, or “friends,” who, could, “an’ if they would,” or “an’ if they might,” explain his miracles to us, and the secret of his “poor cell.”

If we had accepted this suggestion, the true Shakespeare would not have been now to seek. In the circle of that patronage with which this player’s fortunes brought him in contact, in that illustrious company of wits and poets, we need not have been at a loss to find the philosopher who writes, in his prose as well, and over his own name also,

“In Nature’s INFINITE BOOK OF SECRETS,
A little I can read.”—

we should have found one, at least, furnished for that last and ripest proof of learning which the drama, in the unmiraculous order of the human development, must constitute; that proof of it in which philosophy returns from history, from its noblest fields, and from her last analysis, with the secret and material of the creative synthesis—with the secret and material of art. With this direction, we should have been able to identify, ere this, the Philosopher who is only the Poet in disguise—the Philosopher who calls himself the New Magician—the Poet who was toiling and plotting to fill the globe with his Arts, and to make our common, everyday human life poetical—who would have *all* our life, and not a part of it, learned, artistic, beautiful, religious.

We should have found, ere this, *ONE*, with learning broad enough, and deep enough, and subtle enough, and comprehensive enough, one with nobility of aim and philosophic and poetic genius enough, to be able to claim his own, his own immortal progeny—undwarfed, unblinded, undeprived of one ray or dimple of that all-pervading reason that informs them; one who is able to re-claim them, even now, “cured and perfect in their limbs, and absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them.”

THE RAIN.

I HAD a friend in youth

My purse and my heart to share,
And no brother could be more true than he—
For my fortune then was fair!
But when it grew clouded he left me—
Fled like a bird i’ th’ air;
And the world was dark, so dark,
For the rain rained everywhere!

I had a true love, too,

A maiden with soft, brown hair;
The clasp of her hand was warm in mine—
And her eyes had a loving shine—
For my fortunes then were fair!
But now she, too, has left me
To battle alone with care;
And the world is dark, dark, dark,
And the rain rains everywhere!

THE GHOST.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

AT the West End of Boston, is a quarter of some fifty streets, more or less, commonly known as Beacon Hill.

It is a rich and respectable quarter, and everybody knows it. The very houses have become sentient of its prevailing character of riches and respectability; and, when the twilight deepens on the place, or at high noon, if your vision is gifted you may see them as long rows of our first giants, with very corpulent or very broad fronts—with solid-set feet of sidewalk, ending in square-toed curb-stone—with an air about them as if they had thrust their hard hands into their wealthy pockets forever—with a character of arctic reserve, and portly dignity, and a well-dressed, full-fed, self-satisfied, opulent, stony, repellant aspect to each, which says plainly: "I belong to a rich family, of the very highest respectability."

History, having much to say of Beacon Hill generally, has, on the present occasion, something to say particularly, of a certain street which bends over the eminence, sloping steeply down to its base. It is an old street—quaint, quiet, and somewhat picturesque. It was young once, though—having been born before the Revolution, and was then given to the city by its father, Mr. Middlecott, who died without heirs, and did this much for posterity. Posterity has not been much grateful to Mr. Middlecott. The street bore his name till he was dust, and then got the more aristocratic epithet of Bowdoin. Posterity has paid him by effacing what would have been his noblest epitaph. We may expect, after this, to see Faneuil Hall robbed of its name, and called Smith Hall! Republics are proverbially ungrateful. What safer claim to public remembrance has the old Huguenot, Peter Faneuil, than the old Englishman, Mr. Middlecott? Ghosts, it is said, have risen from the grave to reveal wrongs done them by the living; but it needs no ghost from the grave to prove the proverb about republics.

Bowdoin street only differs from its kindred, in a certain shady, grave, old-fogy, fossil aspect, just touched with a pensive solemnity, as if it thought

to itself, "I'm getting old, but I'm highly respectable; that's a comfort." It has, moreover, a dejected, injured air, as if it brooded solemnly on the wrong done to it by taking away its original name, and calling it Bowdoin: but as if, being a very conservative street, it was resolved to keep a cautious silence on the subject, lest the Union should go to pieces. Sometimes it wears a profound and mysterious look, as if it could tell something if it had a mind to, but thought it best not. Something of the ghost of its father—it was the only child he ever had!—walking there all the night, pausing at the corners to look up at the signs, which bear a strange name, and wringing his ghostly hands in lamentation at the wrong done his memory! Rumor told it in a whisper, many years ago. Perhaps it was believed by a few of the oldest inhabitants of the city; but the highly respectable quarter never heard of it; and, if it had, would not have been bribed to believe it, by any sum. Some one had said that some very old person had seen a phantom there. Nobody knew who some one was. Nobody knew who the very old person was. Nobody knew who had seen it; nor when; nor how. The very rumor was spectral.

All this was many years ago. Since then, it has been reported that a ghost was seen there one bitter Christmas eve, two or three years back. The twilight was already in the street; but the evening lamps were not yet lighted in the windows—and the roofs and chimney-tops were still distinct in the last clear light of the dropping day. It was light enough, however, for one to read, easily, from the opposite sidewalk, "Dr. C. Renton," in black letters, on the silver plate of a door, not far from the gothic portal of the Swedenborgian church. Near this door, stood a misty figure, whose sad, spectral eyes floated on vacancy, and whose long, shadowy white hair, lifted like an airy weft in the streaming wind. That was the ghost! It stood near the door a long time, without any other than a shuddering motion, as though it felt the searching blast, which swept furi-

ously from the north up the declivity of the street, rattling the shutters in its headlong passage. Once or twice, when a passer-by, muffled warmly from the bitter air, hurried past, the phantom shrank closer to the wall, till he was gone. Its vague, mournful face seemed to watch for some one. The twilight darkened, gradually; but it did not flit away. Patiently it kept its piteous look fixed in one direction—watching—watching; and, while the howling wind swept frantically through the chill air, it still seemed to shudder in the piercing cold.

A light suddenly kindled in an opposite window. As if touched by a gleam from the lamp, or, as if by some subtle interior illumination, the spectre became faintly luminous, and a thin smile seemed to quiver over its features. At the same moment, a strong, energetic figure—Dr. Renton, himself—came in sight, striding down the slope of the pavement to his own door, his overcoat thrown back, as if the icy air was a tropical warmth to him—his hat set on the back of his head—and the loose ends of a 'kerchief about his throat, streaming in the nor'-wester. The wind set up a howl, the moment he came in sight, and swept upon him; and a curious agitation began on the part of the phantom. It glided rapidly to and fro, and whirled in circles, and then, with the same swift, silent motion, sailed towards him, as if blown thither by the gale. Its long, thin arms, with something like a pale flame spiring from the tips of the slender fingers, were stretched out, as in greeting, while the wan smile played over its face; and when he rushed by, unheedingly, it made a futile effort to grasp the swinging arms with which he appeared to buffet back the buffeting gale. Then it glided on by his side, looking earnestly into his countenance, and moving its pallid lips with agonized rapidity, as if it said: "Look at me—speak to me—speak to me—see me!" But he kept his course with unconscious eyes, and a vexed frown on his bold, white forehead, betokening an irritated mind. The light that had shone in the figure of the phantom, darkened slowly, till the form was only a pale shadow. The wind had suddenly lulled, and no longer lifted its white hair. It still glided on with him, its head drooping on its breast, and its long arms hanging

by its side; but when he reached the door, it suddenly sprang before him, gazing fixedly into his eyes, while a convulsive motion flashed over its grief-worn features, as if it had shrieked out a word. He had his foot on the step at the moment. With a start, he put his gloved hand to his forehead, while the vexed look went out quickly on his face. The ghost watched him breathlessly. But the irritated expression came back to his countenance more resolutely than before, and he began to fumble in his pocket for a latch-key, muttering petulantly, "what the devil is the matter with me now!" It seemed to him that a voice had cried, clearly, yet as from afar, "Charles Renton!"—his own name. He had heard it in his startled mind; but, then, he knew he was in a highly wrought state of nervous excitement, and his medical science, with that knowledge for a basis, could have reared a formidable fortress of explanation against any phenomenon, were it even more wonderful than this.

He entered the house; kicked the door to; pulled off his overcoat; wrenched off his outer 'kerchief; slammed them on a branch of the clothes-tree; banged his hat on top of them; wheeled about; pushed in the door of his library; strode in, and, leaving the door ajar, threw himself into an easy chair, and sat there in the fire-reddened dusk, with his white brows knit, and his arms tightly locked on his breast. The ghost had followed him, sadly, and now stood, motionless, in a corner of the room, its spectral hands crossed on its bosom, and its white locks drooping down.

It was very evident Dr. Renton was in a bad humor. The very library caught contagion from him, and became grouty and sombre. The furniture was grim, and sullen, and sulky; it made ugly shadows on the carpet and on the wall, in allopathic quantity; it took the red gleams from the fire on its polished surfaces, in homeopathic globules, and got no good from them. The fire itself peered out sulkily from the black bars of the grate, and seemed resolved not to burn the fresh deposit of black coals at the top, but to take this as a good time to remember that those coals had been bought in the summer at five dollars a ton—under price, mind you—when poor people, who cannot buy at advantage, but must get their firing in

the winter, would have given nine or ten dollars for them then. And so (glowered the fire,) I am determined to think of that outrage, and not to light them, but to go out myself, directly! And the fire got into such a spasm of glowing indignation over the injury, that it lit a whole tier of black coals with a series of little explosions, before it could cool down, and sent a crimson gleam over the moody figure of its owner in the easy chair, and over the solemn furniture, and into the shadowy corner filled by the ghost.

It did not move when Dr. Renton arose and lit the chandelier. It stood there, still and gray, in the flood of mellow light. The curtains were drawn, and the twilight without had deepened into darkness. The fire was now burning in despite of itself, fanned by the wintry gusts, which found their way down the chimney. Dr. Renton stood with his back to it—his hands behind him; his bold, white forehead, shaded by a careless lock of black hair, and knit sternly; and the same frown in his handsome, open, searching dark eyes. Tall and strong—with an erect port, and broad, firm shoulders—high, resolute features—a commanding figure, garbed in aristocratic black, and not yet verging into the proportions of obesity—take him for all in all, a very fine and favorable specimen of the solid men of Boston. And seen in contrast (O, could he but have known it!) with the attenuated figure of the poor, dim ghost!

Hark! a very light foot on the stairs—a rich rustle of silks. Everything still again—Dr. Renton looking fixedly, with great sternness, at the half-open door, from whence a faint, delicious perfume floats into the library. Somebody there, for certain. Somebody peeping in with very bright, arch eyes. Dr. Renton knew it, and prepared to maintain his ill humor against the invader. His face became triply armed with severity for the encounter. That's Netty, I know, he thought. His daughter. So it was. In she bounded. Bright little Netty! Gay little Netty! A dear and sweet little creature, to be sure, with a delicate and pleasant beauty of face and figure, it needed no costly silks to grace or heighten. There she stood. Not a word from her merry lips, but a smile which stole over all the solitary grimness of the library, and made everything better, and brighter, and fairer, in a

minute. It floated down into the cavernous humor of Dr. Renton, and the gloom began to lighten directly—though he would not own it, nor relax a single feature. But the wan ghost in the corner lifted its head to look at her, and slowly brightened as to something worthy a spirit's love, and a dim phantom's smiles. Now then, Dr. Renton! the lines are drawn, and the foe is coming. Be martial, sir, as when you stand in the ranks of the cadets on training-days! Steady, and stand the charge. So he did. He kept an inflexible front as she glided towards him, softly, slowly—with her bright eyes smiling into his, and doing dreadful execution. Then she put her white arms around his neck, laid her dear, fair head on his breast, and peered up archly into his stern visago. Spite of himself, he could not keep the fixed lines on his face from breaking confusedly into a faint smile. Somehow or other, his hands came from behind him, and rested on her head. There! That's all. Dr. Renton surrendered at discretion! One of the solid men of Boston was taken after a desperate struggle—internal, of course—for he kissed her, and said, "Dear little Netty!" And so she was.

The phantom watched her with a smile, and wavered and brightened as if about to glide to her; but it grew still, and remained.

"Pa in the sulks to night?" she asked, in the most winning, playful, silvery voice.

"Pa's a fool," he answered in his deep chest-tones, with a vexed good humor; "and you know it."

"What's the matter with pa? What makes him be a great bear? Papa-sy, dear," she continued, stroking his face with her little hands, and patting him, very much as Beauty might have patted the Beast after she fell in love with him—or, as if he were a great baby. In fact, he began to look then, as if he were.

"Matter? O, everything's the matter, little Netty. The world goes round too fast. My boots pinch. Somebody stole my umbrella last year. And I've got a headache." He concluded this general abstract of his grievances by putting his arms around her, and kissing her again. Then he sat down in the easy chair, and took her fondly on his knee.

"Pa's got a headache! It is t-o-o

bad, so it is," she continued in the same soothing, winning way, caressing his bold, white brow with her tiny hands. "It's a horrid shame, so it is! Po-o-r pa. Where does it ache, papa-sy dear? In the forehead? Cerebrum or cerebellum, pa-sy? Occiput or sinciput, deary?"

"Bah! you little quiz," he replied, laughing and pinching her cheek, "none of your nonsense! And what are you dressed up in this way for, to-night? Silks, and laces, and essences, and what not! Where are you going, fairy?"

"Going out with mother for the evening, Dr. Renton," she replied briskly; "Mrs. Larrabee's party, papa-sy. Christmas eve, you know. And what are you going to give me for a present, to-morrow, pa-sy?"

"To-morrow will tell, little Netty."

"Good! And what are you going to give me, so that I can make my presents, Beary?"

"Ugh!" but he growled it in fun, and had a pocket-book out from his breast-pocket, directly after. Fives—tens—twenties—fifties—all crisp, and nice, and new bank-notes.

"Will that be enough, Netty?" He held up a twenty. The smiling face nodded assent, and the bright eyes twinkled.

"No, it won't. But *that* will," he continued, giving her a fifty.

"Fifty dollars, Kilby Bank, Boston!" exclaimed Netty, making great eyes at him. "But we must take all we can get, pa-sy; mustn't we? It's too much, though. Thank you all the same, pa-sy, nevertheless." And she kissed him, and put the bill in a little bit of a porte-monnaie, with a gay laugh.

"Well done, I declare!" he said, smilingly. "But you're going to the party?"

"Pretty soon, pa."

He made no answer; but sat smiling at her. The phantom watched them, silently.

"What made pa so cross and grim, to-night? Tell Netty—do," she pleaded.

"O—because;—everything went wrong with me, to-day. There." And he looked as sulky, at that moment, as he ever did in his life.

"No, no, pa-sy; that won't do. I want the particulars," continued Netty, shaking her head, smilingly.

"Particulars! Well, then, Miss Nathalie Renton," he began, with mock gravity, "your professional father is losing some of his oldest patients. Everybody is in ruinous good health; and the grass is growing in the graveyards."

"In the winter-time, papa?—smart grass!"

"Not that I want practice," he went on, getting into soliloquy; "or patients, either. But to have an interloping she-doctor take a family I've attended ten years, out of my hands, and to hear the hodge-podge gabble about physiological laws, and woman's rights, and no taxation without representation, they learn from her—well, it's too bad!"

"Is that all, pa-sy? Seems to me, *Pd* like to vote, too," was Netty's piquant rejoinder.

"Hoh! I'll warrant," growled her father. "Hope you'll vote the Whig ticket, Netty, when you get your rights."

"Will the Union be dissolved, then, pa-sy—when the Whigs are beaten?"

"Bah! you little plague," he growled, with a laugh. "But, then, you women don't know anything about politics. So, there. As I was saying, everything went wrong with me to-day. I've been speculating in railroad stock, and singed my fingers. Then, old Tom Hollis outbid me, to-day, at Leonard's, on a rare medical work, I had set my eyes upon having. Confound him! Then, again, two of my houses are tenantless, and there are folks in two others that won't pay their rent, and I can't get them out. Out they'll go, though, or I'll know why. And, to crown all—um-m. And I wish the devil had him! as he will."

"Had who, Beary-papa?"

"Him. I'll tell you. The street floor of one of my houses in Hanover-street lets for an oyster-room. They keep a bar there, and sell liquor. Last night they had a grand row—a drunken fight, and one man was stabbed, it's thought, fatally."

"Oh, father!" Netty's bright eyes dilated with horror.

"Yes. I hope he won't die. At any rate, there's likely to be a stir about the matter, and my name will be called into question, then, as I'm the landlord. And folks will make a handle of it, and there'll be the very deuce to pay, generally."

He got back the stern, vexed frown, to his face, with the anticipation, and beat the carpet with his foot. The ghost still watched from the angle of the room, and seemed to darken, while its features looked troubled.

"But, father," said Netty, a little tremulously, "I wouldn't let my houses to such people. It's not right; is it? Why, it's horrid to think of men getting drunk, and killing each other!"

Dr. Renton rubbed his hair into disorder, with vexation, and then subsided into solemnity.

"I know it's not exactly right, Netty; but I can't help it. As I said before, I wish the devil had that bar-keeper. I ought to have ordered him out long ago, and then this wouldn't have happened. I've increased his rent twice, hoping to get rid of him so; but he pays without a murmur; and what am I to do? You see, he was an occupant when the building came into my hands, and I let him stay. He pays me a good, round rent; and, apart from his cursed traffic, he's a good tenant. What can I do? It's a good thing for him, and it's a good thing for me, pecuniarily. Confound him. Here's a nice rumпус brewing!"

"Dear pa, I'm afraid it's not a good thing for you," said Netty, caressing him, and smoothing his tumbled hair. "Nor for him either. I wouldn't mind the rent he pays you. I'd order him out. It's bad money. There's blood on it."

She had grown pale, and her voice quivered. The phantom glided over to them, and laid its spectral hand upon her forehead. The shadowy eyes looked from under the misty hair into the doctor's face, and the pale lips moved as if speaking the words heard only in the silence of his heart—"hear her, hear her!"

"I must think of it," resumed Dr. Renton, coldly. "I'm resolved, at all events, to warn him that, if anything of this kind occurs again, he must quit at once. I dislike to lose a profitable tenant; for no other business would bring me the sum his does. Hang it, everybody does the best he can with his property—why shouldn't I?"

The ghost, standing near them, dropped its head again on its breast, and crossed its arms. Netty was silent. Dr. Renton continued, petulant-ly:—

"A precious set of people I manage

to get into my premises. There's a woman hires a couple of rooms for a dwelling, overhead, in that same building, and for three months I haven't got a cent from her. I know these people's tricks. Her month's notice expires to-morrow, and out she goes."

"Poor creature," sighed Netty.

He knit his brow, and beat the carpet with his foot, in vexation.

"Perhaps she can't pay you, pa," trembled the sweet, silvery voice. "You wouldn't turn her out in this cold winter, when she can't pay you—would you, pa?"

"Why don't she get another house, and swindle some one else?" he replied, testily; "there's plenty of rooms to let."

"Perhaps she can't find one, pa," answered Netty.

"Humbug!" retorted her father; "I know better."

"Pa, dear, if I were you, I'd turn out that rum-seller, and let the poor woman stay a little longer; just a little, pa."

"Shan't do it. Hah! that would be scattering money out of both pockets. Shan't do it. Out she shall go; and, as for him—well, he'd better turn over a new leaf. There let us leave the subject, darling. It vexes me. How did we contrive to get into this train. Bah!"

He drew her closer to him, and kissed her forehead. She sat quietly, with her head on his shoulder, thinking very gravely.

"I feel queerly, to-day, little Netty," he began, after a short pause. "My nerves are all high-strung with the turn matters have taken."

"How is it, papa? The headache?" she answered.

"Ye-s—n-o—not exactly; I don't know," he said dubiously; then, in an absent way, "it was that letter set me to think of him all day, I suppose."

"Why, pa, I declare," cried Netty, starting up, "if I didn't forget all about it, and I came down expressly to give it to you! Where is it? O, here it is."

She drew from her pocket an old letter, faded to a pale yellow, and gave it to him. The ghost started suddenly.

"Why, bless my soul! it's the very letter! Where did you get that, Nathaniel?" asked Dr. Renton.

"I found it on the stairs after dinner, pa."

"Yes, I do remember taking it up with me; I must have dropped it," he answered, musingly, gazing at the super-scription. The ghost was gazing at it, too, with startled interest.

"What beautiful writing it is, pa," murmured the young girl, "Who wrote it to you? It looks yellow enough to have been written a long time since."

"Fifteen years ago, Netty. When you were a baby. And the hand that wrote it has been cold for all that time."

He spoke with a solemn sadness, as if memory lingered with the heart of fifteen years ago, on an old grave. The dim figure by his side had bowed its head, and all was still.

"It is strange," he resumed, speaking vacantly and slowly, "I have not thought of him for so long a time, and to-day—especially this evening—I have felt as if he were constantly near me. It is a singular feeling."

He put his left hand to his forehead, and mused—his right clasped his daughter's shoulder. The phantom slowly raised its head, and gazed at him with a look of unutterable tenderness.

"Who was he, father?" she asked, with a hushed voice.

"A young man—an author—a poet. He had been my friend, when we were boys; and, though I lost sight of him for years—he led an erratic life—we were friends when he died. Poor, poor fellow! Well, he is at peace."

The stern voice had saddened, and was almost tremulous. The spectral form was still.

"How did he die, father?"

"A long story, darling," he replied gravely, "and a sad one. He was very poor and proud. He was a genius—that is, a person without an atom of practical talent. His parents died, the last, his mother, when he was near manhood. I was in college then. Thrown upon the world, he picked up a scanty subsistence with his pen, for a time. I could have got him a place in the counting-house, but he would not take it; in fact, he wasn't fit for it. You can't harness Pegasus to the cart, you know. Besides, he despised mercantile life—without reason, of course; but he was always notional. His love of literature was one of the rocks he

founded on. He wasn't successful; his best compositions were too delicate—fanciful—to please the popular taste; and then he was full of the radical and fanatical notions which infected so many people at that time in New England, and infect them now, for that matter; and his sublimated, impracticable ideas and principles, which he kept till his dying day, always staved off his chances of success. Consequently, he never rose above the drudgery of some employment on newspapers. Then, he was terribly passionate, not without cause, I confess; but it wasn't wise. What I mean is this: if he saw, or if he fancied he saw, any wrong or injury done to any one, it was enough to throw him into a frenzy; he would get black in the face, and absolutely shriek out his denunciations of the wrong-doer. I do believe he would have visited his own brother with the most unsparing invective, if that brother had laid a harming finger on a street-beggar, or a colored man, or a poor person of any kind. I don't blame the feeling; though, with a man like him, it was very apt to be a false or a mistaken one; but, at any rate, its exhibition wasn't sensible. Well, as I was saying, he buffeted about in this world a long time, poorly paid, fed, and clad; taking more care of other people than he did of himself. Then mental suffering, physical exposure, and want killed him."

The stern voice had grown softer than a child's. The same look of unutterable tenderness brooded on the mournful face of the phantom by his side; but its thin, shining hand was laid upon his head, and its countenance had undergone a change. The form was still undefined; but the features had become distinct. They were those of a young man, beautiful and wan, and marked with great suffering.

A pause had fallen on the conversation, in which the father and daughter heard the solemn sighing of the wintry wind around the dwelling. The silence seemed scarcely broken by the voice of the young girl.

"Dear father, this was very sad. Did you say he died of want?"

"Of want, my child, of hunger and cold. I don't doubt it. He had wandered about, as I gather, houseless for a couple of days and nights. It was in December, too. Some one found him, on a rainy night, lying in the street,

drenched, and burning with fever, and had him taken to the hospital. In his wild ravings he mentioned my name, and they sent for me. That was our first meeting after two years. I found him in the hospital—dying. He was delirious, and never recognized me. And, Nathalie, his hair—it had been coal-black, and he wore it very long, he wouldn't let them cut it either; and, as they knew no skill could save him, they let him have his way—his hair was then as white as snow! God alone knows what that brain must have suffered to blanch hair which had been as black as the wing of a raven!"

He covered his eyes with his hand, and sat silently. The fingers of the phantom still shone dimly on his head, and its white locks drooped above him, like a weft of light.

"What was his name, father?" asked the pitting girl.

"George Feval. The very name sounds like fever. He died on Christmas eve, fifteen years ago this night. It was on his death-bed, while his mind was tossing on a sea of delirious fancies, that he wrote me this long letter—for, to the last, I was uppermost in his thoughts. It is a wild, incoherent thing, of course—a strange mixture of sense and madness. But I have kept it as a memorial of him. I have not looked at it for years; but this morning I found it among my papers, and, somehow, it has been in my mind all day."

He slowly unfolded the faded sheets, and sadly gazed at the writing. His daughter had risen from her recumbent posture, and now bent her graceful head over the leaves. The phantom covered its face with its hands.

"What a beautiful manuscript it is, father!" she exclaimed. "The writing is faultless."

"It is, indeed," he replied. "Would he had written his life as fairly!"

"Read it, father," said Nathalie.

"No—but I'll read you a detached passage here and there," he answered, after a pause. "The rest you may read yourself some time, if you wish. It is painful to me. Here's the beginning:

"My Dear Charles Renton:—Adieu, and adieu. It is Christmas eve, and I am going home. I am soon to exhale from my flesh, like the spirit of a broken flower. Exultemus forever!"

"It is very wild. His mind was in a fever-craze. Here is a passage that seems to refer to his own experience of life.

"Your friendship was dear to me. I give you true love. Stocks and returns. You are rich, but I did not wish to be your bounty's pauper. Could I beg? I had my work to do for the world, but oh! the world has no place for souls that can only love and suffer. How many miles to Babylon? Three score and ten. Not so far—not near so far! Ask starvelings—they know."

I wanted to do the world good, and the world has killed me, Charles."

"It frightens me," said Nathalie, as he paused.

"We will read no more," he replied sombrely. "It belongs to the psychology of madness. To me, who knew him, there are gleams of sense in it, and passages where the delirium of the language is only a transparent veil on the meaning. All the remainder is devoted to what he thought important advice to me. But it's all wild and vague. Poor—poor George!"

The phantom still hid its face in its hands, as the doctor slowly turned over the pages of the letter. Nathalie, bending over the leaves, laid her finger on the last, and asked—"What are those closing sentences, father? Read them."

"O, that is what he called his 'last counsel' to me. It's as wild as the rest—tinctured with the prevailing ideas of his career. First he says, 'Farewell—farewell'; then he bids me take his 'counsel into memory on Christmas day'; then, after enumerating all the wretched classes he can think of in the country, he says, 'These are your sisters and your brothers—love them all.' Here he says, 'O friend, strong in wealth for so much good, take my last counsel. In the name of the Saviour, I charge you be true and tender to all men.' He goes on to bid me 'live and labor for the fallen, the neglected, the suffering, and the poor'; and finally ends, by advising me to help upset any, or all, institutions, laws, and so forth, that bear hardly on the rag-ends of society; and tells me that what he calls 'a service to humanity' is worth more to the doer than a service to anything else, or than anything we can gain from the world. Ah, well! poor George."

"But isn't all that true father?"—said Netty, "it seems so."

"H'm," he murmured through his closed lips. Then, with a vague smile, folding up the letter meanwhile, he said, "Wild words, Netty, wild words. I've no objection to charity, judiciously given; but poor George's notions are not mine. Every man for himself, is a good general rule. Every man for humanity, as George has it, and in his acceptance of the principle, would send us all to the alms-house pretty soon. The greatest good of the greatest number—that's my rule of action. There are plenty of good institutions for the distressed, and I'm willing to help support 'em, and do. But as for making a martyr of one's self, or tilting against the necessary evils of society, or turning philanthropist at large, or any Quixotism of that sort, I don't believe in it. We didn't make the world, and we can't mend it. Poor George. Well—he's at rest. The world wasn't the place for him."

They grew silent. The spectre glided slowly to the wall, and stood as if it were thinking what, with Dr. Renton's rule of action, was to become of the greatest good of the smallest number. Nathalie sat on her father's knee, thinking only of George Feval, and of his having being starved and grieved to death.

"Father," said Nathalie, softly, "I felt, while you were reading the letter, as if he were near us. Didn't you? The room was so light and still, and the wind sighed so."

"Netty, dear, I've felt that all day, I believe," he replied—"hark! there is the door-bell. Off goes the spirit-world, and here comes the actual. Confound it! Some one to see me, I'll warrant, and I'm not in the mood."

He got into a fret at once, Netty was not the Netty of an hour ago, or she would have coaxed him out of it. But she did not notice it now, in her abstraction, she had risen at the tinkle of the bell, and seated herself in a chair. Presently, a nose, with a great pimple on the end of it, appeared at the edge of the door, and a weak, piping voice said, "there was a woman wanted to see you, sir."

"Who is it, James?—no matter, show her in."

He got up with the vexed scowl on his face, and walked the room. In a minute

the library door opened again, and a pale, thin, rigid, frozen-looking, little woman, scantily clad, the weather being considered, entered, and dropped a curt, awkward bow to Dr. Renton.

"O—Mrs. Miller. Good evening, ma'am. Sit down," he said, with a cold, constrained civility.

The little woman faintly said, "Good evening, Dr. Renton," and sat down stiffly, with her hands crossed before her, in the chair nearest the wall. This was the obdurate tenant, who had paid no rent for three months, and had a notice to quit, expiring to-morrow.

"Cold evening, ma'am," remarked Dr. Renton, in his hard way.

"Yes, sir, it is," was the cowed, awkward answer.

"Won't you sit near the fire, ma'am," said Netty, gently, "you look cold."

"No, miss, thank you. I'm not cold," was the faint reply. She was cold, though, as well she might be with her poor, thin shawl, and open bonnet, in such a bitter night as it was outside. And there was a rigid, sharp, suffering look in her pinched features that betokened she might have been hungry, too.

"Poor people don't mind the cold weather, miss," she said, with a weak smile, her voice getting a little stronger. "They have to bear it, and they get used to it."

She had not evidently borne it long enough to effect the point of indifference. Netty looked at her with a tender pity. Dr. Renton thought to himself—Hoh!—blazoning her poverty—manufacturing sympathy already—the old trick—and steeled himself against any attacks of that kind, looking jealously, meanwhile, at Netty.

"Well, Mrs. Miller," he said, "what is it this evening? I suppose you've brought me my rent."

The little woman grew paler, and her voice seemed to fail on her quivering lips. Netty cast a quick, beseeching look at her father.

"Nathalie, please to leave the room." We'll have no nonsense carried on here, he thought, triumphantly, as Netty rose, and obeyed the stern, decisive order, leaving the door ajar behind her.

He seated himself in his chair, and resolutely put his right leg up to rest on his left knee. He did not look at his tenant's face, determined that her piteous expressions (got up for the oc-

casion, of course,) should be wasted on him.

"Well, Mrs. Miller," he said again.

"Dr. Renton," she began, faintly gathering her voice, as she proceeded, "I have come to see you about the rent. I am very sorry, sir, to have made you wait, but we have been unfortunate."

"Sorry, ma'am," he replied, knowing what was coming; "but your misfortunes are not my affair. We all have misfortunes, ma'am. But we must pay our debts, you know."

"I expected to have got money from my husband, before this, sir," she resumed, "and I wrote to him. I got a letter from him to-day, sir, and it said that he sent me fifty dollars a month ago, in a letter; and it appears that the post-office is to blame, or somebody, for I never got it. It was nearly three months' wages, sir, and it is very hard to lose it. If it hadn't been for that, your rent would have been paid long ago, sir."

"Don't believe a word of *that* story," thought Dr. Renton, sententially.

"I thought, sir," she continued, emboldened by his silence, "that if you would be willing to wait a little longer, we would manage to pay you soon, and not let it occur again. It has been a hard winter with us, sir; firing is high, and provisions, and everything; and we're only poor people, you know, and it's difficult to get along."

The doctor made no reply.

"My husband was unfortunate, sir, in not being able to get employment here," she resumed; "his being out of work in the autumn, threw us all back, and we've got nothing to depend on but his earnings. The family that he's in now, sir, don't give him very good pay—only twenty dollars a month, and his board—but it was the best chance he could get, and it was either go to Baltimore with them, or stay at home and starve, and so he went, sir. It's been a hard time with us, and one of the children is sick now, with a fever, and we don't hardly know how to make out a living. And so, sir, I have come here this evening, leaving the children alone, to ask you if you wouldn't be kind enough to wait a little longer, and we'll hope to make it right with you in the end."

"Mrs. Miller," said Dr. Renton, with stern composure, "I have no wish to

question the truth of any statement you may make; but I must tell you plainly, that I can't afford to let my houses for nothing. I told you a month ago, that if you couldn't pay me my rent, you must vacate the premises. You know very well that there are plenty of tenants who are able and willing to pay, when the money comes due. You *know* that."

He paused as he said this, and, glancing at her, saw her pale lips falter. It shook the cruelty of his purpose a little, and he had a vague feeling that he was doing wrong. Not without a proud struggle, during which no word was spoken, could he beat it down. Meanwhile, the phantom had advanced a pace toward the centre of the room.

"That is the state of the matter, ma'am," he resumed coldly. "People who will not pay me my rent must not live in my tenements. You must move out. I have no more to say."

"Dr. Renton," she said faintly, "I have a sick child—how can I move now? O, sir, it's Christmas eve—don't be hard with us!"

Instead of touching him, this speech irritated him beyond measure. Passing all considerations of her difficult position involved in her piteous statement, his anger flashed at once on her implication that he was unjust and unkind. So violent was his excitement that it whirled away the words that rushed to his lips, and only fanned the fury that sparkled from the whiteness of his face in his eyes.

"Be patient with us, sir," she continued, "we are poor, but we mean to pay you; and we can't move now in this cold weather; please, don't be hard with us, sir."

The fury now burst out on his face in a red and angry glow, and the words came.

"Now, attend to me!" He rose to his feet. "I will not hear any more from you. I know nothing of your poverty, nor of the condition of your family. All I know is that you owe me three months' rent, and that you can't or won't pay me. I say, therefore, leave the premises to people who can and will. You have had your legal notice; quit my house to-morrow; if you don't, your furniture shall be put in the street. Mark me—to-morrow!"

The phantom had rushed into the centre of the room. Standing, face to

face with him—dilating—blackening—its whole form shuddering with a fury to which his own was tame; the semblance of a shriek upon its flashing lips, and on its writhing features; and an unearthly anger streaming from its bright and terrible eyes; it seemed to throw down, with its tossing arms, mountains of hate and malediction on the head of him whose words had smitten poverty and suffering, and whose heavy hand was breaking up the barriers of a home.

Dr. Renton sank again into his chair. His tenant—not a woman!—not a sister, but only his tenant; she sat crushed and frightened by the wall. He knew it vaguely. Conscience was battling in his heart with the stubborn devils that had entered there. The phantom stood before him, like a dark cloud in the image of a man. But its darkness was lightening slowly, and its ghostly anger had passed away.

Mrs. Miller, paler than before, had sat mute and trembling among the hopes he had ruined. Yet her desperation forbade her to abandon the chances of his mercy, and she now said:

"Dr. Renton, you surely don't mean what you have told me. Won't you bear with us a little longer, and we will yet make it all right with you?"

"I have given you my answer," he returned coldly; "I have no more to add. I never take back anything I say—never!"

It was true. He never did—never! She half rose from her seat as if to go; but weak and sickened with the bitter result of her visit, she sank down again. There was a pause. Then, solemnly gliding across the lighted room, the phantom stole to her side with glory of compassion on its features. Tenderly, as a son to a mother, it bent over her; its spectral hands of light were stretched above her; its shadowy fall of hair, once blanched by the fever and the anguish, floated on her throbbing brow.

The stern and sullen mood from which had dropped but one fierce flash of anger, still hung above the heat of the doctor's mind, like a dark rack of thunder-cloud. It would have burst anew into a fury of rebuke, had he but known his daughter was listening at the door, while the colloquy went on. It might have flamed violently, had his tenant made any further attempt to

change his purpose. She had not. She had left the room meekly, with the same curt, awkward bow that marked her entrance. He recalled her manner very indistinctly; for a feeling, like a mist, began to gather in his mind, and make the occurrences of moments before uncertain.

Alone, now, he was yet oppressed with a feeling that something was near him. Was it a spiritual instinct? for the phantom stood by his side. It stood silently, with one hand raised above his head, from which a pale flame seemed to flow downward to his brain; its other hand pointed movelessly to the open letter on the table, by his side.

Dr. Renton took the sheets from the table, thinking, at the moment, only of George Feval; but the first line on which his eye rested was, "In the name of the Saviour, I charge you be true and tender to all men!" and the words touched him like a low voice from the grave. Their penetrant reproach pierced the hardness of his heart. He tossed the letter back on the table. The very manner of the act accused him of an insult to the dead. In a moment he took up the faded sheets more reverently, but only to lay them down again.

He had thrown himself on a sofa, striving to be rid of his remorseful thoughts, when the library door opened, and the inside man appeared, with his hand held bashfully over his nose. It flashed on him at once, that his tenant's husband was the servant of a family like this fellow; and, irritated that the whole matter should be thus broadly forced upon him again, he harshly asked him what he wanted. The man only came in to say that Mrs. Renton and the young lady had gone out for the evening, but that tea was laid for him in the dining-room. Dr. Renton did not want any tea, and if anybody called, he was not at home. With this charge, the man left the room, closing the door behind him.

Rising from the sofa, the doctor turned down the lights of the chandelier, and screened the fire. The room was still. The ghost stood, faintly radiant, in a remote corner. Dr. Renton lay down again, but he could not sleep. Things he had forgotten of his dead friend, now started up again in remembrance, fresh from the sleep of many years; and not one of them but linked itself with some mysterious bond

to something connected with his tenant, and became an accusation.

He had lain thus for more than an hour, his mental excitement fast becoming intolerable, when he heard a low strain of music, from the Swedenborgian chapel, hard by. Its first impression was one of solemnity and rest, and its first sense, in his mind, was of relief. Perhaps it was the music of an evening meeting; or it might be that the organist and choir had met for practice. Whatever its purpose, it breathed through his heated fancy like a cool and fragrant wind. Low and sad at first, he heard it swell and rise to a mournful dirge, but so subdued, that it touched him with awe. Gradually the fires in his brain sank down, and all yielded to a sense of coolness and repose.

Gradually sinking, also, the music failed. A pause, and then it rose again, blended with the solemn voices of the choir. It rose from pathos into wild despair; and, swelling upward in an agony of supplication, sank, and died in a low and wailing sigh.

Yielding now with a sense in his spirit like despair, the tears streamed silently down the listener's face; and the low chant sighed above him, and died away. Dr. Renton slept. The room was dim and silent, and the furniture took uncouth shapes around him. The red glow upon the ceiling, from the screened fire, showed the misty figure of the phantom kneeling by his side. All light had gone from the spectral form. It knelt beside him, mutely, as in prayer. Once it gazed at his quiet face with a mournful tenderness, and its shadowy hands caressed his forehead. Then it resumed its former attitude, and the slow hours crept by.

At last it rose, and glided to the table, on which lay the open letter. It seemed to try to lift the sheets with its misty hands—but vainly. Next it essayed the lifting of a pen which lay there—but failed. It was a piteous sight, to see its idle efforts on these shapes of grosser matter, which, to its strengthless essence, had now but the existence of illusions. Wandering about the shadowy room, it wrung its phantom hands as in despair.

Presently it grew still. Then it passed quickly to his side, and stood before him. He slept calmly. It placed one

ghostly hand above his forehead, and, with the other, pointed to the open letter. In this attitude, its shape grew momentarily more distinct. It began to kindle into brightness. The pale flame again flowed from its hand, streaming downward to the brain. A look of trouble darkened the sleeping face. Stronger—stronger, brighter—brighter: until, at last, it stood before him, a glorious shape of light, with an awful look of commanding love in its shining features—and, the doctor suddenly awoke.

The phantom had vanished. He saw nothing. His first impression was, not that he had dreamed, but that, awaking in the familiar room, he had seen the spirit of his dead friend, bright and awful, by his side, and that it had gone! In the flash of that quick change, from sleeping to waking, he had detected, he thought, the unearthly being that, he now felt, watched him from behind the air, and it had vanished! The library was the same as in the moment of that supernatural revealing; the open letter lay upon the table still; only that was gone which had made these common aspects terrible. Then, all the hard, strong skepticism of his nature, which had been driven backward by the shock of his first conviction, recoiled, and rushed within him, violently struggling for its former vantage ground; till, at length, it achieved the foothold for a doubt. Could he have dreamed? The ghost, invisible, still watched him. Yes—a dream—only a dream; but, how vivid—how strange! With a slow thrill creeping through his veins—the blood curdling at his heart—a cold sweat starting on his forehead, he stared through the dimness of the room.

In a moment, remembering the letter to which the phantom of his dream had pointed, he rose and took it from the table. The last page lay upward, and every word of the solemn counsel at the end seemed to dilate on the paper, and all its mighty meaning rushed upon his soul. Trembling in his own despite, he laid it down, and turned away. A physician—he remembered that he was in a violent state of nervous excitement, and thought that when he grew calmer its effects would pass away. But the hand that had touched him, had gone down deeper than the physician, and reached what God had made.

He strove in vain. The very room in its light and silence, and the lurking sense of something watching him, became terrible. He could not endure it. The devils in his heart, grown pusillanimous, cowered beneath the flashing strokes of his aroused and terrible conscience. He could not endure it. He must go out. He will walk the streets. It is not late—it is but ten o'clock. He will go.

The air of his dream still hung heavily about him. He was in the street—he hardly remembered how he had got there, or when; but there he was, wrapped up from the searching cold, thinking, with a quiet horror in his mind, of the darkened room he had left behind, and haunted by the sense that something was groping about there in the darkness, searching for him. The night was still and cold. The full moon was in the zenith. Its icy splendor lay on the bare streets, and on the walls of the dwellings. The lighted oblong squares of curtained windows, here and there, seemed dim and waxen in the frigid glory. The familiar aspect of the quarter had passed away, leaving behind only a corpse-like neighborhood, whose huge, dead features, staring rigidly through the thin, white shroud of moonlight that covered all, left no breath upon the stainless skies. Through the vast silence of the night he passed along; the very sound of his footfalls was remote to his muffled sense.

Gradually, as he reached the first corner, he had an uneasy feeling that a thing—a formless, unimaginable thing—was dogging him. He had thought of going down to his club-room; but he now shrank from entering, with this thing near him, the lighted rooms where his set were busy with cards and billiards, over their liquors and cigars, and where the heated air was full of their idle faces and careless chatter, lest some one should bawl out that he was pale, and ask him what was the matter, and he should answer, tremblingly, that something was following him, and was near him then! He must get rid of it first; he must walk quickly, and baffle its pursuit by turning sharp corners, and plunging into devious streets and crooked lanes, and so lose it!

It was difficult to reach through memory to the crazy chaos of his mind on that night, and recall the route he took while haunted by this feeling; but

he afterwards remembered that, without any other purpose than to baffle his imaginary pursuer, he traversed at a rapid pace a large portion of the moonlit city; always (he knew not why) avoiding the more populous thoroughfares, and choosing unfrequented and tortuous by-ways, but never ridding himself of that horrible confusion of mind, in which the faces of his dead friend and the pale woman were strangely blended, nor of the fancy that he was followed. Once, as he passed the hospital where Feval died, a faint hint seemed to flash and vanish from the clouds of his lunacy, and almost identify the dogging goblin with the figure of his dream; but the conception instantly mixed with a disconnected remembrance that this was Christmas eve, and then slipped from him, and was lost. He did not pause there, but strode on. At last he was haunted with a gathering sense that his journey was coming to an end. And suddenly, thank God! the goblin was gone. He was free. He stood panting, like one just roused from some terrific dream, wiping the reeking perspiration from his forehead. He felt he had wandered a long distance from his house, but had no distinct perception of his whereabouts. He only knew he was in some thinly-peopled street, whose familiar aspect seemed lost to him in the magical disguise the superb moonlight had thrown over all. Suddenly a film seemed to drop from his eyes, as they became riveted on a lighted window, on the opposite side of the way. He started, and a secret terror crept over him, vaguely mixed with the memory of the shock he had felt as he turned the last corner, and his distinct, awful feeling that something invisible had passed him. At the same instant he felt, and thrilled to feel, a touch, as of a light finger, on his cheek. He was in Hanover street. Before him was the house—the oyster-room staring at him through the lighted transparencies of its two windows, like two square eyes, below; and his tenant's light in a chamber above! The added shock which this discovery gave to the heaving of his heart, made him gasp for breath. Could it be? Did he still dream? While he stood panting, and staring at the building, the city clocks began to strike. Eleven o'clock; it was ten when he came away; how he must

have driven! His thoughts caught up the word. Driven—by what? Driven from his house in horror, through street and lane, over half the city—driven—hunted in terror, and smitten by a shock here! Driven—driven! He could not rid his mind of the word, nor of its meaning. The pavements about him began to ring and echo with the tramp of many feet, and the cold, brittle air was shivered with the noisy voices that had roared and bawled applause and laughter at the National Theatre, all the evening, and were now singing and howling homeward. Groups of rude men, and ruder boys, their breaths steaming in the icy air, began to tramp by, jostling him as they passed, till he was forced to draw back to the wall, and give them the sidewalk. Dazzled and giddy, in cold fear, and with the returning sense of something near him, he stood and watched the groups that pushed and tumbled in through the entrance of the oyster room, whistling and chattering as they went, and banging the door behind them. He noticed that some came out presently, banging the door harder, and went, smoking and shouting, down the street. Still they poured in and out, while the street was startled with their riot, and the bar-room within echoed their trampling feet and hoarse voices. Then, as his glance wandered upward, to his tenant's window, he thought of the sick child, mixing this hideous discord in the dreams of fever. The word brought up the name and the thought of his dead friend. "In the name of the Saviour, I charge you, be true and tender to all men!" The memory of these words seemed to ring clearly, as if a voice had spoken them, above the roar that suddenly rose in his mind. In that moment he felt himself a wretched and most guilty man. He felt that his cruel words had entered that humble home, to make desperate poverty more desperate, to sicken sickness, and to sadden sorrow. Before him was the dram-shop, let and licensed to nourish the worst and most brutal appetites and instincts of human natures, at the sacrifice of all their highest and holiest tendencies. The throng of tipplers and drunkards was swarming through its hopeless door, to gulp the fiery liquor whose fumes give all shames, vices, miseries, and crimes, a lawless strength and life, and change the man into the

pig or tiger. Murder was done, or nearly done, within those walls last night. Within those walls no good was ever done; but, daily, unmitigated evil, whose results were reaching on to torture unborn generations. He had consented to it all! He could not falter, or equivocate, or evade, or excuse. His dead friend's words rang in his conscience like the trump of the judgment angel.

With this he was conquered, and then the world, sadder than before, but sweeter, seemed to come back to him. A great feeling of relief flowed upon his mind. Pale and trembling still, he crossed the street with a quick, unsteady step, entered a yard at the side of the house, and, brushing by a host of white, rattling spectres of frozen clothes, which dangled from lines in the inclosure, mounted some wooden steps, and rang the bell. In a minute he heard footsteps within, and saw the gleam of a lamp. His heart palpitated violently as he heard the lock turning, lest the answerer of his summons might be his tenant. The door opened, and, to his relief, he stood before a rather decent-looking Irishman, bending forward in his stocking feet, with one boot and a lamp in his hand. The man stared at him from a wild head of tumbled red hair, with a half smile round his loose open mouth, and said "Begorra!" This was a second floor tenant.

Dr. Renton was relieved at the sight of him; but he rather failed in an attempt at his rent-day suavity of manner, when he said—

"Good evening, Mr. Flanagan. Do you think I can see Mrs. Miller to-night?"

"She's up there, docther, anyway." Mr. Flanagan made a sudden start for the stairs, with the boot and lamp at arm's length before him, and stopped as suddenly. "Yull go up?—or wud she come down to ye?" There was as much anxious indecision in Mr. Flanagan's general aspect, pending the reply, as if he had to answer the question himself.

"I'll go up, Mr. Flanagan," returned Dr. Renton, stepping in, after a pause, and shutting the door. "But I'm afraid she's in bed." "Naw—she's not, sur." Mr. Flanagan made another feint with the boot and lamp at the stairs, but stopped again in curious bewilderment, and rubbed his head. Then, with an-

other inspiration, and speaking with such velocity that his words ran into each other, pell-mell, he continued: "Th' small girl's sick, sur. Begorra, I wor just pullin' on th' boots tuh gaw for the docther, in th' next streth, an' summons him to hur relehf, fur it's bad she is. A'id bethter be goan." Another start, and a movement to put on the boot instantly, baffled by his getting the lamp into the leg of it, and involving himself in difficulties in trying to get it out again without dropping either, and stopped finally by Dr. Renton.

"You needn't go, Mr. Flanagan. I'll see to the child. Don't go."

He stepped slowly up the stairs, followed by the bewildered Flanagan. All this time Dr. Renton was listening to the racket from the bar-room. Clinking of glasses, rattling of dishes, trampling of feet, oaths and laughter, and a confused din of coarse voices, mingling with boisterous calls for oysters and drink, came, hardly deadened by the partition walls, from the haunt below, and echoed through the corridors. Loud enough within—louder in the street without, where the oysters and drink were reeling and roaring off to brutal dreams. People trying to sleep here; a sick child up stairs. Listen! "Two stew! One roast! Four ale! Hurry 'em up! Three stew! In number six! One fancy—two roast! One sling! Three brandy—hot! Two stew! One whisk 'skin! Hurry 'em up! What yeh 'bout! Three brand punch—hot! Four stew! What-ye-e-h 'BOUT! Two gin-cock-'til! One stew! Hu-r-r-y 'em up!" Clashing, rattling, cursing, swearing, laughing, shouting, trampling, stumbling, driving, slamming of doors. "Hu-r-ry 'em UP."

"Flanagan," said Dr. Renton, stopping at the first landing, "do you have this noise every night?"

"Naise? Hoo! Divil a night, docther, but I'm welked out ov me bed wid 'em, Sundays an' all. Sure didn't they murder wan of 'em, out an' out, last night!"

"Is the man dead?"

"Dead? Troth he is. An' cowl'd."

"H'm"—through his compressed lips. "Flanagan, you needn't come up. I know the door. Just hold the light for me here. There, that'll do. Thank you." He whispered the last from the top of the second flight.

"Are ye there, docther?" Flanagan anxious to the last, and trying to peer

up at him with the lamp-light in his eyes.

"Yes. That'll do. Thank you," in the same whisper. Before he could tap at the door, then darkening in the receding light, it opened suddenly, and a big Irish woman bounced out, and then whisked in again, calling to some one in an inner room: "Here he is, Mrs. Mill'r," and then bounced out again, with a "Walk royt in, if you plaze; here's the choild"—and whisked in again, with a "Sure an' Jehms was quick;" never once looking at him, and utterly unconscious of the presence of her landlord. He had hardly stepped into the room and taken off his hat, when Mrs. Miller came from the inner chamber with a lamp in her hand. How she started! With her pale face grown suddenly paler, and her hand on her bosom, she could only exclaim: "Why, it's Dr. Renton!" and stand, still and dumb, gazing with a frightened look at his face, whiter than her own. Whereupon Mrs. Flanagan came bolting out again, with wild eyes and a sort of stupefied horror in her good, coarse, Irish features; and, then with some uncouth ejaculation, ran back, and was heard to tumble over something within, and tumble something else over in her fall, and gather herself up with a subdued howl, and subside.

"Mrs. Miller," began Dr. Renton, in a low, husky voice, glancing at her frightened face, "I hope you'll be composed. I spoke to you very harshly and rudely to-night; but I really was not myself—I was in anger—and I ask your pardon. Please to overlook it all, and—but I will speak of this presently; now—I am a physician; will you let me look now at your sick child?"

He spoke hurriedly, but with evident sincerity. For a moment her lips faltered; then a slow flush came up, with a quick change of expression on her thin, worn face, and, reddening to painful scarlet, died away in a deeper pallor.

"Dr. Renton," she said hastily, "I have no ill-feeling for you, sir, and I know you were hurt and vexed—and I know you have tried to make it up to me again, sir—secretly. I know who it was, now; but I can't take it, sir. You must take it back. You know it was you sent it, sir."

"Mrs. Miller," he replied, puzzled beyond measure, "I don't understand you. What do you mean?"

"Don't deny it, sir. Please not to," she said imploringly, the tears starting to her eyes. "I am very grateful—indeed I am. But I can't accept it. Do take it again."

"Mrs. Miller," he replied, in a hasty voice, "what do you mean? I have sent you nothing—nothing at all. I have, therefore, nothing to receive again."

She looked at him fixedly, evidently impressed by the fervor of his denial.

"You sent me nothing to-night, sir?" she asked, doubtfully.

"Nothing, at any time—nothing," he answered, firmly.

It would have been folly to have disbelieved the truthful look of his wondering face, and she turned away in amazement and confusion. There was a long pause.

"I hope, Mrs. Miller, you will not refuse any assistance I can render to your child," he said, at length.

She started, and replied, tremblingly and confusedly, "No, sir; we shall be grateful to you, if you can save her!"—and went quickly, with a strange abstraction on her white face, into the inner room. He followed her at once, and, hardly glancing at Mrs. Flanagan, who sat there in stupefaction, with her apron over her head and face, he laid his hat on a table, went to the bedside of the little girl, and felt her head and pulse. He soon satisfied himself that the little sufferer was in no danger, under proper remedies, and now dashed down a prescription on a leaf from his pocket-book. Mrs. Flanagan, who had come out from the retirement of her apron, to stare stupidly at him during the examination, suddenly bobbed up on her legs, with enlightened alacrity, when he asked if there was any one that could go out to the apothecary's, and said, "sure I wull!" He had a little trouble to make her understand that the prescription, which she took by the corner, holding it away from her, as if it was going to explode presently, and staring at it upside down—was to be left—"left, mind you, Mrs. Flanagan—with the apothecary—Mr. Flint—at the nearest corner—and he will give you some things, which you are to bring here." But she had shuffled off at last with a confident, "yis, sur—aw, I knoo," her head nodding satisfied assent, and her big thumb covering the line on the margin, "charge to Dr. C. Renton, Bowdoin-street,"

(which, I know, could not keep it from the eyes of the angels!) and he sat down to await her return.

"Mrs. Miller," he said, kindly, "don't be alarmed about your child. She is doing well; and, after you have given her the medicine Mrs. Flanagan will bring, you'll find her much better, to-morrow. She must be kept cool and quiet, you know, and she'll be all right soon."

"O, Dr. Renton, I am very grateful," was the tremulous reply; "and we will follow all directions, sir. It is hard to keep her quiet, sir; we keep as still as we can, and the other children are very still; but the street is very noisy all the day time and evening, sir, and—"

"I know it, Mrs. Miller. And I'm afraid those people down stairs disturb you somewhat."

"They make some stir in the evening, sir; and it's rather loud in the street sometimes, at night. The folks on the lower floors are troubled a good deal, they say."

Well they may be. Listen to the bawling outside, now, cold as it is. Hark! A hoarse group on the opposite sidewalk beginning a song. "Ro-o-l on, sil-ver mo-o-n," —. The silver moon ceases to roll in a sudden explosion of yells and laughter, sending up broken fragments of curses, ribald jeers, whoopings, and cat-calls, high into the night-air. "Ga-l-a-ng! Hi-hi! What ye-e-h 'bout!"

"This is outrageous, Mrs. Miller. Where's the watchman?"

She smiled faintly. "He takes one of them off occasionally, sir; but he's afraid; they beat him sometimes." A long pause.

"Isn't your room rather cold, Mrs. Miller?" He glanced at the black stove, dimly seen in the outer room. "It is necessary to keep the rooms cool, just now, but this air seems to me cold."

Receiving no answer, he looked at her, and saw the sad truth in her averted face.

"I beg your pardon," he said quickly, flushing to the roots of his hair. "I might have known, after what you said to me this evening."

"We had a little fire here, to-day, sir," she said, struggling with the pride and shame of poverty; "but we have been out of firing for two or three days,

and we owe the wharfman something now. The two boys picked up a few chips; but the poor children find it hard to get them, sir. Times are very hard with us, sir; indeed, they are. We'd have got along better, if my husband's money had come, and your rent would have been paid."

"Never mind the rent!—don't speak of that!" he broke in, with his face all aglow. "Mrs. Miller, I haven't done right by you—I know it. Be frank with me. Are you in want of—have you—need of—food?"

No need of answer to that faintly stammered question. The thin, rigid face was covered from his sight by the worn, wan hands, and all the pride and shame of poverty, and all the frigid truth of cold, hunger, anxiety, and sickened sorrow, they had concealed, had given way at last in a rush of tears. He could not speak. With a smitten heart, he knew it all, now. Ah! Dr. Renton, you know these people's tricks? you know their lying blazon of poverty, to gather sympathy?

"Mrs. Miller"—she had ceased weeping, and, as he spoke, she looked at him, with the tear-stains still on her agitated face, half ashamed that he had seen her—"Mrs. Miller, I am sorry. This shall all be remedied. Don't tell me it shan't! Don't! I say it shall! Mrs. Miller, I'm—I'm ashamed of myself. I am, indeed."

"I am very grateful, sir, I'm sure," said she; "but we don't like to take charity, though we need help; but we can get along now, sir—for, I suppose I must keep it, as you say you didn't send it, and use it, for the children's sake and thank God for his good mercy—since I don't know, and never shall, where it came from, now."

"Mrs. Miller," he said quickly, "you spoke in this way before; and I don't know what you refer to. What do you mean by—it?"

"O, I forgot, sir; it puzzles me so. You see, sir, I was sitting here after I got home from your house, thinking what I should do, when Mrs. Flanagan came up stairs with a letter for me, that she said a strange man left at the door for Mrs. Miller; and Mrs. Flanagan couldn't describe him well, or understandably; and it had no direction at all, only the man inquired who was the landlord, and if Mrs. Miller had a sick child, and then said the letter was

for me; and there was no writing inside the letter, but there was fifty dollars. That's all, sir. It gave me a great shock, sir; and I couldn't think who sent it, only when you came to-night, I thought it was you; but you said it wasn't, and I never shall know who it was, now. It seems as if the hand of God was in it, sir, for it came when everything was darkest, and I was in despair."

"Why, Mrs. Miller," he slowly answered, "this is very mysterious. The man inquired if I was the owner of the house—oh, no—he only inquired who was—but then he knew I was the—O bother! I'm getting nowhere. Let's see. Why it must be some one you know, or that knows your circumstances."

"But there's no one knows them but yourself, and I told you," she replied; "no one else but the people in the house. It must have been some rich person, for the letter was a gilt-edge sheet, and there was perfume in it, sir."

"Strange," he murmured. "Well, I give it up. All is, I advise you to keep it, and I'm very glad some one did his duty by you in your hour of need, though I'm sorry it was not myself. Here's Mrs. Flanagan."

There was a good deal done, and a great burden lifted off an humble heart—nay, two! before Dr. Renton thought of going home. There was a patient gained, likely to do Dr. Renton more good than any patient he had lost. There was a kettle singing on the stove, and blowing off a happier steam than any engine ever blew on that rail-road whose unmarketable stock had singed Dr. Renton's fingers. There was a yellow gleam flickering from the blazing fire on the sober binding of a good old Book upon a shelf with others, a rarer medical work than ever slipped at auction from Dr. Renton's hands, since it kept the sacred lore of Him who healed the sick, and fed the hungry, and comforted the poor, and who was also the Physician of souls.

And there were other offices performed, of lesser range than these, before he rose to go. There were cooling mixtures blended for the sick child; medicines arranged; directions given; and all the items of her tendance orderly foreseen, and put in pigeon holes of When and How, for service.

At last he rose to go. "And now,

Mrs. Miller," he said, "I'll come here at ten in the morning, and see to our patient. She'll be nicely by that time. And—(listen to those brutes in the street!—twelve o'clock, too—ah! there's the bell),—as I was saying, my offense to you being occasioned by your debt to me, I feel my receipt for your debt should commence my reparation to you; and I'll bring it to-morrow. Mrs. Miller—you don't quite come at me—what I mean is—you owe me, under a notice to quit, three months' rent. Consider that paid, in full. I never will take a cent of it from you—not a copper. And I take back the notice. Stay in my house as long as you like; the longer the better. But, up to this date, your rent's paid. There. I hope you'll have as happy a Christmas as circumstances will allow, and I mean you shall."

A flush of astonishment—of indefinite emotion, overspread her face.

"Dr. Renton, stop, sir!" He was moving to the door. "Please, sir, *do* hear me! You are very good—but I can't allow you to—Dr. Renton, we are able to pay you the rent, and we *will* and we *must*—here—now. O, sir, my gratefulness will never fail to you—but, here—here—be fair with me, sir, and *do* take it!"

She had hurried to a chest of drawers, and came back with the letter which she had rustled apart with eager, trembling hands, and now, unfolding the single bank-note it had contained, she thrust it into his fingers as they closed.

"Here, Mrs. Miller"—she had drawn back with her arms locked on her bosom, and he stepped forward—"no, no. This shan't be. Come, come, you must take it back. Good heavens!" he spoke low, but his eyes blazed in the red glow which broke out on his face, and the crisp note in his extended hand shook violently at her—"Sooner than take this money from you, I would perish in the street! What! Do you think I will rob you of the gift sent you by some one who had a human heart for the distresses I was aggravating! sooner than—here take it! O, my God! what's this!"

The red glow on his face went out, with this exclamation, in a pallor like marble, and he jerked back the note to his staring eyes; Kilby Bank—Boston—Fifty Dollars. For a minute he gazed at the motionless bill in his hand.

Then, with his hueless lips compressed, he seized the blank letter from his astonished tenant, and looked at it, turning it over and over. Grained letter-paper—gilt edged—with a favorite perfume in it. Where's Mrs. Flanagan? Outside the door, sitting on the top of the stairs, with her apron over her head, crying. Mrs. Flanagan! Here! In she tumbled, her big feet kicking her skirts before her, and her eyes and face as red as a beet.

"Mrs. Flanagan, what kind of a looking man gave you this letter at the door to-night?"

"A-w, Docther Rinton, dawn't ax me! Bother, an' all, an' sure an' I cudn't see him wud his fur-r hat, an' he a-ll boondled oop wud his co-at oop on his e-ars, an' his big han'kershuf smotherin' thuh mouth uv him, an' sorra a bit uv him tuh be looked at, selvin' thuh poomple on thuh ind uv his naws!"

"The *what* on the end of his nose?"

"Thuh poomple, sur."

"What does she mean, Mrs. Miller?" said the puzzled questioner, turning to his tenant.

"I don't know, sir, indeed," was the reply; "she said that to me, and I couldn't understand her."

"It's thuh poomple, docther. Dawn't ye knoo? Thuh big, flehmin poomple oop there." She indicated the locality, by fattening the rude tip of her own nose with her broad forehead.

"O-h, the pimple! I have it." So he had. Netty, Netty!

He said nothing, but sat down in a chair, with his bold, white brow knitted, and the warm tears in his dark eyes.

"You know who sent it, sir, don't you?" asked his wondering tenant, catching the meaning of all this.

"Mrs. Miller, I do. But I cannot tell you. Take it now, and use it. It is doubly yours. There. Thank you."

She had taken it, with an emotion in her face that gave a quicker motion to his throbbing heart. He rose to his feet, hat in hand, and turned away. The noise of a passing group of roysterers in the street without, came strangely loud into the silence of that room.

"Good night, Mrs. Miller. I'll be here in the morning. Good night."

"Good night, sir. God bless you, sir!"

He turned around quickly. The

warm tears in his dark eyes had flowed on his face, which was pale; and his firm lip quivered.

"I hope He will, Mrs. Miller—I hope He will. It should have been said oftener."

"He was on the outer threshold. Mrs. Flanagan had, somehow, got there before him, with a lamp, and he followed her down through the dancing shadows, with blurred eyes. On the lower landing, he stopped to hear the jar of some noisy wrangle, thick with oaths, from the bar-room. He listened for a moment, and then turned to the staring stupor of Mrs. Flanagan's rugged visage.

"Sure, their at ut, docther, wud a wull," she said, smiling.

"Yes. Mrs. Flanagan, you'll stay up with Mrs. Miller to-night, won't you?"

"Dade an' I wull, sur."

"That's right. Do. And make her try and sleep, for she must be tired. Keep up a fire—not too warm, you understand. There'll be wood and coal coming to-morrow, and she'll pay you back."

"A-w, docther, dawn't, noo!"

"Well, well. And—look here; have you got anything to eat in the house? Yes; well; take it up stairs. Wake up those two boys, and give them something to eat. Don't let Mrs. Miller stop you. Make her eat something. Tell her I said she must. And, first of all, get your bonnet, and go to that apothecary's—Flint's—for a bottle of port wine, for Mrs. Miller. Hold on. There's the order." (He had a leaf out of his pocket-book in a minute, and wrote it down.) "Go with this, the first thing. Ring Flint's bell, and he'll wake up. And here's something for your own Christmas dinner, to-morrow." Out of the roll of bills, he drew one of the tens—Kilby Bank—Boston—and gave it to Mrs. Flanagan.

"A-w, dawn't noo, docther."

"Bother! Its for yourself, mind. Take it. There. And now unlock the door. That's it. Good night, Mrs. Flanagan."

"An' meh thuh Hawly Vurgin hape blessin' on ye, Docther Rinton, wud a-ll thuh compliments uv thuh sehzin, for yur thuh—"

He lost the end of Mrs. Flanagan's parting benedictions, in the moonlit street. He did not pause till he was at the door of the oyster-room. He

paused then, to make way for a tipsy company of four, who reeled out—the gas-light from the bar-room on the edges of their sodden, distorted faces—giving three shouts and a yell, as they slammed the door behind them.

He pushed after a party that was just entering. They went at once for drink to the upper end of the room, where a rowdy crew, with cigars in their mouths, and liquor in their hands, stood before the bar, in a knotty wrangle concerning some one who was killed. Where is the keeper? O, there he is, mixing hot brandy punch for two. Here, you, sir, go up quietly, and tell Mr. Rollins Dr. Renton wants to see him. The waiter came back presently to say Mr. Rollins would be right along. Twenty-five minutes past twelve. Oyster trade nearly over. Gaudy curtained booths on the left all empty, but two. Oyster openers and waiters—three of them in all—nearly done for the night, and two of them sparring and scuffling behind a pile of oysters on the trough, with the colored print of the great prize fight between Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan, in a veneered frame above them on the wall. Blower up from the fire opposite the bar, and stewpans and griddles empty and idle on the bench beside it, among the unwashed bowls and dishes. Oyster trade nearly over. Bar still busy.

Here comes Rollins in his shirt-sleeves, with an apron on. Thick-set, muscular man—frizzled head, low forehead, sharp, black eyes, flabby face, with a false, greasy smile on it now, oiling over a curious, stealthy expression of mingled surprise and inquiry, as he sees his landlord here at this unusual hour.

"Come in here, Mr. Rollins; I want to speak to you."

"Yes, sir. Jim." (to the waiter) "go and tend bar." They sat down in one of the booths, and lowered the curtain. Dr. Renton, at one side of the table within, looking at Rollins, sitting leaning on his folded arms, at the other side.

"Mr. Rollins, I am told the man who was stabbed here last night is dead. Is that so?"

"Well, he is, Dr. Renton. Died this afternoon."

"Mr. Rollins, this is a serious matter; what are you going to do about it?"

"Can't help it, sir. Who's a-goin' to touch *me*? Called in a watchman. Whole mess of 'em had cut. Who knows 'em? Nobody knows 'em. Man that was struck, never see the fellers as struck him in all his life till then. Didn't know wich one of 'em did it. Didn't know nothing. Don't now, an' never will, 'nless he meets 'em in hell. That's all. Feller's dead, an' who's a-goin' to touch *me*? Can't do it. Can't do it."

"Mr. Rollins," said Dr. Renton, thoroughly disgusted with this man's brutal indifference, "your lease expires in three days."

"Well, it does. Hope to make a renewal with you, Dr. Renton. Trade's good here. Shouldn't mind more rent on, if you insist—hope you won't—if it's anything in reason. Promise solum, I shan't have no more fighting' in here. Couldn't help this. Accidents *will* happen, yo' know."

"Mr. Rollins, the case is this, if you didn't sell liquor here, you'd have no murder done in your place—murder, sir. That man was murdered. It's your fault, and it's mine, too. I ought not to have let you the place for your business. It is a cursed traffic, and you and I ought to have found it out long ago. I have. I hope *you* will. Now, I advise you, as a friend, to give up selling rum for the future: you see what it comes to—don't you? At any rate, I will not be responsible for the outrages that are perpetrated in my building, any more—I will not have liquor sold here. I refuse to renew your lease. In three days you must move."

"Dr. Renton, you hurt my feelin's. Now, how would you—"

"Mr. Rollins, I have spoken to you as a friend, and you have no cause for pain. You must quit these premises when your lease expires. I'm sorry I can't make you go before that. Make no appeals to me, if you please. I am fixed. Now, sir, good night."

The curtain was pulled up and Rollins rolled over to his beloved bar, soothing his lacerated feelings by swearing like a pirate, while Dr. Renton strode to the door, and went into the street, homeward.

He walked fast through the magical moonlight, with a strange feeling of sternness, and tenderness, and weariness, in his mind. In this mood, the

sensation of spiritual and physical fatigue gaining on him, but a quiet moonlight in all his reveries, he reached his house. He was just putting his latch-key in the door, when it was opened by James, who stared at him for a second, and then dropped his eyes, and put his hand before his nose. Dr. Renton compressed his lips on an involuntary smile.

"Ah! James, you're up late. It's near one."

"I sat up for Mrs. Renton and the young lady, sir. They're just come, and gone up stairs."

"All right, James. Take your lamp and come in here. I've got something to say to you." The man followed him into the library at once, with some wonder on his sleepy face.

"First, put some coal on that fire, and light the chandelier. I shall not go up stairs to-night." The man obeyed. "Now, James, sit down in that chair." He did so, beginning to look frightened at Dr. Renton's grave manner.

"James"—a long pause—"I want you to tell me the truth. Where did you go to-night? Come, I have found you out. Speak."

The man turned as white as a sheet, and looked wretched with the whites of his bulging eyes, and the great pimple on his nose awfully distinct in the livid hue of his features. He was a rather slavish fellow, and thought he was going to lose his situation. Please not to blame him, for he, too, was one of the poor.

"O, Dr. Renton, excuse me, sir; I didn't mean doing any harm."

"James, my daughter gave you an undirected letter this evening; you carried it to one of my houses in Hanover-street. Is that true?"

"Ye-yes, sir. I couldn't help it. I only did what she told me, sir."

"James, if my daughter told you to set fire to this house, what would you do?"

"I wouldn't do it, sir," he stammered, after some hesitation.

"You wouldn't? James, if my daughter ever tells you to set fire to this house, do it, sir! Do it! At once. Do whatever she tells you. Promptly. And I'll back you."

The man stared wildly at him, as he received the astonishing command. Dr. Renton was perfectly grave, and had

spoken slowly and seriously. The man was at his wits' end.

"You'll do it James—will you?"

"Ye-yes, sir, certainly."

"That's right. James, you're a good fellow. James, you've got a family—a wife and children—hav'n't you?"

"Yes, sir, I have; living in the country, sir. In Chelsea, over the ferry. For cheapness, sir."

"For cheapness, eh? Hard times, James? How is it?"

"Pretty hard, sir. Close, but tolerable comfortable. Rub and go, sir."

"Rub and go. Ve-r-y well. Rub and go. James, I'm going to raise your wages—to-morrow. Generally, because you're a good servant. Principally, because you carried that letter to-night, when my daughter asked you. I shan't forget it. To-morrow, mind. And if I can do anything for you, James, at any time, just tell me. That's all. Now, you'd better go to bed. And a happy Christmas to you!"

"Much obliged to you, sir. Same to you and many of 'em. Good night, sir." And with Dr. Renton's "good night" he stole up to bed thoroughly happy, and determined to obey Miss Renton's future instructions to the letter. The shower of golden light which had been raining for the last two hours, had fallen, even on him. It would fall all day to-morrow in many places, and the day after, and for long years to come. Would that it could broaden and increase to a general deluge, and submerge this world!

Now, the whole house was still, and its master was weary. He sat there, quietly musing, feeling the sweet and tranquil presence near him. Now, the fire was screened, the lights were out, save one dim glimmer, and he had laid down on the couch with the letter in his hand, and slept the dreamless sleep of a child.

He slept until the gray dawn of Christmas day stole into the room, and showed him the figure of his friend, a shape of glorious light, standing by his side, and gazing at him with large and tender eyes! He had no fear. All was deep, serene, and happy with the happiness of heaven. Looking up into that beautiful, wan face—so tranquil—so radiant; watching with a child-like awe the star-fire in those shadowy eyes; smiling faintly, with a great, unutterable love thrilling slowly through his

frame, in answer to the smile of light that shone upon the phantom countenance; so he passed a space of time which seemed a calm eternity, till, at last, the communion of spirit with spirit—of ancient love with love immortal—was perfected, and the shining hands were laid on his forehead, as with a touch of air. Then the phantom smiled, and, as its shining hands were withdrawn, the thought of his daughter mingled in the vision. She was bending over him! The dawn—the room, were the same. But the ghost of Ferval had gone out from earth, away to its own land!

"Father, dear father! Your eyes were open, and they did not look at me. There is a light on your face, and your features are changed! What is it—what have you seen?"

"Hush, darling: here—kneel by me, for a little while, and be still. I have seen the dead."

She knelt by him, burying her awe-struck face in his bosom, and clung to him with all the fervor of her soul. He clasped her to his breast, and for minutes all was still.

"My dear—my good, dear child!"

The voice was tremulous and low. She lifted her fair, bright countenance, now convulsed with a secret trouble, and dimmed with streaming tears, to his, and gazed on him. His eyes were shining; but his pallid cheeks, like hers, were wet with tears. How still the room was! How like a thought of solemn tenderness, the pale gray dawn! The world was far away, and his soul still wandered in the peaceful awe of his dream. The world was coming back to him—but oh! how changed!—in the trouble of his daughter's face.

"Darling, what is it? Why are you here? Why are you weeping? Dear child, the friend of my better days—of the boyhood when I had noble aims, and life was beautiful before me—he has been here! I have seen him. He has been with me—oh! for a good I cannot tell!"

"Father, dear father!"—he had risen, and sat upon the couch, but she still knelt before him, weeping, and clasped his hands in hers—"I thought of you and of this letter, all the time. All last night till I slept, and then I dreamed you were tearing it to pieces, and trampling on it. I woke, and lay thinking of you, and of —. And I thought

I heard you come down stairs, and I came here to find you. But you were lying here so quietly with your eyes open, and so strange a light on your face. And I knew—I knew you were dreaming of him, and that you saw him, for the letter lay beside you. O, father! forgive me, but do hear me! In the name of this day—it's Christmas day, father—in the name of the time when we must both die—in the name of that time, father, hear me! That poor woman last night—O, father, forgive me, but don't tear that letter into pieces and trample it under foot! You know what I mean—you know—you know. Don't tear it, and tread it under foot!"

She clung to him, sobbing violently, her face buried in his hands.

"Hush, hush! It's all well—it's all well. Here, sit by me. So. I have"—His voice failed him, and he paused. Sitting by him—clinging to him—her face hidden in his bosom—she heard the strong beating of his disenchanted heart!

"My child, I know your meaning. I will not tear the letter to pieces and trample it under foot. God forgive me my life's slight to these words. But I learned their value last night, in the house where your blank letter had entered before me."

She started, and looked into his face steadfastly, while a bright scarlet shot into her face, and overspread her neck and bosom.

"I know all, Netty—all. Your secret was well kept, but it is yours and mine, now. It was well done, darling,—well done. O, I have been through strange mysteries of thought and life since that starving woman sat here! Well—thank God!"

"Father, what have you done?" The flush had faded, but a gladder color still brightened her face, while the tears stood trembling in her eyes.

"Netty," he answered, "I have done what you wished me to do yesterday. Mrs. Miller is to stay—forever, if she likes. The liquor-seller is to go, and he will have no successor."

"O, father!"—She stopped. The bright scarlet shot again over her face, and neck, and bosom, but with an April shower of tears, and the rainbow of a smile.

"Listen to me, Netty, and I will tell you, and only you, what I have done." Then, while she mutely listened, sitting by his side, and the dawn of Christmas broadened into Christmas-day, he told her all.

And, when he had told all, he read to his daughter the lesson of the day and of his life, the words of George Feval's letter:—"Farewell—farewell! But, O! take my counsel into memory on Christmas Day, and forever. Once again, the ancient prophecy of peace and good-will shines on a world of wars and wrongs and woes. Its soft ray shines into the darkness of a land wherein swarm slaves, poor laborers, social pariahs, weeping women, homeless exiles, hunted fugitives, despised aliens, drunkards, convicts, wicked children, and Magdalens unredeemed. These are but the ghastliest figures in that army of humanity which advances, by a dreadful road, to the Golden Age of the poets' dream. These are your sisters and your brothers. Love them all. Beware of wronging one of them by word or deed. O friend! strong in wealth for so much good—take my last counsel. In the name of the Saviour, I charge you, be true and tender to all men! Come out from Babylon into manhood, and live and labor for the fallen, the neglected, the suffering, and the poor. Lover of arts, customs, laws, institutions, and forms of society, love these things only as they help mankind! With stern love, overturn them, or help to overturn them, when they become cruel to a single—the humblest—human being. In the world's scale, social position, influence, public power, the applause of majorities, heaps of funded gold, services rendered to creeds, codes, sects, parties, or federations—they weigh weight; but in God's scale—remember!—on the day of hope, remember!—your least service to Humanity, outweighs them all!"

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad,
The nights are wholesome then—no planets strike—
No fairy takes—nor witch hath power to charm—
So gracious and so hallowed is the time."

OH bird of dawning! all the night
Sing, for the season is at hand
When hearts are glad and faces bright,
When happiness is heaven's command.
Shout, chanticleer! that all may hear
Whom cares have chastened through the year;
Christmas is come to cheer the land.

And now no spirit walks, but one
Of love, nor shall that spirit cease.
No planet rules, except the Sun
Of righteousness—the Prince of peace!
That star, whose ray first led the way
To where the Babe in Bethlehem lay—
The star that ne'er shall know decrease.

This is God's house, this world of ours;
We are his children, and the morn
Should come, in sunshine, crown'd with flowers,
On which Immanuel was born.
Make merry, then, ye toil-worn men!
And thou, shrill chanter, sound again
The glad note of thy bugle-horn!

A canticle, my chanticleer!
A song of joy for every shore:
Shout, Christmas! to the new-born year,
Good will, on earth, toward men once more!
Dread Janus! close in long repose
Thy hateful gates; make friends of foes,
And peace to all the world restore!

THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS.

[Concluded.]

X.

THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON.

IN the height of the season there are a hundred arrivals a day at the White Sulphur. Then, when nobody can get accommodations, everybody will insist on being there; for, in the month of August, the most beautiful ladies of Virginia and the South hold their court of love at this fountain; and, their fame going abroad throughout the mountains, the guests of the other springs hasten to this centre of attraction. All the generals and judges of the Southern country, too, then come to drink at these white waters. Nobody is of a lower grade than a colonel; and, to be called esquire, would argue a man of doubtful consideration.

To the northerner, this sounds a little singular; and, if he happens to be a peaceful scholar, for example, who has scarcely pulled a trigger in his life, and knows only so much of arms as is contained in the

"Arma virumque —"

of the poet, it is not without a certain degree of surprise, and a keen sense of the ludicrous, that he hears himself respectfully dubbed a colonel.

But not even the being addressed by the very highest titles, will, at this part of the season, save a single man the necessity of sleeping—two in a chamber. There are no adequate accommodations for all these fine ladies and gentlemen. At night, the floors of drawing-rooms and parlors are strewn with mattresses, and lucky is the guest who can secure one. Trunks are piled up, ceiling high, in the halls and passages; so that, excepting the fortunate inmates of the pretty private cottages, the thousand and one visitors at the White Sulphur are, of all men—by no means the most miserable—but probably the most uncomfortable.

One August morning, as I was standing in the door-way of the office, a well dressed gentleman drove up in a buggy, and, getting out, asked for a room.

"We cannot accommodate you, sir," said the clerk, looking at the stranger

with an air of disinterested unconcern.

"But you can give me a mattress, or a sofa?" was the confident rejoinder.

"Impossible! not one left; and the last three chairs in the house taken half an hour ago!"

"Boy," said the rejected, but not disconcerted new-comer, turning his quid from one cheek to the other, at the same time that he turned on his heel towards a servant, "unstrap my trunk."

"It really is of no use, sir," continued the clerk, calmly, "we cannot accommodate you."

"Carry my trunk under that oak tree, yonder," no less quietly added the stranger, and still addressing the black boy.

"Now," said he, sitting down on the trunk, which had been deposited under the protection of the branches, "fetch my buffalo robe; and I'll be d——d if I can't sleep here!"

This proof of pluck was an indirect appeal to the generous and hospitable sentiments which no true Virginian could withstand. There was a general clapping of hands on the utterance of this Diogenic resolution to take things as they came, and the luck of the pot with them; and one of the by-standers, immediately stepping forward, politely offered to share his quarters with the tenant of the buffalo robe, who, accordingly, instead of living under an oak, like a Druid, now found himself the fortunate possessor of an apartment in one of the prettiest cottages on the grounds.

In the very height of the season, there is no such thing as dining satisfactorily at some of the springs, however well a person may fare there at all other times. Then, you fee the waiters, and still they bring you nothing. Poor fellows, they have nothing to bring; for the flour has given out; the cows have been milked dry; the mutton has run off into the mountains, and the chief cook has gone distracted! If you can manage to seize upon a bit of beef and a slice of bread, 'tis your main chance, and hold on to it. Do not run any risks in looking about for vegetables, much less for side

dishes, or pepper or salt. For, while you are vainly endeavoring to accomplish impossibilities, some light-fingered waiter, under pretense of changing your plate, will run off with your only chance of a dinner.

The scene presents a most ludicrous struggle for bones and cold potatoes. Or, rather, it is fearful to witness such a desperate handling of the knife; to see so many faces red with rage at getting nothing; and ladies' cheeks pale with waiting; and starving gourmands looking stupefied into the vacuum of the platters before them; and disappointed dyspeptics leaving the table with an expression on their faces of "I'll go hang myself." Add, besides, to what one sees that which he hears—the maledictions heaped liberally upon the heads of cook and provider; the clatter of what knives and forks succeed in getting brought into action; the whistling and roaring of Sambo, and the rattling of his heels; with, finally, an awful crash of chinaware, now and then a slide of plates, an avalanche of whips and custers; for, where there are several dozens of waiters running up and down the hall, like race-horses, there must be occasional collisions; and these, again, lead to fights, at least, once or more in the season, when a couple of strapping black boys knock each other's noses flatter, and make their mutual wool fly.

Truly, the Frenchman who dines on the hair of his moustache, and the end of his tooth-pick, in front of the *Café de Paris*, is a lucky fellow, and has something under his jacket, compared with these boarders at two dollars per diem.

But it is still worse dining, when it rains. The ancient roofs of some of these halls and piazzas are not made of caoutchouc; and you cannot then sit at meat without two black boys at your back—one to keep off the flies, and the other to hold over your head an umbrella. There is a good excuse for the soup being thin on such days. 'Tis, in fact, mere rain-water, with, possibly, a fly or two in it.

All the doctors lay down the rule, that the patient must drink mineral waters on an empty stomach; and, by my troth, it is easy following it, during the height of the season, at some of these springs. That organ is rarely so much occupied in its legitimate business as to be in an unfit state to receive

a glass from the fountain. It is said that Chinamen, when hard pushed for other articles of food, can subsist tolerably well on water diet; and, in spending the month of August here, one comes gradually to comprehend how the thing can be done.

"Eat a little milk, a little mush, or a very thin soup," said the mineral-water doctor, at one of the springs, after he had looked at my tongue, and was still gravely holding me by the pulse, "and drink the water *ad libitum*."

"It is well to diet a little, while drinking the spring water," said the landlord to me, soon afterwards, in the course of some conversation with him.

"They both agree in their views," said I to myself; "and what is sworn to by two disinterested witnesses, ought certainly to be true. I'll live on bread and milk for the next fortnight."

Luckily for myself, I did not die in the attempt—though the price of three or four private dinners, which afterwards appeared in my bill, indicated that I must have felt very "far gone" when I ordered them. Indeed, such rules are preposterous, and can only be observed with such a long list of exceptions as completely disproves them. If I were a doctor—peace! ghost of Abernethy—I would say to my patient:

"Drink thy sulphur-water before breakfast, O, man! if thou wilt; but if thou expect ever to derive any benefit from it, have a saddle of mutton, or good fat steaks, and sherris-sack, for dinner!"

Still, one likes to be at the fashionable springs, when the crowd is greatest. At the others, it is not so. There, he wishes to be well-accommodated—to have a large airy apartment—to be well served at the table—and to enjoy his quiet, and the society of a small circle of friends; but here, he desires to be in the midst of the grand movement. The more colonels, the better. The more pretty ladies, the gayer. He wants to talk upon politics with all the judges; attack or defend Sebastopol with all the generals; dance attendance on all the well-bred dames, and waltz with all their daughters. Half the pleasure is in the excitement which proceeds from the great number of persons collected together. Let the fashionable crowd dwindle down to a

few dozens, and you leave also. Then you can have an entire suite of rooms, and excellent dinners, with a waiter at each elbow. But, no. When you see the trunks brought down, and hear the farewells said, you are as homesick as anybody, and crowd into the ninth place in the coach, rather than run the risk of being the last man to leave the mountains. So unreasonable are we all.

XI.

THE BELLE OF THE WHITE SULPHUR.

"Miss," said the maid of the Belle of the White Sulphur—it was not her own, as it happened—"dey say you be de most handsome young lady in de Springs!"

"Who says that, Molly?" inquired the beauty, as she stood surveying the slope of her shoulders in the mirror, previously to their being veiled in muslin.

"Dat say de tall gentle'm from de Kentuck State—him wid de black mustachy."

"You're mistaken, Molly."

"Can't be, miss; dat be true as Baptist preachin' in de Caroline. I stand in de window, and see miss and dat gentle'm eatin' chicken salad together; and what de gentle'm say, amost make miss choke herself—he, he, he!"

"Nonsense! And what, Molly, do you think of the thin gentleman from the north, with the small, blue eyes?"

"I see him, tu, at de Spring, afore breakfast; and he so stare at miss, over de top of he's tumbler, and sigh so in he's sulph' water, that I know'd de case be done gone with him."

"And the short young man, with reddish whiskers?"

"O, miss! him's nice; him's sweet as 'taters. When he make love, never look back."

"Molly, you are very foolish. There is nobody in love with me."

"Can't be so, miss; for, Jim tell me, dat Tom tell him, dat when miss tuk her steps in de ball-room, last night, all de young gentle'm—and some of de ole gentle'm, tu—look gone distract', and a-sinkin' through de floor."

And well they might; for this young lady was of good height, symmetrically formed, with small hands and feet; and while most persons would say she was slender, others, again, pronounced her plump. There was the faintest pos-

sible blush of red in her cheeks, and just enough to relieve the exceedingly delicate, yet rich, brown tint, which southern suns had lent to her complexion. The auburn ringlets fell in graceful profusion, till they swept her shoulders. Her large hazel eye was as soft as that of a fawn in these mountains. In the prevailing expression of her face, delicacy and sweetness, intelligence and affection, were equally blended. Her manners, ordinarily, were so gentle, that they might almost be characterized as languid; and yet, at times, there was a degree of vivacity in look and motion—a sprightly play of emotions about the flexible mouth, and even a dance, a very masquerade and merry-making of wits and fancies in her eyes, which gave to her whole person such an airy, buoyant expression, that the next moment you half expected to see her soar upwards, as easily as a hawk to the clouds.

Surely, the "old families" of Virginia and South Carolina are no fable. One sees in their daughters that high-born air, that easy grace, that feminine delicacy, which shows their blood is gentle; and, like oft-decanted wine, has been refined by being poured through the veins of at least three well-born generations. A native modesty, self-possessed, and startled only by the advances of rudeness or indelicacy, indicates an education obtained more in the sweet privacy of a rural home, than in the public academies of cities—more in the society of relatives and familiar friends, than in the company to be met with at fashionable hotels, and the world's rendezvous. I have nowhere seen young ladies whose presence was more hedged about with privacy. And yet there is no lack of natural freedom, and the play of native instinct in their manners. The laugh is gay; the word leaps from the heart; the confidence is given without a suspicion of the possibility of betrayal. It is an artlessness guarded by no premeditation. But there is, at the same time, a quick, nice sense of maidenly propriety, which, though never intrusive, still is always putting a gentle restraint upon the action of the impulses, always keeping a rein, fine as gossamer, upon the swift running of the tongue, and always guiding the burning chariot-wheels of nature's passions around all the goals of early life, with grace and safety.

The accomplished belle of the White Sulphur had, to my eyes, the look of a lady who was never expecting admiration, but had been ever receiving it. From her childhood up, it could not be otherwise than that she had been continually surrounded by domestic love, and chivalrous courtesy. This long continued reflection in her face, as in the mirror of the photographer, of the tenderest and noblest qualities of the heart, had finally left there the likeness of their own beautiful form and coloring. She was, herself, the very glass of love and courtesy. Whatever was gentle and amiable in her natural disposition, had been drawn out and fostered by this atmosphere of affectionate respect, in which she had lived—as the rose unfolds more perfectly its beauty in the well-tempered air of the conservatory, than when exposed to the blight and the worm, the cold and the winds of the neglected garden. And, indeed, as there is no grace which more becomes a woman, than that expression of face and manner she derives from the interchange of domestic affection, and from the adoration of men of honor and generous sentiments; so there is nothing which so effectually withers and stains the heavenly bloom of beauty as daily contact with only the vicious and the vulgar.

XII.

AMUSEMENTS.

As for amusements here, do they not consist in drinking the waters, bathing, and, three times a day, supplying the wants of nature by vigorous efforts with the trencher? A few persons bring their books with them, as an additional source of entertainment; but most are satisfied with occasionally looking through a newspaper, a magazine, or some learned treatise, that may be lying about, on the use of mineral waters. The gentlemen sit half the morning through, in easy, wicker-bottom chairs, under the trees, conversing on the subject of politics, estimating the amount of the cotton and rice crops, smoking cigars, drinking juleps, commenting on a passing lady, a horse, a stage-coach, or, indeed, merely counting, as they go by, the "niggers." Rarely does a Virginian propose a walk. He prefers to sit, two hours together, beneath the shade. An active, inquisitive Yankee will go out and explore a mountain, or look at a neighboring farm, and, return-

ing, find the Southerner in the seat where he left him. An alligator, in the state from which he comes, would not lie on a log longer. The northern-born man, rising, perhaps, not much later than the sun, racing up hill and down, to get what he calls a little exercise, climbing the pathless mountains for views of the scenery, and scouring the valleys without any purpose whatever, unless it be the getting rid of half a day he knows not what to do with, is thought by him of the *terra caliente* a sort of madcap, fibbertigibbet, a personification of unreason. The latter will make as much effort as may be necessary to back a horse; if there is game, he will occasionally go out with dog and gun; and, in a few instances, I have seen him wet a line for trout, or it might have been cat-fish. At ten-pins and at billiards, also he will play. But on the whole, it is an axiom with him, that too much exercise, as well as too much learning, will make a man mad. He, therefore, detests both.

For any man living on the sunny side of the Union, to do nothing seems to be no labor; and he kills his time apparently without the pains of giving it a thought. After a while, indeed, all the visitors at these springs learn more or less of the art of getting through the summer day easily. One begins with taking no note of the hour of the day, then lets his watch run down, and finally forgets the day of the week and the month—all being alike, save Sunday. The morning papers, he has ordered from town, come to hand several days old, and with such irregularity that, generally, the contradiction of the news arrives before the news itself; so that, at last, he comes to the conclusion, that at the end of the watering season nothing of importance will have happened, and he sets his mind at rest.

As for the ladies, without knowing all the little ways they have of amusing themselves, one sees in their sweet faces that they are happy. They are also the cause of by far the greater part of the happiness there is in these watering places. If, by any strange fatality, the air of the Alleghanies should become fatal to ringlets, and the mineral waters wash the red out of the peach in the cheek, how soon would all these fair scenes revert to the original savages! But, fortunately, while woman lends a portion of her grace to the mountains,

the grateful rocks repay the gift, by endowing her with powers of enchantment superior even to those of old conferred on the Medea of the Caucasus. In the eyes of some man or other, every lady, here, is an enchantress. Scarcely was there a young man in the mountains, during the two seasons I spent there, who did not seem, at times, to be under the influence of illusions, more or less, soft and roseate. Even my boy, Custopol, was obliged to confess to me, one day, that when, on the preceding Saturday night, Mary Jane came out in her yellow skirt, and green bodice, with a basque to it, a purple 'kerchief twisted round her braided hair, on her feet red morocco slippers, and gold drops pendant from her ears; and when he put his arm around her waist, and they went down the boards together, while Pompey, in the corner, "picked" his banjo, and all the darkies in the place stood up and down the kitchen; and when Mary Jane, turning softly up her eyes, let him look by the half-minute together into the whites of them, or dancing round, poked her elbow in his ribs, and, grinning, pulled his whisker—even Custy was obliged to confess, that he felt the tender passion.

The imagination, in fact, is as much exalted, here, above its ordinary level, as the mountains are higher than tide-water. Hence it will happen that a man, who, on coming to these springs, had no more thought in his head of entering on the state of matrimony than he had of making a fortune, finds before he has drunk and bathed a week, that he is in the most imminent danger of making proposals. Of course, there is no such thing ever dreamed of as match-making at the White Sulphur. For that presupposes coldness of blood, and a lively activity of the calculating faculties; whereas life in the mountains stimulates only the fantastic fancy, and the more romantic sentiments. No—neither party is entrapped. On the contrary, what in the world is more natural when youth and maid drink together, every day, out of the same Sulphur Spring, than that they should have corresponding sensations in the region of the heart? They both look into the same pool; there cannot be two opinions between them, respecting the taste of the water; they make precisely the same exclamations in their attempts at swallowing it; they behold the self-same

expression of face, reflected in each other's eyes as they set down the cup; and so, in a multitude of instances, before the lovers, feeling decidedly mawkish, if not desperately sick at heart, get so far back on their walk as the clerk's office, or the building containing the ball-room, or, at the very furthest, the first row of cottages, the momentous question is popped and answered.

Love-making, therefore, may fairly be set down as one of the amusements of the Virginia Springs; whether it turn out to be really diverting to the parties concerned—*cela dépend*. But, in any event, there will always be somebody, who, quietly looking on from a distance, will extract more or less entertainment from the general aspects of the case, and who, especially if it is seen to go hard with the swain, as it often may, will really enjoy the agony, as one does a farce when they play tragedy at Burton's.

Probably there is no better place in the States, for the study of character and manners, than these springs—and, this too, is an amusement. Sometimes half a dozen words, let fall in casual conversation, will throw as much light on the dispositions of men, and the working of their institutions, as a novel in two duodecimos—the reading of which will require half a day.

"Jim," said a gentleman from Louisiana, traveling by the stage-coach to the Bath Alum; "Jim, come inside here, and let me have your place up there."

"Massa," replied the negro, almost as confidently as if he had been his son, "dere's room enough here for two."

"Jim," again said the gentleman, after he had taken his seat by the side of the black boy, on the top of the coach, "To-night you will see Sally; for we shall meet Master William at the Alum."

"I'se right glad of dat," was the reply—Sally being the maid of Master William's wife, and probably a good friend of Jim's.

"Jim," said the master, once more, addressing the boy after half an hour's conversation with myself, "did you ever see mountains before?"

"O, yes, massa, de river mount'ns on de Mis'sippi."

"You mean when you were in Tennessee?"

"'Xactly—dat was in Ten'see."

This same Jimi, shortly afterwards turning round towards another negro, like himself, about sixteen years of age, and sitting on the luggage, said,

"Cæsar, look at dat line of mount'ns yonder; up and down—jist as reg'lar as you could draw 'em with a piece of chalk!"

"Even the dusky soul of the poor African, then, in its better moods," said I to myself, "is capable of being touched by the grace of nature; and feels, in the presence of these mountain tops, its dull faculties aroused, and strangely fascinated by the unwritten Word of God!"

Another source of pleasure upon which none of the guests can refrain from relying, more or less, is the arrival of the stage-coach. Let it happen however often in the day, it is still an important event. One expects his friends; or if not, somebody may come he has met before; at any rate, he must see who is there.

Down gets the first gentleman from the coach. He is tall, with a large proportion of bone in him, and only a moderate supply of muscle. His rather long brown hair is brushed, like a Methodist minister's, off his forehead, which is a high one, but not broad. The well tanned face indicates vigorous health, though a little sulphur water will be no disadvantage to the owner's liver. The air of calm self-possession, marks the man accustomed to command; while the slow gait, and quiet motions, suggest the habit of overseeing work, instead of performing it. The blue dress coat, with brass buttons, which is neither old nor new, together with light-colored pantaloons, black satin vest, dark silk cravat, and broad-brimmed felt hat, belong evidently to a gentleman somewhat careless of personal appearance, but of independent circumstances; in short, it requires no epaulettes to convince you at a glance, that the stranger is a colonel from one of the eastern counties of Virginia.

When his luggage is taken down, you will find that it consists of a leather trunk, covered with small brass knobs, and marked with the owner's name in full, together with those of his county, and State; on the top of it is strapped a heavy over-coat, while at one end dangle an extra pair of boots. The colonel travels without a hat-box, but has, instead, a well-worn pair of saddle-

bags, which are filled with the smaller articles of his wardrobe, and such "traps" as he may very likely want on the journey.

On acquaintance, he proves to be a man of good plain sense, who belongs to what he denominates the Jeffersonian party in politics, tills the paternal acres very much after the fashion of his father before him, has generally a suit or two pending in the courts of law, but is as good-natured as he is high-minded, and really hates nobody except the abolitionists. Once sure that you are not of that fraternity, he will ask you to take a julep with him.

The general moves in more state; he arrives in his own coach and two, or even four—for this old fashioned turnout has not yet entirely disappeared in the progress of civilization and the rail. He may also have two or three outriders, in the shape of sons, on ponies, and black boys riding mares. Sons, servants, mares and horses, they are all of his own raising; but the carriage, possibly, may have belonged to his father, or some of his ancestors; for, it is after the ancient English model, round-topped, heavily timbered, and possessing the property, like Homer's heroes, of never growing old. The trunks being piled up behind, and to them attached a water-pail, the footman is obliged to squeeze himself into what of the narrow seat in front is left by the tolerably broad-bottomed driver.

The latter is an old whip, whatever his age may be. Though without gloves, he handles the ribbons with a careful precision, as if the leaders were every moment about to spring into a run; though in shoes, his immense feet hold well by the foot-board; and in a mere jacket, instead of the official capes, he produces, by means of his spread elbows, and blown-up air, scarcely less of a sensation than the coachman of my Lord Mayor of London.

When this whole affair sweeps up to the door of the hotel, the excited landlord, especially if it be a four-in-hand, rings his bell with a fury which indicates that something extraordinary has happened; and the servants come running, as if they expected to witness the arrival of a dozen stage-coaches at once. But 'tis even more than that; 'tis a Virginia general, with horses and mares, black boys, and maids, wife and children. The hair of every waiter in the

house would stand straight on end, but for the curl in it!

The landlord opens the carriage door himself, hat in hand; and the general gets out. He is a shorter man than the colonel, by a half-inch, or more. He has a broader and still more open face, a wider back, and carries a respectable corporation before him. His clothes are thin, the colors light, and his face is red; while down out of his fob hangs a heavy gold chain, with two ponderous, ancestral seals, and a key between. The general takes off his white beaver courteously to the colonel, who instantly steps forward to shake him by the hand.

While these congratulations are being exchanged, down the carriage steps carefully comes Dinah. She is dressed mostly in white, and has a cotton 'kerchief of this color, striped with blue, tied so completely over her hair, that only enough of it remains in sight to show that it is becoming silvered o'er with the pale cast of age; while, over the 'kerchief, and directly on the back of her head, is set a bonnet of open straw and muslin, originally made for the general's pretty daughter, when she entered her teens, and so small, withal, that it serves merely to cover the good dame's cerebellum.

The baby is then handed out to Dinah; the rest follow; and when the trunks have been taken down, and the carriage pockets emptied, Cuffy, the coachman, effects his exit, with a crack of the whip, such as makes not only his own horses, but all those within an eighth of a mile, jump—each one as though it were about his own ears the lash was playing.

And when now, any time within the next half-hour, the respectable Virginia farmer or esquire, well to do at home, rides up to the hotel door on his nag, a great-coat rolled up, and tied, together with an umbrella, behind the saddle, and a pair of leathern bags, containing a scanty change of apparel, projecting beneath his thighs, the careless landlord scarcely deigns to touch the bell once. A sleepy-looking negro holds the new-comer's bridle while he dismounts; another, lazily taking the saddle-bags on his shoulders and the roll under his arm, conducts him to his chamber; and there is no more noise made over the arrival, compared with the previous excitement, than might be

likened to the blowing of a horn reversed.

XIII.

FINALE.

For the rest—and my "forty days" in the Virginia hotels are now finished—there are a dozen or more of these springs. They all lie in the pretty Alleghanian valleys, within an easy day's, or half day's drive from each other—the White Sulphur being in the centre. The roads are generally good, with enough which are bad to accommodate those who require a little jolting. The stage-coaches are well-built; the drivers are skillful; and a dash, on the outside of the carriage, through these hills, refreshes and invigorates instead of fatiguing the traveler. In fact, the now almost obsolete pleasure of journeying by wheel, may here be enjoyed in its perfection, with social chat, preceded by no formal introductions, with acquaintances, and perhaps friends made, whom it will always be a pleasure to remember, and with such good, plain fare, at road-side inns, as the sharpened appetite will pronounce better than the very *chef-d'œuvres* of cooks in town.

The Springs are of all waters, having for their principal ingredients sulphur, alum, iron, magnesia, or salt. They are also tri-colored, with deposits, white, red, and blue. Some are used for drinking, and some for bathing. The invalid may have his choice; and whatever his complaint, say the doctors, it makes no difference, he is sure to be cured. The cripple is set up at the Hot Springs, and the *malade imaginaire* is made whole at the Warm. The dyspeptic is put on alum water, and the Southwesterner, with bile in his blood and jaundice in his eyes, is ordered to drink of the White Sulphur or the Salt. The Healing Spring is good for the gout; ladies, weary after the winter's dancing, are strengthened by bathing in the two Sweet Waters; the Blue Sulphur, taken before eating venison steaks, is said to be excellent against all devils of the same color; and, ever since the publication of the learned Dr. Burke's book, it is every man's own fault, if he don't know that the Red Sulphur is a certain cure for consumption.

The summer climate of these mountains is truly delightful. The boundless forests, on their tops, are, indeed, a.

magnet for the clouds; so that rain often occurs in the day's chapter of accidents. But it is merely a passing shower—a dash of big, fast-falling drops—soon gone over the hills and far away. The water runs immediately off the declivities, the drops hang only a few moments from leaf and flower, and the brilliant sun, dissipating the vapors, dries the surface of the ground, and takes away all dampness.

It is hot in the sunlight; but you live perpetually embowered in shade. In that, the mercury daily stands square against the point of summer heat, or occasionally a little above it, so that one revels in fine linen; and, if he makes any use of the mint which grows invitingly by every path-side, it is more as a luxury than a necessity. Sitting under the oaks, or promenading on the piazza, the summer idler finds that he can keep cool from one end of the dog-days to the other, without so much as touching a straw. This, to some persons, may be rather provoking than otherwise. But, with such pure air to breathe, fanned by the softest breezes

instead of being whipped by the winds of the sea-shore bathing place, and nightly refreshed by sleep beneath a blanket, if you will, but with windows wide open, and disturbed by no worse serenading than that of the banjo, a man is sufficiently happy without stimulus or excitements of any kind. To look out upon the green pastures and the luxuriant woods—to wind gently up the hill-tops, or stroll by the side of brooks—to watch the never-ceasing play of light and shade on the mountains and in the valleys, and to gaze at the fantastic shapes of the summer clouds, now drifting in fleeces through the sky, now towering in gorgeous peaks and ranges above the horizon, and, at evening, aglow with all the prismatic flames which burst from the apparent disruption of the setting sun: in the enjoyment of these tranquil, rural pleasures, the soul quite forgets the more highly scented cups of civic dissipation, as well as the rile in the mug of the world's ordinary toil, and lives in the midst of such innocent delights as, by the poets, are fabled to lie around its infancy.

THE FALCON.

OUT in the sunshine, out in the air,
My soul is a falcon strong;
I mount aloft with the speed of thought,
And strike at the quarry of wrong.

The brave bright sun, so merry and old,
He lends his strength to my wings,
And I soar till I see the golden gate,
Where the lark at morning sings.

But let my lady summon me back
And I come, as a falcon should,
Out of the sunshine, out of the air,
To yield my eyes to the hood.

MR. PRESCOTT'S PHILIP THE SECOND.

THE sixteenth century is, to the nations of the modern world, all, and more than all, that the age of Caesar was to the Roman Empire.

The visible development of modern society dates from that epoch; modern politics, modern literature, modern philosophy, modern industry, all shot up in the sixteenth century to the light. The century was born to greatness; it inherited from its immediate predecessor such a legacy in the invention of printing and the discovery of the New World, as had been the portion of no previous era since the advent of Christianity.

Thus magnificently endowed, it enriched history with wonders and with heroes, with triumphs of character and with miracles of genius, which tinge all the annals of the time with hues of romance. The whole aspect of Europe, in that century, is incomparably picturesque. The grand masses and heavy shadows of feudalism are everywhere touched and kindled by flashing lights of individual power, and endeavor, and achievement.

Everywhere, the crystallization of nationalities was going on—the concentration of authority, the expansion of enterprise.

Life in the middle ages had been comparatively simple; its lines strongly marked; the wants of men few; their passions exclusive and intense. In the sixteenth century, life became suddenly richer, more varied: a thousand new desires, curiosities, aspirations, awoke in the hearts of men. The limits of the physical world opened and receded before the followers of a Columbus and a Vasco de Gama: the horizon of the moral and the intellectual world widened on the daring eyes of a Luther, an Erasmus, and a Bruno. All that makes our modern life peculiar, first begins to appear distinctly, on the face of Europe, in the sixteenth century.

Of things both great and small, this is wonderfully true. In the sixteenth century, Europe began to colonize the East and the West; commerce and civilization followed the flags of Portugal, and Spain, and France, and England into the farthest Indies, as of old it had sailed with the galleys of Greece around the coasts of the Mediterranean.

Luxuries, now become the necessities

of modern life, then first lent a new grace and a new comfort to existence. All the arts, from agriculture to engraving, flourished with the vigor of spring.

In the sixteenth century, an English statesman first shook his wise head over the columns of a morning paper; in the sixteenth century, an English yeoman brewed the first mug of English beer from English hops; in the sixteenth century, the Anglican Church listened to its first sermons, and the English dining-table saw its first salads; then, the first coach-wheels rumbled through London streets, and the first spinning-wheel sang by the peasant's door. Protestantism and philology, potatoes and tobacco, turnips and race-horses, Lyons silks and English stockings, dictionaries and tax-bills, street-lamps and telescopes, Genevan theology and the Italian opera—all these indispensable elements of modern civilization we owe to the sixteenth century. We might run on in our list till the brain of the reader should turn, but we will forbear.

In that busy, passionate, ambitious age, every year "shone in the sudden making of splendid names." And what names! In the plastic arts, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Tintoret, Da Vinci, Correggio, Albert Durer, Holbein; Brunelleschi, Bramante, Palladio, in architecture; Palestrina, Carissimi, Allegri, in music; in the sciences, Bacon, Galileo, Copernicus, Kepler, Tycho Brahe; in learning, Erasmus, Reuchlin, Thomas More, Scaliger, the Stephens; in philosophy, Bruno, Campanella, Peter Ramus, Patrizzi; in theology, Luther, Calvin, Melancthon, Zuingle, Knox, Loyola, in adventure such a multitude, Ojeda, Cortez, Pizarro, the Cabots, Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins, the magnificent Raleigh; in poetry and letters, the sunset of Italy, the sunrise of England, Tasso, Ariosto, Guarini, Sidney, Spenser, Marlow, Beaumont, the Fletchers, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare; the flower, too, of the Gallic genius, Montaigne, Rabelais, Charron, Marot; splendid and mighty sovereigns, Charles V., Francis the First, Maximilian, the Popes Leo and Julius, Philip of Spain, Henry of England, the heroic Elizabeth, the bad beautiful Mary of Scotland; in war, the great generals of Italy and Spain, Trivulzio,

Gonsalvo, Pescara, Spinola, Parma, Egmont, Prince Maurice, the valiant English admirals, the Lion of Sweden, the Austrians Wallenstein and Tilly, the Ottoman lords of the Levant!

But amid the bewildering and fascinating splendors of this marvelous century we are able to discern one vast interest predominant over all the others, and the student of history sees the "very pulse of the machine" in the passion of free thought which then agitated mankind.

The battle of inquiry with authority is the great battle of the sixteenth century; and the great champion of authority in that fearful conflict was the dark, saturnine, mysterious sovereign of Spain and the Indies—the heir of Charles V.

Just three hundred years ago, on the 25th of October, 1555, in the great hall of the royal palace at Brussels, Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, having resolved to surrender all earthly pomps and dignities, and to seek, in the quiet of the cloister, the salvation of his soul, abdicated the sovereignty of Flanders and Burgundy in favor of his son and heir, Philip, Prince of the Asturias. On the 16th of January, 1556, the crowns of Castile and Aragon, with their dependencies, passed in like manner from the father to the son.

Already wedded to the Queen Mary of England, Philip then found himself, in the flower of his years, master of the most powerful monarchy upon earth. To set forth the manner in which he wielded the tremendous power lodged in his hands, to paint his character and his career, is a task worthy the best powers of the greatest of historians. A work which should completely describe the reign of Philip the Second, in all its great relations to the political, social, and spiritual history of mankind, would be itself the monument of an age. Such a work the historian of Ferdinand and Isabella has not attempted to construct. Master of an easy and flowing style, and enabled, by fortunate leisure, and careful cultivation, to collect his materials in abundance, and to weigh them with discretion, Mr. Prescott aims rather at pictorial than at philosophical eminence. He excels especially in the narration of stirring events, and he has the eye of a chronicler for those striking and brilliant features which individualize a scene or a personage.

Within a few years, the secret archives to which Philip had committed his most private correspondence with his ministers and his satellites (it is the best indication, perhaps, of the sincerity of this champion of bigotry, that he does not seem to have destroyed the records even of his most atrocious transactions) have been made accessible to the scholar. Of these, Mr. Prescott has availed himself, and of other resources so numerous and so new as to justify his belief, that his new work will "present the reader with such authentic statements of facts as may afford him a better point of view than he has hitherto possessed, for surveying the history of Philip the Second."

Two volumes of Mr. Prescott's book are now before us.

The historian commences his task with a sketch, lightly but firmly drawn, of the condition of the empire which owned the sway of Charles the Fifth, and of the influences which moved that monarch to exchange the crowns of such a dominion as Europe had not seen since the days of Charlemagne, for the simple cowl of a monk and the solitudes of Yuste. Mr. Prescott does more than justice, we think, to the character of Charles, at the expense of a much greater man, the Emperor Dioclesian; and we must confess our surprise at finding no reference, in this part of the sketch, to the careful and thorough researches of Mr. Stirling—an omission which is the more remarkable, that Mr. Prescott is by no means sparing in his use of complimentary notes.

The scene of Charles's abdication at Brussels is vividly and effectively painted, and awakens the reader's interest in the fortunes of the young Philip, so strangely and singularly invested with the grandeurs of royalty.

This interest is sustained by a brief account of Philip's earlier years, in which we catch indications of his coming character. The Prince of the Asturias was slight and small in figure, but well built and symmetrical. His yellowish hair, his keen blue eyes, concentrating their glances beneath brows so closely knit as to be remarkable, his heavy, haughty Austrian under lip, and large protruding under jaw, bore witness to his descent from the wily princes of Burgundy and the despotic house of Hapsburg. In manners and demeanor he was, however, a complete Castilian—reserved,

thoughtful, even saturnine, somewhat given to gallantry, but more to seclusion and reflection; careful in his attention to appearances, always rich and elegant, but never gaudy or affected in costume. Left early an orphan, by his mother's death, and deprived, by his father's frequent and prolonged absences from Spain, of any really parental watchfulness, Philip was, nevertheless, carefully trained by preceptors whom Charles selected with discrimination, and whose efforts he seconded, himself, by letters, in which he sought to form his son to kingcraft.

The occasion of Philip's first marriage with the Infanta of Portugal furnishes Mr. Prescott with an opportunity for describing the splendors and singularities of the Spanish costume and manners in the sixteenth century.

The birth of his first son, the too-famous Don Carlos, soon deprived Philip of his young bride, and left him a widower at the age of eighteen.

In 1548, he was summoned by his father to the government of Flanders; and, making an almost royal progress through Aragon, embarked at Barcelona, under the convoy of a Genoese fleet, commanded by that hero of a hundred battles, Andrew Doria. All the magnificence of magnificent Italy was lavished upon the reception of the heir of Charles. Mr. Prescott paints, with glowing colors, the journey of the Prince, pursued by embassies and deputations, past the field of Pavia—so glorious to the Spanish arms—on to Milan—the proudest jewel in the Italian crown of the emperor. Thence, by the Tyrol, through Munich, we follow the grand parade to Flanders. We have graceful jousts in Lombardy and splendid tournaments in the Netherlands, and we meet, for the first time, among the roses and diamonds of these festivities, with the personages who are to play the greatest and most tragic parts in the sombre drama, yet to come, of Philip's reign, Egmont, Van Hoerne, Savoy, Alva. Through all this pageant of violet-colored velvet and cloth of gold, and crimson canopies fluttering above tiers of lovely ladies, the small, silent, austere Philip moves like the shape of fate, presaging the scaffold, the rack, the black draperies of the Inquisition.

Philip, as Mr. Prescott observes, discovered, in this visit to Flanders and Germany, how truly he was a

Spaniard, and how little sympathy he had or could have with his northern subjects. They, themselves, made the same discovery; and, though Philip drank more than was good for him, and put himself to the pains of touching his hat, in order to acquire a Flemish popularity, he left a very disagreeable reputation behind him, when he went back to Spain; and Charles found it impossible to persuade the imperial electors that Philip ought to be king of the Romans.

The years which immediately followed Philip's visit to Flanders, were years of humiliation for Charles, who was foiled by the French, and beaten by the German Protestants; but these misfortunes did not much affect Spain. The intense Spanish nationality was too much delighted with the possession of a true Spanish heir-apparent, to be disturbed by the reverses of the empire.

Charles, losing all hope of perpetuating his own imperial dignity in the person of his son, was anxious to achieve for that son some extraordinary accession of power, which might compensate for the loss of the holy Roman crown. He accordingly planned, and, with great tact and ability, carried through the project of a marriage between Philip and his cousin Mary, now sovereign of England. The son of Henry II. of France had just won the queen of Scotland, and Charles could not allow such a move on the political chess-board to pass unnoticed.

The first year of his new wedlock had not expired, when Philip was summoned, by his father, from the arms of a bride whose lavish tenderness he had begun to find somewhat embarrassing, to receive the sceptre of his hereditary dominions.

The abdication of Charles made Philip the foremost figure in the political world. Master of Spain and the Indies, of Naples, Milan, Franche Comté, and the Low Countries, at the head of the most powerful army and the most formidable navy of the world, he ruled his vast dominions "with an authority more absolute than had been possessed by any European prince since the days of the Cæsars."

Thoroughly convinced that Providence had devolved upon him the task of maintaining the endangered unity of the church, Philip entered upon a course

of policy which was a perpetual menace to the liberties of every state in Europe. Arrested for a moment, at the outset of his career, by an unwelcome conflict with the Holy See, which was forced upon him by the Italian patriotism and the personal pride of Pope Paul IV., Philip availed himself of the easy triumph won by the veterans of his Neapolitan army, to manifest in the clearest way the settled purposes of his heart.

It was a portentous sight for Protestant Europe, that spectacle of the victorious Alva humiliating himself before the pontiff whom he had vanquished!

The meaning of the portent soon became dismally plain.

Victorious in France as in Italy, Philip made no apologies to Henry II. for beating his chivalry at St. Quentin and Gravelines. At the peace of Chateau Cambresis, Spain received a province in exchange for every town which she surrendered. When the death of Mary deprived him of the titular crown of England, Philip sued for the hand of Elizabeth, in terms which made it clear that he must be received as a master, if at all, and that wherever he was master, the church of Rome must be supreme. Rejected by Elizabeth, who, in this first step of her royal career, committed herself to the cause of Protestantism and national independence, Philip lost no time in allying himself with a daughter of Catholic France. As soon as he had concluded the preliminaries of his *third* nuptials, he departed to put his house in order. He traveled through the Netherlands, confirming everywhere the bad impression which he had formerly made, and satisfying himself most thoroughly that his Flemish provinces were infected with the disorders of freedom, and needed his healing hand.

Philip's theory of spiritual medicine was the same with that of Loyola; he thought it best to *extenuate the body*, in order to save the soul, and he signaled his return to Spain by such an application of this system as astounded Europe, and revolted even his own son, Don Carlos. "Better not reign at all, than reign over heretics," he had said to one of his councillors, in Flanders; and his first appearance at Valladolid was celebrated by a grand *Auto da Fé*, in which those heroic martyrs of Spanish Protestantism, De Seso and De Roxas,

expiated their sincerity at the stake. The pages which Mr. Prescott consecrates to the account of the Spanish persecution, are most moving and manly. He has written nothing more worthy of his fame. So stealthily had the Grand Inquisitor been in his preparations, and so inexorable was Philip in his bigotry, that Protestantism in Spain was stifled suddenly and at once.

The next step of the sovereign who had thus deliberately constituted himself the crowned personification of the Council of Trent, was to subject Flanders to the same course of purification which had delivered Spain from the demon of progress.

The Netherlandish states of Philip were, at this time, the glory of his dominions. The golden Indies did not yield to the treasury of Spain so large a revenue as was collected from the intelligent industry of Flanders. "Antwerp was the banking-house of Europe," and its merchants "rivalled the nobles of other lands in the splendor of their dress and domestic establishments." It was rare to find one of the humbler classes "unacquainted with the rudiments of grammar, and there was scarcely a peasant who could not read and write." In fact, the germs of that school system which is now the pride of New England, had already been planted by the burghers of the Flemish cities.

"It was not possible," as Mr. Prescott observes, "that such a people should long remain insensible to the great religious reform which, having risen on their borders, was now spreading over Christendom."

Charles the Fifth had perceived the growth of heresy in Flanders, and had fulminated against it the most dreadful edicts. But these edicts had been imperfectly executed, and the Regent Margaret of Parma, though instructed by Philip to use greater severity, had preferred the prosperity of Flanders to the preservation of the Catholic faith. Philip resolved that the work should be done. His resolution, and the means he used to execute it, gave rise to the world-famous Revolt of the Netherlands—a revolt which occupied the greater part of his reign; and which ended in the humiliation of Spain and the rise of the great Protestant republic of Holland. The earlier stages of this tremendous conflict, down to the execution

of Egmont and Van Hoorne—those Netherlandish heroes, whose story belongs as much to the realm of poetry as to that of history—are described by Mr. Prescott in the volumes of his work now before us. Of no passage in history is the interest more profound and dramatic. The intense will of Philip, opposed by the will, fully as intense and more nobly directed, of William the Taciturn; the pitiless soldier Alva matched against indomitable preachers like Marnix; the insanities of the Iconoclasts replying to the atrocities of the Inquisition; Spain standing, between death and famine, to offer the crucifix of Rome; Flanders answering with Leyden, "better be Turks than Papists!"—with such materials, it would hardly be possible for the most ordinary writer to construct a history which should be wholly unattractive to American readers. How much Mr. Prescott has made of the episode, may be easily guessed. His sketch, not yet completed, will be the best introduction to the specific history of those troubles; and we are glad to have his testimony to the value of that work upon the Netherlands, which we are shortly to receive from Mr. Lathrop Motley.

Two other episodes in the life of Philip have been treated by Mr. Prescott in his second volume, and conclude this portion of his work—the siege of Malta and the story of Don Carlos. To the first of these, the historian, tempted by the subject, has given, we must think, too great a prominence; but readers in general, perhaps, will not quarrel with the number of the brilliant pages thus added to the book. Mr. Prescott has a gentleman's sympathy with chivalric warriors, and writes of their deeds with a kind of gentlemanly enthusiasm. Upon the tragedy of Carlos little light can be thrown, till a certain "green box," not yet produced, shall see the day. But Mr. Prescott has made it plain enough, we think, that Philip acted a cruel and unnatural part by his son, from his childhood, and that the Prince, towards the end of his life, was not a responsible agent. We confess that we cannot escape from a conviction, that the death of the prince, who was convicted of insubordination

and suspected of heresy, must be charged directly upon his dark, unscrupulous, and bigoted father.

From this hasty sketch of the subjects which engage Mr. Prescott's attention, in the first volumes of his history, our readers will see how interesting they must be. They will see, too, how improper it would be for us to enter now upon any extended critical notice of the work—so much of Philip's history yet remains to be treated, and so many of its most important relations.

We have yet to witness, in the tremendous collision between England and Spain, the first of those gigantic European conflicts, of which our own times, let us hope, are beholding the last—the final emancipation of the Northern Netherlands; the final subjugation of the Southern Provinces; the triumph of commerce over military blindness; and the triumph of brute force over unenlightened industry. The interference of Spain in the great French struggles of the League, and in the thirty years' war of Germany; the conquest of Portugal; the seeming culmination, and the true decay, of the Spanish might—these are yet to be dealt with.

The volumes already published will not merely sustain, they will enhance, Mr. Prescott's reputation. His style, though still deficient in finish, has visibly gained in elegance and in force. His narrative is as masterly as ever; his generalizations are more full, broad, and luminous.

We have already stated our impression, that the episode of the siege of Malta is described at too great length; and we should make the same objection, in a more decided manner, to the account of the cloister life of Charles V., which adds nothing to the narratives of Stirling and Mignet, and is handled in such a way as to throw it quite out of any vital connection with the history of Philip.

Yet we are sure that few readers will lay these volumes down without echoing our hope, that we may soon possess the sequel of a work which reflects such honor, alike upon its author and upon his country.

LOW² LIFE—IN THE PAMPAS.

HOW rich and varied are the enjoyments of the traveler in mountainous regions! In constant changes, he sees hill and dale, lofty forests; and gray, granite rocks—now a sweet-smiling meadow, and now a beetling, awe-inspiring precipice; below him, blooming orchards and rich pastures, with peaceful cattle; above him, the silent solitude of ice-covered crags and domes. New objects incessantly strike his eye; new sensations fill him with delight. And when, at last, the prospect opens, and from the lofty height he looks down, as from a monarch's throne, upon a wide, luxuriant plain, he is pleased with the change, and interested in the monuments of human industry which suddenly greet him. But as he wanders through the plain, he is soon wearied by its endless monotony; he feels like the strong, active man, when suddenly condemned to unbroken idleness, or the soldier who must exchange the din and turmoil of war for the lonely prison. Still, the plains are not alike, all over the earth. On the vast table-land of Northern China, men are crowded upon men so thickly that laws are required to govern the simplest of daily labors, lest they interfere with each other. In the Great Sahara, the traveler sees day after day pass in unbroken silence, and blesses the first human face he meets in the oasis. The fertile plains of Lombardy are literally covered with cities and villages, whilst the equally productive llanos of South America feed millions of wild, roving horses, and vast distances separate dwelling from dwelling. Nor are the children of the steppes less different in their characteristics; for climate, and soil, and a thousand unobserved influences, change them from zone to zone. Even nations that live close to each other, are found thus to differ. The Mongol is proud, open-hearted, and bold; careless of old usage, and brooking no control. His immediate neighbor, the Chinese, is as cowardly as he is humble; and, consequently, false and treacherous. He worships whatever is hallowed by time; void of faith, he observes the canons of his creed and the laws of his magistrates with unwearied obedience. Thus, the two nations, sprung from the same race, living in

the same zone, and mingling in daily intercourse, are found as far apart as the races of Europe and Asia. But the plains of the Mongols are high above the sea, and their soil is covered with sterile sand and with shingle, while the land of the Flowery Empire is fertile to a degree known to but few parts of the earth. It is also but little raised above the surface of the ocean.

Steppes, covered with heath, with grass, or other low plants, are found of unmeasured extent, in all parts of the world; but they are commonly looked upon as specially belonging to the temperate zone, because they are here most frequent, and much surpass the sandy barrens in the vastness of their extent. The prairies, covered with sweet, even verdure, awaken, most of all steppes, the image of the great sea, by the similar color, the waving motion of the surface, and even, now and then, by a *Fata Morgana*. But the impression they produce upon the mind of the traveler is far different. Even in extent, they have, thanks to their constant undulations, but little of the vast, grand character of the old "Okeanos, that holds the world, his spouse, in sweet embrace." Nor do they lead us, as the sea does, to distant lands, and enchanted isles. The few plants that surround us, without break or change, day after day, lack the animating, cheering power that dwells in water, and do not present, like the latter, the ever-changing, graceful forms of restless waves.

At first, it is true, the sight of a steppe causes surprise, by its unlimited extent of space; and when, in the north-west, we step forth from dark, dense forests, and suddenly see before us a smiling, open plain, basking in bright sunshine, and glowing and glittering with a thousand colors, the impression is both pleasing and striking. Soon, however, its unbroken uniformity wearies the wanderer; indistinct, half-unconscious longings fill his heart; the desire of more varied impressions seizes him, and his joy changes into melancholy.

Where, on the other hand, neither tree nor grass, nor even traces of men appear, and scanty, frugal herbs alone cover the sterile soil, there the steppe becomes more and more like the desert,

and ever sadder and more desolate, in proportion as animal life, also, is wanting. Thus each steppe has its own marked characteristics, little as they have yet been observed. What a difference, for instance, between the broad plains of Hungary and the salt table-lands of Upper Asia; the grass forests of the llanos and the carroos of Southern Africa! All have one feature in common: the expression of wide extent—of being grand, almost infinite in space. But whilst the desert is full of terrors, the steppe is more cheerful; here the wanderer is at least not pursued at every step by signs and symptoms of death; he may faint from fatigue, and his mind may be wearied with painful monotony, but he still meets with rare signs of life, and does not feel, as in the Sahara, the breath of the destroyer in every current of air.

His sufferings are, therefore, of the mind, rather than of the body. The constant uniformity begins to weigh heavily upon his unoccupied thoughts, and the unusual, complete independence of external influences causes him discomfort; his loneliness becomes a burden, and his freedom loathsome. His fancy wanders far and near, to enliven his weary mind by pictures of the past, or by fictions in unknown realms, in order thus to afford, from within, the accustomed variety of ideas which the outer world no longer suggests. Thus it is that the imagination of the dweller in the steppe becomes as roving and restless, as subject to vague, indistinct longing, as his actual life; but it is not, as in the dread Sahara, filled with grim, gaunt images of all that is terrible, with tales of bitter deception, and of sudden death that lies ever in waiting. Around him nature lacks variety, as well as individuality; she presents no difficulties to overcome, as in African regions, or on the high sea, where the heart grows strong, and the knee humble before God, in unceasing struggle; she refuses him a country that belongs to his nation only, and, above all, the greatest of boons, a home of his own. Hence arises that want of powerful motives for exertion, and even amusement, which is supplied by the more varied soil of happier countries. The steppe has not, we must confess, that stimulating, developing, refining influence on the mind and the heart

which is felt in the shadow of lofty mountains, or in sight of the blue ocean. It retards the progress of races, and hence is the proper and peculiar home of nomadic tribes. There man rarely says: "It is good for us to be here; let us build tabernacles;" and he thus remains a shepherd, age after age; never passing onward to become a tiller of the soil; to form a commonwealth, with all its blessings; and to the worship of the Muses and the Graces. The children of the unbounded plains of Middle Asia, where we meet with the most perfect steppes, have, through all ages, remained wandering tribes of shepherds, while, hard by, the more favored plains of Eastern Europe have, from olden times, had settled homes, and well-secured boundaries. So powerful, indeed, is the influence of the steppe on the life of man, that even in well-cultivated Hungary, the character of the Magyars still retains some nomadic features; and in other races, as in the Arabs, the truly great and glorious epochs, and noble, enthusiastic efforts of a whole nation, have not been able to remove the sons of the steppe from their original condition.

So, too, we find that the true steppes of our continent, the pampas of South America, also have their own striking features, and their strongly marked children. Here, nature alone reigns supreme; no oasis reminds you of former dwellers on the soil; no hewn stone speaks of labor, and its blessings; no neglected fruit tree recalls the industry and the enjoyments of past generations. The changeless plain stretches far and wide to the changeless horizon; a wide, wild theatre, on which plants and animals alone lead their mysterious, unknown life. Even the most impressive sight of the pampas, surpassing, in grandeur and majesty, all other wonders of our globe, has this lonely, saddening character. It is in the lower part of the boundless plains, where the gigantic La Plata is seen to roll its vast unmeasured masses through the peaceful steppe, amidst solemn silence, and in sublime solitude. Few are the traces of life; fewer still, the rare objects that attract our attention. In hidden crevices, a cactus hides its round balls, horrid with threatening thorns; and now and then, at vast distances, a solitary umber, the only

tree of the country, rises like a great landmark, in unspeakable loneliness and sadness. Occasionally, there appears on the vast plain, where it rests in deepest solitude, the huge skeleton of an animal, that lived at times when the Andes were still sleeping at the bottom of the great ocean, and dreamt not of ever raising their snow-covered heads to heaven. The whole expanse of the pampas is said to be one great sepulchre of these extinct gigantic bipeds; and, like ghosts of a race far older than man, they rise from their grave, to bear witness of Him who made both them and us. Of late years, huge mounds also may be seen to rise on the plain, covering the bones of whole generations, that now slumber in sublime isolation in this vast solitude. Formerly, all the Indian tribes carried their dead to the coast, and there buried them by the side of their fathers; now, they find a resting-place only in the midst of the wild, inhospitable desert! High above it, a black point is seen in the air: it is a condor, slowly tracing his wide gyrations in the blue ether; or far away, on the faint horizon, the quaint form of an ostrich passes and vanishes, like a dream of our fancy. Still, there is an indescribable charm in this very solitude; its wild, unfettered freedom gives, even the traveler from the far north, an idea of the fervor with which the Indians love it here, hoping to see still vaster pampas in the world to come.

These immense plains, as yet but little known, stretch from the straits of Magellan to the Colorado river, covering an area four times the size of the empire of France, and extending in length to more than eight hundred miles. At the south, snow and ice cover the ground for months; at the north, palm-trees are seen to lift their graceful plumes on high, and the breezes are loaded with richest fragrance. They are, strictly speaking, plains of the temperate zone; but, in fact, they extend through all geographical and climatic zones, and exhibit the richest varieties of natural life, perhaps, known in our globe. It is here that we see the productive power of nature, and the marvellous goodness of our Lord, manifested in the most striking and majestic forms. They present to us, in their vast extent, a greater variety of surface, of climate, and of products, than the wild forests of the Amazon, or the sandy Sahara.

Far down, at the southern extremity of this continent, there opens a plain, barren in the extreme, and covered with countless pebbles of porphyry; for shingle is the characteristic feature of the Patagonian Pampas. In the south, we meet with thick layers of lava, the result of former eruptions of volcanoes in the Andes, which still rear their formidable craters in a majestic line against the horizon, and threaten, ever and anon, to speak, after a silence of ages, once more, in voices of thunder, to mankind. These parts are utterly sterile, and apparently forsaken by God and man. But, from thence, the plains begin gradually to rise, from the coast of the Atlantic toward the foot of the Andes; now gently ascending, and now mounting upwards in magnificent, gigantic terraces, one above the other, until they, at last, reach to the summits of the snow-capped mountains. Towards the northern part, the pebbles become smaller, rich tracts of land break in upon the barren shingle, and, finally, make way for luxurious pasturage, where are found large and numerous herds of Patagonian cattle. These would be fertile regions, indeed, and happy, were it not for a want of water, of which, in our more favored regions, we have no adequate conception. The quantity of rain that ordinarily falls is always small, but there are long, dreary seasons of absolute drought. That charming traveler Darwin, tells us that, from 1827 to 1830, not a drop fell, and all vegetation, even the hardy thistle, failed utterly. All brooks dried up in this great drought—as it is still called—and the whole country appeared like a huge, dusty high-road. An incredible number of birds, wild animals, cattle and horses, died from want of food and water. Deer came, fearlessly, into court-yards, to wells dug by the Spaniards; partridges could not fly, when pursued; and, of cattle, a million heads perished, alone, in the province of Buenos Ayres. Nay, the ground being so long perfectly dry, and enormous quantities being daily blown about for years, the landmarks became obliterated, and men could not tell, any longer, the limits of their estates! In summer, the heat is intense, and the soil glows, as if blighted by furnace-heat; in winter, violent winds sweep unimpeded over the plain, and, at night,

bitter frosts form ice on the surface.

Here live the Patagonians, the fabled giants of old; but much as their size has been exaggerated, it surpasses, according to the latest explorers, in height and robust strength, that of all other nations. Among two or three hundred men, Capt. Fitzroy found only half a dozen, who measured under six feet, and even the women were tall in proportion. Huge cloaks, made of skins, and hanging not ungracefully, in ample folds, from the shoulders down to the ground, still add to the gigantic, massive impression of their whole appearance. Their rough, but straight hair, is oddly gathered in nets, made of the sinews of slain animals, and yet seems in keeping with the fantastic painting in red, black, and white, that adorns their faces, marking broad bars across the brow, and large white circles around the eyes. This contrasts strangely enough with the peculiar color of their skin—a hue between pure copper and old mahogany, but easily distinguished from that of all other natives of this continent.

Their huts resemble much the dwellings of gipsies: for posts, the stalks of gigantic thistles are rammed into the ground; other stalks of the same size and lightness are fastened on above, and the whole is covered with undressed skins, inclosing it above and on three sides, but leaving one towards the east, wide open. Within, nothing is seen but the skins on which these children of the wilderness sleep, and their weapons. Among the latter, the bolas are both the most formidable, and the most familiar to general readers. They consist of two or three round pebbles, hard clay balls or actual lead and iron, sewed up in skins and fastened to stout leather thongs of equal length, which are tied together. The Indian takes one ball in his hand, swings the other several times around his head, and then lets the whole fly at the object he wishes to seize. His intention is not, as with the lasso, to throw down his prey or his adversary, but with almost incredible skill he manages it so that one ball strikes a hard prominent part and rebounds; the other balls begin at once to swing round in all directions, and the thongs become so interlaced that every effort to unravel them and to free himself makes the poor prisoner only more and more helpless. Another powerful weapon, of like cha-

racter, is a single ball fastened to a thin thong, of the length of the arm; the ball, weighing about a pound, is rapidly whirled around the head, and then, with terribly increased velocity, it strikes the enemy with a force little inferior to that of a rifle-ball; in a hand-to-hand fight, the Indian uses it as the old Swiss did their famous "Morning-star."

The food of these Indians is in keeping with their habits otherwise; they eat, generally, whatever they can reach, without regard to Savarin or Kitchener; but their main staple consists of fillies and young mares, which they stew and roast in various ways, of which even the good burghers of Copenhagen, who sell horse-flesh, regularly, in their market, are probably still unaware. Common deer and guanacos are not despised; horn-encased armadillos and all-digesting ostriches, appear only on great occasions. Their taste, however, is strongly in favor of animal food; for, of vegetables they only know two humble roots, and, oddly enough, the epicurean's great delight, the delicate bud of the artichoke.

The Patagonians present to us, perhaps, the most striking instance of a barbarous nation combining the chase, as a national pursuit, with the raising of cattle. No tribe has, therefore, an exclusive right to any part of the immense territory; and all roam, free and unimpeded, over their vast plains. Thanks to their active life, and the good speed of their horses, they travel with amazing rapidity. Tribes that were seen in September, near the straits of Magellan, were, in February, next met with on the banks of the Rio Negro—a distance of at least 2,200 miles! They have poor and rich men among them; the latter own forty or fifty horses, and several dozens of dogs; the former, at least one dog and a couple of horses.

But the incredible number of the latter, literally counting millions, and the profusion of food, ever ready for consumption, are naturally destructive of all industry. The people know no toil, nor its sweet fruits and rich blessings. Socialists in a novel manner, the hungry wait until their rich neighbors have finished their meal; and then, without asking leave, glide up to their stores and help themselves at discretion. Like our fellow-citizens in Utah, they love expansively, and know the great

art of enjoying, both the company of many wives, and the blessings of domestic peace. Their faith hardly deserves that name, though it is superior to that of other savages. They have good gods, and bad gods; the former live in caves beneath the ground, to which the souls of the departed return after death, to dwell in happy communion. The bad deities are worshipped only to appease their anger. The dwellers upon earth were made in the subterranean caves, and their manner of accounting for the difference between themselves and the superior Spaniard is not without originality, because almost the only instance of an humble acknowledgment of such superiority. They admit that the gods made the Patagonians, and endowed them with spears, arrows, and bolas; but then sent them up to the surface to shift for themselves. The Spaniards, on the contrary, were gifted with guns and swords in addition. In like manner they account for the fact, that they had no cattle before the arrival of these formidable strangers. Animal after animal, they say, came forth from the lower regions; the smallest and prettiest, first; the later, less diminutive and less handsome. They began to fear for their safety, and when the first horned head appeared, they were seized with fright, and rolled huge stones before the opening of the caves, so as to prevent still larger and more dreadful beasts from appearing. The Spaniards, they add, were bolder, and allowed cattle and horses to issue forth from their strange birth-place.

The peculiar climate of these plains has its influence upon vegetation, as well as upon man. Oppressively hot in summer, few winter nights pass without hoar-frost, and the transition is commonly as sudden as it is striking. Hence, a coarse, tufted, brown grass, is the almost universal vesture of a plain, as level as the sea, and without a stone, stretching far and wide between the Atlantic and the Andes. Along the coast, mighty masses of porphyry are strewn over the solitude; further inland, a few low beeches, armed with spines, break the weary monotony, and here and there shelter a sensitive cactus, whose stamens contract at the gentlest touch. Still higher up, turf-moors and bogs at times show their dismal, dark outlines on the sterile soil, or mimic the tropical forest

with their gigantic reeds and rushes. But on the plains themselves, treeless, pathless, waterless, the strangest change takes place, during the four seasons, of which we have any record. In winter, the interminable solitude is covered with the large, creeping leaves of thistles, and with clover in richest abundance. In spring, the latter disappears, leaving no trace behind it, and in less than a month, a dense, blooming forest of gigantic thistles rises to a height of ten or twelve feet. Their stems are so close to each other that the eye cannot penetrate the mass, and the plants are so thickly covered with spines, that the miniature forest becomes impenetrable. A few paths only are made, as impenetrable as the labyrinth of the ancients, and known only to robbers and cut-throats; so that Darwin was assured of his safety in traversing these strange regions in early spring by the remark: "There are no robbers yet, the thistles are not up!" Ere summer has fairly passed away, these luxuriant weeds have lost their sap, and with it their fresh, luxuriant green; the bulky heads hang heavily down; the leaves are shrunk and shriveled; the dry, dark stems rattle in the slightest breeze, like the dry bones in the valley, and the first fierce wind of autumn snaps them, and scatters them over the plain. In a few weeks, they, also, have vanished, and are seen no more; the humble clover reappears, and, master of the soil for a season, spreads, once more, the richest verdure as far as the eye can reach.

True to that beautiful sympathy, which finds even the great kingdoms of nature in sweet dependence, one on another, we find here, also, that a scanty flora supports but a scanty fauna. Most of the native animals, moreover, are cannibals, and live not on herbs, but upon each other. The tiger and the jaguar are the tyrants of these plains; and the fierce, blood-thirsty puma preys upon all, ever followed by the vulture on high, falling with lightning speed upon the remnant left by his nobler companion. Peculiar to these steppes is also the guanaco, a reddish-brown stag, with hairy ears, and soft, smooth fur, that feeds on the coarse, wiry grass of the most sterile regions. Fleet as the gazelle, and as timid and wild, they are seen in large herds chasing the clouds on the steppe, or

rushing, with the swiftness of the wind, down from the mountain-heights to their favorite salt moors. The swiftest and keenest of scent are foremost; they examine all around, and with a peculiar, penetrating sound—a shrill, piercing neighing—they warn the herd, if threatened by any danger. But thus they only betray themselves the more readily to the wary hunter; and yet, more fatal still, to them, is their invincible curiosity. The Indians lie down, and then, with arms and legs in the air, attract the attention of their game. The poor guanacos stand still and stare, then prance and leap about in a most ridiculous manner, and again stand and stare. Some gaze at the hunter's antics, others marvel at the red rag he has fastened to his lance, and waves high overhead. They approach nearer and nearer, followed by their unwary companions, until, all of a sudden, the terrible bolas are heard ominously to whizz through the air, and the dogs open with eager barking. Nor is this the only curious habit that marks them among the strange dwellers in the desert. Day by day, they are seen to return, with unflinching precision, to the same spot, until the enormous heaps of accumulated deposits furnish the Indian with ample stores of fuel—invaluable in a land where bushes even are rare, and trees almost unknown. And when, at last, they end their short, precarious life, they crawl, with the last of their strength, to the kindly shelter of bush or rock, near the river, and there expire, strewing the ground with their bones, and, here and there, actually raising large cities of the dead.

Further to the north, the pampas of Buenos Ayres stretch in more varied forms, from the great Atlantic up to the snow-covered Andes. A large portion of this vast extent is covered with swamp and morass, broken, at times, by massive tufts of reeds and rushes, and again by still, silent pools. All the low lands are filled, for a time, by the abundant showers of the rainy season; soon, however, dry weather comes again, and when the water is evaporated, luxuriant grasses furnish excellent pasture, whilst the upper regions are burnt and withered. Here, also, the colossal thistles of the pampas raise their gorgeous flowers at a height of six or eight feet, and become useful even, in the absence of other fuel. A few peach-trees, even, are scattered here and there

by chance, or planted near the rare homesteads. But when most luxuriant, these steppes suffer under the disadvantage, that all the water is brackish and salt, especially in summer; and then, moreover, it is very scanty. This is the more remarkable, as there is no salt in the soil, and a few feet below the surface, or in wells dug for the purpose, sweet water may be found in abundance. North of the river Salado, and nearer to the Andes, a region is met with, like no other land on earth, the very image of the terrible curse, "the breeding of nettles, of salt-pits, and a perpetual desolation." It is an almost perfect plain, where—

"Nor bird would sing, nor lamb would bleat,
Nor any cloud would cross the vault,
But day increased from heat to heat,
On stony drought and steaming salt."

There the amazed wanderer meets enormous salt-swamps, and sees, with increased marvel, the salt itself bloom out "in oddest crystals." Not a spring refreshes the sultry air, producing the cheerful green of healthy plants; even the boldest of rivers, swollen in time of violent rains, and rushing in headlong fury from the Andes upon the desolate plain, meet with an ignominious end, and are slowly swallowed up by the thirsty sands! Not a tree rises to break the intolerable level, and to relieve the weary eye; at best, where the salt disappears, the ground is covered with pale, grayish globes of spring cactus, and their long, low rows, broken here and there by the serious and solemn old man's plant, covered with long gray hair, that gives it an indescribably sad and mournful expression. But these opuntias are the very blessings of the pampas; they are not in vain called the "Springs of the Desert." Growing in the poorest and driest of soils, ever exposed to the pitiless rays of a burning sun, they still hide, under a thorny outside, rich stores of refreshing, well-flavored juice. And here again, as in the Sahara, we learn how the kindness of our great mother, nature, instills like kindness even into the hearts of the wild children of the desert; for charity makes it a rule in the pampas that each traveler, as he passes a cactus, shall draw his knife and cut from it the thorns and branches, to allow the perishing beasts of the wilderness free access to the well-guarded storehouse.

Many are the strange sights, and wondrous are the changes that strike the traveler on these steppes, from the boundless fields of snow-white salt to the "phantom of the wilderness"—the visionary rainbow that flees before his hope-sick eyes across the interminable solitude. But of all, the most dreadful is the pampero, a hurricane of the pampas, like the simoom of the Sahara. There are seasons in summer, when

"There is no motion in the dumb, dead air,
Nor any song of bird or sound of rill;
Gross darkness of the inner sepulchro
Is not so deadly still."

Of a sudden, fleecy white clouds are seen rising in the south-west, changing now into quaint, queer shapes, and now into dismal hangings of deepest black. Dust rises and gathers from south and north, into huge, aerial draperies, hanging in mighty volumes between heaven and earth; the cloudy pall sinks slowly lower and lower, fitful eddies lift, at times, the pendulous skirts of these most mournful curtains, and rend them into strange arches, portals, and windows, through which lurid lights glow and glimmer in ever-changing, fearful flashes. Hot, hissing puffs of wind are felt, and then, in a moment, the storm comes raging down from the snowy caps of the Andes, sweeps with indescribable fury across the pampas, and swells into a resistless, fatal hurricane. Huge, dense clouds of dust and sand hide the sun, and, even at noon, deep darkness covers the earth; lightning and thunder, loud and fearful, such as are known only to the tropics, add to the terror, and whatever has life and breath is at the mercy of the God that "is in the whirlwind and the storm." The cattle flee in despair, and thousands perish on the open steppe; others crowd into river and swamp, and are drowned, unable to find, in the profound darkness, the way back to the shore; while men lie prostrate on their faces, and wait for the passing of the tempest.

When the Spaniards first saw these wide plains, they were covered with countless herds of guanacos and lambs; now, as the original plants have been driven out by the invaders, the thistle and lucern, so the first lords of the soil in the animal kingdom have also had to give way to the horses and cattle of Europe. The emu alone, the South American ostrich, retains a part of his

ancient dominions, and still is hunted by the Gaucho for the sake of his magnificent feathers. Half-hid in the ground, the rabbit-like bizachó also survives the general destruction, and undermining the pampas all over with endless passages and holes, he avenges himself on the proud invaders by many a dangerous fall. Even the true masters of the land, the Indians, could not resist the merciless tide that swept them westward; and when the Spaniards obtained full possession of the noble lands along the La Plata, the poor native tribes, who had no settled homes, and were restless wanderers on the steppes, vanished, like the ghosts of olden times, into the night of adjoining forests, beyond the gray, grim rocks that are scattered in wild confusion at the foot of the colossal mountains. Spaniards spread over the plain, and the old Arab blood seems to have coursed once more through their veins, and to have risen and rejoiced when they roved over the wide prairies in unfettered freedom, like their brethren, the Bedouins of the Great Desert. These are the Gauchos of our days—a race more nearly resembling the Centaurs of old than any other people on earth. Sons of the bold conquerors of these happy lands, and mindful of the noble services rendered their fathers by their faithful horses, they carry the new-born child on horse-back to the distant priest who is to baptize it; and, when his race is run, his corpse is again, in the same way, borne to his last resting-place! The Gaucho stirs not from home without mounting his horse, which is ever ready saddled at the door of his hut, to carry him to feast or foray. Covered with his poncho, that leaves his arms perfectly free, and yet protects him against wind and weather, and armed with bolas or lasso, and an enormous knife by his side, he looks from his proud, prancing horse, with keen eye, far over the plain; and as far as sight can carry his thought, he is master of all he surveys. He is not bound to the soil; he does not obey a superior, and is contented because he has but few wants, and these most easily satisfied. With head erect, and a carriage full of conscious strength and natural grace, guiding his well-trained horse with surprising ease and skill, he looks a true independent man, and reminds the traveler more of the bold Tuareg of the Sahara than of his father,

the Spaniard of Castile. Thus we see how even man's God-like nature is, in nations, as in individuals, affected and changed by soil and climate.

His hut is small and square; a few upright posts, with wickerwork between them, and clay cast upon it, occasionally covered with skins, while the roof, made mostly of reeds or of straw, leaves in the centre free egress to smoke. A few stones or skulls of horses are his seats; a small table serves, not for his meals, but for his gambling; and a crucifix and a saint's image complete his whole, simple furniture. He counts it a luxury if he has a few sheep-skins for wife and children, and even a fire is not one of his daily wants. Meat is his only food; it is roasted, in gigantic pieces, on a huge spit, and each guest cuts his piece as he likes; peaches and pumpkins are the only vegetables he knows, and bread many never see during a whole, long life. At home they spend their time in sleeping and gambling; but, as in all southern races, here, also, long periods of utter indolence give way to sudden and furious outbursts of intense activity. Close by his hut is his corral, an inclosure of strong posts, on which vultures and hawks sit gravely, waiting in patience for the never-failing feast, of which the immense heaps of horns and bones, that are scattered around, give abundant evidence. Abroad, the Gaucho is ever chasing and coursing through the unbounded steppe; and a most noble sight it is to watch those thousands of graceful, active horses, in all the beauty of freedom, sport merrily over the plain. It is a mournful sight, on the other hand, few others on earth are so sad, to see them race up and down the vast, parched prairie, maddened by fierce, implacable thirst, and treading under foot, in their wild, uncontrollable fury, their own companions and offspring. And when, at last, they have scented a pool, with what terrible eagerness they fly to the coveted waters, until, in their maniac haste, the foremost are borne down and crushed by those that follow—corpses are heaped upon corpses, and a huge, high pile of dead bodies alone marks the place where they sought in vain to recover sweet life! Some of the smaller streams in the pampas are literally paved with the bones of these noble creatures, which have there found a miserable death in times of such terrible suffering.

The smallest, but, probably, the most remarkable, of these pampas, are the northernmost plains, reaching up to the very foot of the Andes. Here the soil is loose and sandy, covered with salt, and utterly unfit for the growth of any plant, however frugal and humble; nay, in some parts, it presents a picture of utter desolation, the effect of which is heightened by its contrast with the luxuriant vegetation that surrounds it on all sides. The eastern portion has, fortunately, large rivers, and can be made very fertile by irrigation. These rivers are, however, themselves one of the most remarkable curiosities of the continent; for they form a system of their own, not connected with either ocean—the Atlantic or the Pacific—and not even with a large stream falling into the ocean! Such a secluded and separate system occurs only once beside, on a large scale, on the whole globe, in the centre of Asia. The rivers of the pampas, rising in the Andes, flow eastward, and unite their waters, after having passed over a large portion of the steppe, in three great groups of lakes, which lie one above the other, so that the rivers fall from the highest lakes into the lower, and thence into the lowest. All these lakes are, moreover, of salt-water; and, in winter and spring, their shores are covered with crusts of white, shining salt! A few pools of brackish, sometimes even of sweet water are, however, found at no great distance, and to them the adjoining regions owe their fertility and abundant crops. This is mainly due to a small group of low mountains, that swell gently upward in the southern part of these pampas; they are, for some two months in the year, covered with snow, which feeds, in melting, the streams at their base, and thus produces a vegetation, without which neither man nor cattle could live in those inhospitable regions.

Still further north, we are told by the only traveler who ever ventured so high up, lie the salinas, the saddest sight of the globe. The air is dark and dismal; dense fogs rest, layer above layer, on the sterile soil; no air breathes here; no wind ever dispels the sad, solemn silence. The ground is covered with salt, as with newly-fallen snow; here and there crouching, crippled salt-plants, without leaves or flowers, mark their stunted growth, by their blackened branches, on the glaring white salt.

Not a tree, not a bush can be seen; not a spire of grass grows on this vast field of desolation. Often there falls no rain for eighteen months; and the few rivers that flow from the mountains above, upon the accursed land, are lost in the ground as soon as they reach the salinas. When, at last, rain falls again, the salt that bloomed out in bright crystals all over the unbounded steppe is dissolved, and then the plain changes into a broad expanse of black, brackish mud, covered with scattered tufts of succulent plants. But soon the sun returns; perhaps he succeeds, for a few days, in dispelling the thick mists, and in an incredibly short time the water evaporates, and the whole country, as far as eye can reach, presents an even mirror as of ice, on which the rays of light break with such force as to blind the traveler and his faithful horse. Here and there the salt-snow is heaped up by the wind into little drifts of fanciful shape.

The wind from these salinas, blowing most fiercely in December, is the fatal foe of all that lives and breathes. Men, even in their houses, cover face and hands with wet cloths; any unprotected part, touched by the terrible blast, rises instantly in painful blisters. The leaves fall from the trees, as if singed and scorched, and the bark cracks and peels, as if burnt by the intolerable heat. At night, even the locks, latches, and keys, inside of the houses, are so hot that they cannot be touched with the naked hand; men feel as if they were suffocating, and words cannot describe the intense, intolerable suffering.

Not less terrible, though better known, is the renowned Despoblado, the "uninhabited lands"—a plain on a high table-land of the Andes, perhaps 13,000 feet above the surface of the sea. It still belongs to the system of steppes or pampas, that mark so strikingly the southern part of the continent, although it lies high above the line that defines the last growth of shrubs and more perfect plants. For eight hundred long miles, this strange and mysterious plain stretches along between two parallel chains of the Andes, some of whose snowy peaks rise, in unsurpassed grandeur, more than eight thousand feet above this elevated table-land! But what has attracted most curiosity, and is still the marvel of all

travelers, is the fact that this immense plateau is divided into two parts by a deep valley, through which runs the only road between Bolivia and Buenos Ayres. It is more than thirty miles long, and often not a hundred yards wide; steep, towering rocks bound it on both sides. Nearly half way, lies the town of Ingui, and to the north of it the land rises to its full height, until colossal mountains approach on both sides, and closing the unique valley, unite once more above into a level pampa. Here, also, we find winter visiting a land in the tropics with all the severity of Arctic regions; hail-storms and snow-storms, of unheard of fury and fierceness, rage all through the month of July. In the midst of this melancholy region the amazed traveler meets some miserable huts, in which dwell the unhappy children of the ancient Peruvians. They know neither agriculture nor the raising of cattle; proud only of the memory of their fathers, and boasting of many a priceless secret handed down from father to son, they prefer misery in their mournful home to abundance under foreign masters. Their whole wealth consists in a few llamas, their main occupation is the chase of alpacas, guanacos, and chinchillas, of which uncounted numbers are annually sent to the great marts of Europe. A few wash gold, after heavy rains; others gather snow, and carry it down to the lower country. Here, also, extensive plains of salt occur, which the inhabitants break into large pieces, and loading their patient llamas with the pure, sparkling burden, sell it in the nearest cities. Travelers are apt to become "salt-blind," from the insufferable glare of the sun on these mirror-like plains, as those on the high glaciers and ice-fields of the Alps become "snow-blind."

Such are the pampas of our continent, where, in the day, the sun moves from the right to the left, and at noon stands in the north; where, at night, the glorious sign of the southern heaven—the great southern cross—shines with unwonted brilliancy—the comfort of the blind heathen, the sweet symbol of the Christian; where, by night and by day, in all seasons and all ages, we may hear the words: "Arise, go forth into the plain, and I will there talk with thee!" and behold, as the prophet did, "the glory of the Lord standing there."

A LEGEND OF ELSINORE.

O, BUT she had not her peer
 In the kingdom, far or near;
 For God's hand had never made
 Such royalty before.
 All proud passions seemed to dwell,
 Like the voices in a shell,
 In the snowy bosom's swell
 Of Queen Maud of Elsinore.

As the folds of midnight cloud,
 With their starry splendors, shroud
 Pale Diana, as she moves
 Across the western skies;
 So her midnight clouds of hair
 Trailed upon her shoulders bare,
 Shrouded all her forehead fair,
 And made shadows in her eyes.

From the dizzy castle tips,
 She would watch the silent ships,
 Like sheeted phantoms, coming
 And going evermore;
 While the twilight settled down
 On the sleepy little town,
 On the gables, quaint and brown,
 That had sheltered kings of yore.

Her blue eyes drank in the sight,
 With a full and still delight;
 For it was as fair a scene
 As aught in Arcadie:
 Through the yellow-beaded grain—
 Through the hamlet-studded plain—
 Like a trembling azure vein,
 Pulsed the river to the sea.

Spotted belts of cedar-wood
 Partly clasped the widening flood;
 Like a knot of daisies lay
 The hamlets on the hill;
 In the ancient town below,
 Sparks of light would come and go,
 And faint voices, strangely low,
 From the garrulous old mill.

Here the land, in grassy swells,
 Gently rose; there, sunk in dells
 With wide mouths of crimson moss,
 And teeth of rock and peat;
 And, in statue-like repose,
 An old wrinkled mountain rose,
 With its hoary head in snows,
 And musk-roses at its feet.

While the silver-sounding bells,
That came trembling through the dells,
Like rich swells of music broke
On the enchanted ear:
There was something in their chimes
That called up the minstrel times,
Olden poets, and their rhymes,
Like toucht cymbals fine and clear.

And so oft she sat alone,
In the turret of gray stone,
Looking o'er red miles of heath,
Dew-dabbled, to the sea,
That there grew a village cry,
How Maud's cheeks did lose their dye,
As a ship, once, sailing by,
Melted past the sapphire lea.

"Lady Maud," they said, "is vain;
With a cold and fine disdain
She walks o'er mead and moor,
She walketh by the sea—
Sitteth in her tower alone,
Like Enone carved in stone—
Like the queen of half a zone—
Ah, so icy-proud is she!"

When Maud walked abroad, her feet
Seemed far sweeter than the sweet
Wild-flowers that would follow her
With iridescent eyes:
And the spangled eglantine,
And the honeysuckle vine,
Running round and round the pine,
Grew tremulous with surprise.

But she passed by with a stare,
With a half unconscious air,
Making waves of golden froth
Upon a sea of maize;
With her large and clouded eyes
Looking through and through the skies,
As if God's rich paradise
Were growing upon her gaze.

Her lone walks led all one way,
And all ended at the gray,
And the ragged, jagged rocks,
That tooth the dreadful beach:
There Queen Maud would stand, the sweet!
With the white surf at her feet,
While above her wheeled the fleet
Sparrow-hawk with startling screech.

When the stars had blossomed bright,
And the gardens of the night
Seemed all full of marigolds
And violets astir;
Maiden Maud would sit alone,
And the sea with inner tone,
Half of melody and moan,
Would rise up and speak with her.

And she ever loved the sea—
God's half uttered mystery—
With its million lips of shells,
Its never-ceasing roar;
And 'twas well that, when she died,
They made Maud a grave beside
The blue pulses of the tide,
'Mong the crags of Elsinore.

One red-leaf falling morn,
Many russet Autumns gone,
A lone ship with folded wings
Lay dozing off the lea;
It came silently at night,
With its wings of murky white
Folded, after weary flight—
The worn nursling of the sea!

Crowds of peasants flocked the sands;
There were tears and clasping hands;
And a sailor from the ship
Passed through the grave-yard gate.
Only "Maud," the head-stone read;
Only Maud? Was 't all it said?
Why did he bow his head,
Weeping, "Late, alas! too late?"

And they called her cold. God knows....
Underneath the winter snows,
The invisible hearts of flowers
Grow ripe for blossoming;
And the lives that look so cold,
If their stories could be told,
Would seem cast in gentler mould,
Would seem full of love and spring.

SCAMPAVIAS.

PART I.—THE COCKPIT.

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared;
Merrily did we drop.
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top."

I WAS sitting one dull, dreary morning with my heels staring—with great outward satisfaction—at the fire, when the bell rang, and the postman brought me a letter. It was a portentous looking document, wrapped in a huge yellow envelope, sealed with a great splatch of red wax, and franked over the address, with the ominous words, "Navy Department. Official business."

I have not the least doubt that many a poor trembling mariner has endured the same heart-sick feelings, as came over my spirits, on beholding a similar terrible engine—so calculated to scatter dismay in peaceful families—when about to be pryed out of a happy berth on shore, and sent away out upon the salt seas, to the Lord only knows where.

The long, slim icicles, which hung stiff and sharp from the branches of the trees in front of the windows, rattling in the rough blasts of a bleak March wind, were not colder or more dismal than I was, as I slowly tore off the cover of the document. I knew, by instinct, what would be the contents, and I was not a whit wide of the mark. It was very brief—these epistles usually are—and it was couched in the ordinary cast—a peremptory, and by no means affectionate, style.

This was its purport: "Sir,—you are hereby appointed flag lieutenant of the Mediterranean squadron, and will proceed forthwith to report for duty on board the frigate *Cumberland*." While perusing this explicit and expressive missive, I recollect there was a spark flew in both my eyes from the fire; and when the baby was brought to me, as was customary in the morning, to fondle and tumble about the carpet, I could hardly see the little witch, though her downy cheeks were buried in my whiskers, and the soft, fat arms were twined around my throat.

"Another cruise, my dear," said I to my wife, pointing to the paper, which had fallen open upon the floor. "But you won't go, will you?" exclaimed my

help-mate with a shudder, as we nearly let the baby drop, between us. "Why, you know I must;" I replied, mechanically, "unless I toss up my commission and resign, and one don't care to take a step of that nature, here in the middle of the month, for it's so apt to derange the purser's accounts, and—so I fear there's no help for me."

The servant announced breakfast. "What will you have?" inquired my help-mate, as she took a place at the table. "Tea, of the blackest and strongest decoction," I said sadly, for the document had taken the edge off my appetite for solids; and be assured, brother sailor, that tea is your friend on these occasions, for it gives you a stout and indifferent heart.

It is needless to relate how, for a time, there were individuals about the premises, busily employed making up all sorts of linen, and other invisible gear; while the tailors fitted me out in blue broadcloth and bullion; until finally my kit was pronounced perfect, and away I went.

Very sad it made me to go, and I was not chary of epithets upon the world at large, and the Navy Department in particular; but one may as well rail at the northwest wind, while the breakers are dashing on a lee shore, as to look for sympathy in that quarter; and so I might have saved my breath.

I joined the frigate, I remember, in a blinding snow-storm. She lay chained to the piers of the dock-yard, with her lofty masts, black yards, spar deck, and battery, sheeted in snow, while the boats coming from the receiving hulk, in the stream, were crowded with a living freight, which were to compose the crew. There were about five hundred of these last, consisting of the usual reckless, careless spirits, who roam over the ocean, from all climes, and of all nations, including a goodly portion of newly imported wild Irishmen, and a few hardy Yankee salts.

The ship was commissioned, and for about a fortnight after, in addition to

the never-ceasing confusion which reigns on board a vessel newly put in service, there appeared to be a perfect tornado of dock-yard artisans—carpenters—riggers—tinkers, and the like—who rushed distractedly about, tearing everything to pieces that had been effected before, and never seeming to please anybody.

It is worthy of remark, as a general rule, that there is always a wide difference of opinion between the dock-yard people and the mariners, with regard to the comparative utility of the various improvements or fittings of a sea-going ship, and, in the end, both parties are not disinclined to part with each other as soon as practicable.

Our trials, in this respect, were not of long duration, and one bright, pleasant morning, early in the month of May, Anno Domini 1852, the sailing orders came.

When the tide made in the afternoon, the pilot gave the word, the iron fasts were let run from the ports, the stagings hauled on shore, and slowly the vessel's head swung off from the pier-head towards the stream. There was a low, squat steam-tug in readiness for us, painted very red, and looking extremely infernal and wicked, as she lay at a wharf some distance astern, and only evinced her spleen at intervals, by short splenetic coughs from her escape pipes, as if she was viciously inclined upon bursting her boilers, out of the purest spite and rage, right under the frigate's counters.

"Are the hawsers ready?" cried the first lieutenant. A toss of the hand was the affirmative reply from the man on board the tug, and, without a moment's hesitation or timidity, the red beast screwed noiselessly alongside the ship, and seizing her with a nip like to a forceps, the broad propeller vibrated backwards and forwards for a moment; and then, as if tired of such nonsense, with a whirling spin, that made the water foam, she breasted her enormous burden slowly, but surely, down the harbor of Boston.

A little before sunset, we reached the outer anchorage of Nantasket Roads, where, the wind being unfavorable, we let go an anchor. The steam tug, having apparently done her worst in dragging us away from our homes, rested placidly beside us for a time, in the enjoyment of our grief; when, having

taken on board some pleasant friends, who had come to see the last of us on this side of the globe, they departed, leaving us poor, sad, woe-begone mortals, to brood over our sorrows alone.

At early dawn, the following day, the wind came furtively fair. I am inclined to this opinion, though I did not feel it, nor ask a soul about it; for, I was much too miserable to care for anything of the sort. Yet, I felt assured my surmise was correct, because I heard the sharp ring of the boatswains' whistles, with the cry of: "All hands up anchor." Then again there was a short race around the capstans, but presently the tramp of the busy feet ceased; the word was passed along the gun deck to "secure the cable;" and then, I knew again that we were not off yet.

I made a determined effort some hours later, and succeeded in reaching the upper air. The weather had changed, as the barometer had predicted; the horizon, where the sun rose, looked hard and gloomy; and the wind, too, was creeping stealthily, but steadily, from the same direction. Before noon, rain came, and then the pilot muttered that he felt "dubersome" about the appearances. One of the ocean-steamers was anchored near us; but presently she struck her paddles deep into the water, and, turning her nose up at sails and head winds, dashed away towards Halifax. It was a matter of discussion with us at dinner, that day, if the steward of the Cunarder had not supplied her with a superabundance of provisions, since long before night, with a rising head sea and strong gale, she must have been forced to reduce her revolutions, while, perhaps, her passengers increased theirs. In fact, with our big hull, and the very slight and almost imperceptible oscillations caused by the ocean swell, the young marine officer was heard pathetically to request the caterer not to cook any delicacies for him, of any kind or description. From that, those of the strong stomachs divined that the soldier preferred the land for a lengthened residence. The warning, however, to the caterer, seemed to be a matter of supererogation, for no opportunity presented itself during our stay at the Roads for procuring delicacies of the most frugal sort; with the exception of a merchant in a boat, from the famous town of Hull, hard by the anchorage. He came close under the frigate's

stern, and, holding up a couple of eggs, asked if "some wun of you fellers keerd to buy 'em." He also volunteered to "go and kitch some tom cod," but, gaining no heed to his solicitations, he sailed away disgusted.

For six tedious days, the easterly gale howled dismally, while the rain fell chillingly, in concert. There we lay, ready for sea, the guns secured, the messenger passed, the capstan bars laid beside the capstans, and all dancing attendance upon the perverse wind, while

"—All the noisy waves went freshly leaping,
Like gamesome boys over the church-yard dead."

The only object which seemed to revel with delight in this dreary scene was our friend the red steam-tug. She was evidently out on a frolic. During the heaviest and wildest weather, the monster, as if conscious of her iron muscle and power, would go plunging out to sea, in and out and around the angry ledges and breakers, looking for all the world like a huge lobster, with her revolving claws ready, at a moment's notice, to snap up any misguided bark that had unfortunately been driven, in distress, upon the pitiless rocks by the gale.

How we all doled through the time, during this tedious weather, I leave to those who are fond of the sea to imagine. For my own part, I mustered up a little energy one morning, and arranged my traps in some show of order. I lived down in a dark, gloomy aperture of the ship, in a place called, for what reason brain of man cannot divine, the cockpit. It is always associated in my mind with the "spot where Nelson died"—which, by the way, aside from the cowardly musket-ball of the Frenchman, would not have been a subject of wonderment, if he had been obliged to lodge in any similar hole to mine.

Owing to the detestable internal economy of space within our old-fashioned-built vessels of war, neither officers nor men enjoy the wholesome or well-arranged quarters they reasonably should. In the present day, the ward-rooms are the most crowded apartments in the ship; and it frequently happens, as in my case, that, without swinging in a cot, *al fresco*, as it were, in the open "country," with the privilege of a wash-stand in the street, I should have been obliged

to perambulate the frigate of nights, on my individual feet, or to roost in the boats, or, perhaps, in the codfish-boxes under the maintop, since the regular state rooms were legitimately occupied by those entitled to them.

Fortunately, however, the cockpit was vacant, and there a cabin was placed at my disposal; for, as I was in "everybody's mess and nobody's watch," I had no claims to more agreeable accommodations.

There were three others who shared with me this retreat: the secretary and a brace of surgeons.

It was a perfect *ladderrinth* to get down to this pit; but, when once down, it had virtues of its own. Sunlight was never seen there by the Ancient Mariner himself. Air had been there occasionally, but in very small quantities—I mean breathing air. My private belief is, that the cockpit was solely invented for purposes of suffocation. The great bread-rooms opened into the pit, from whose capacious tinned receptacles the biscuit was daily taken to feed the mouths above. The purser's store-house, too, sent forth its tribute of slops, consisting of every imaginable material from red jackets to pepper—brogans and beeswax, thread, trowsers, thimbles, pins, pans, silks, and candles. Then, again, the hospital drugs, and the officers' private stores, were all drawn in bulk from these realms, to say nothing of the loaded shell magazines, with their villainous sulphur and saltpetre, being entombed directly beneath the deck.

The awful smell, in warm weather, of tar, ropes, damp clothing, drugs, provisions, powder, and the compound fluid-extract of pure bilge water, and the like refreshing elements, reeked here in stifling profusion; but one good mouthful of pure oxygen, I say again, was never inhaled in the pit. Ethereal spirits of that volatile nature resort nearer to the heavens.

This was the appearance of things at the outset of the cruise; and, moreover, there was an obstructed passage-way leading forward from this den to the spirit-room hatch, and designed for filling shells, thus corking us up like a bottle. At a later period, however, on getting quit of the dock-yard men, our own carpenters, with a few vigorous blows of sledge-hammers and crowbars, knocked the entire fabric away, leaving a wide space, where a large lantern shed

its gleams perpetually beside a sentinel placed there to keep guard over the residents and property; and where, too, a plethoric wind-sail poured a current of fresh air from the breezy regions above; thus making, on the whole, our life more luxurious, wholesome, and comfortable than before.

At the same time, notwithstanding the unavoidable ills of a sea life, not sufficiently alleviated by a liberal allowance of candles, and the certainty of being the first blown up in case of fire, we still existed as pleasantly and happily as human beings could expect to, six feet under water, within the walls of a ship.

To descend, however, to details: my own cabin was precisely six feet square and nearly five feet high—not quite, but an inch or two below a certain elevation is not important. Except in the struggle to put on my trowsers in a hurry, which, perhaps, could have been more easily performed by standing on my head, I experienced no difficulty or inconvenience whatever on that score.

Of the six feet square, my bunk and bed occupied about one-fourth—narrow, to be sure, in the most sanguine view of the case. Had it been occupied by my uncle Toby, before his anticipated marriage with Mrs. Wadman, I feel persuaded that Mr. Shandy would not have cast reproach upon the widow for being about to prevent her lover from "sleeping diagonally in his bed;" for, under the most favorable auspices, it would have puzzled a monkey to have laid crosswise in mine.

I often pondered, while lying awake in my narrow crib, how a gentleman in easy circumstances on shore would accept of a night's lodging like unto my retreat; to be asked to sleep in a hole six feet under ground—except it were considered a grave—with a smoked pork-shop next door, a bakery and druggery on the other, an old clothes emporium over the way, and a powder magazine beneath; then to breathe a foul atmosphere of tar, cheese, and roaches; without a ray of light, save that dimly emitted by smoky oil; and the whole catalogue of delights closed by reposing on rockers, to roll and to pitch, or swing to and fro as in a birdcage. I wonder, I say, whether, after a first trial, the visitor would care to enjoy the like hospitality again!

A bureau, with a writing affair, at-

tachment, stood in one corner; a small wash-stand in the other; a couple of shelves held my books above, and around were racks of wooden pegs to hold my watch-clothes and ordinary raiment. Outside the cabin, behind a canvas screen, was a bath-tub, where I could disport myself to an unlimited extent in salt water. All this constituted my palace afloat; and, though neither gilded nor frescoed, it still became a snug little home for the cruise, where I could be sad or merry, studious or dreamy, as the spirit moved me.

It was on the 17th of May, at daylight, that we were all astir. The wind had veered fair, and, indeed, it was high time, for the pilot was out of shirts, and threatened to leave us to our fate. The anchors were soon wrung from their resting places, the head sails hoisted, and, in company with a great crowd of outward bounders, we all steered seaward together.

On gaining an offing, we hove to for a moment, to give the pilot a chance to step into his cockle-shell of a boat. "Good-by, captain," said he, as he strapped up the certificate of his pilotage in one of the fat pocket-books with which people of his profession invariably supply themselves. "Good-by, pilot," said we all; "keep a look-out for us three years from to-day." "Aye, aye—I guess I won't," he exclaimed, as he gave his beaver a pull, and, seizing one of the oars, sculled on board his vessel.

An hour later, we ran past the steam frigate Mississippi, gave a mutual salute of hearty cheers, and then, making all sail, before the night closed around us, the rocks, villages, light-houses, and sand-hills of Cape Cod had faded away in the distance, and the frigate held her prow resolutely towards the broad Atlantic.

For some days we went bowling along at great speed, with a single reef in the topsails, past George's shoals into the Gulf Stream, with the fogs and drizzle which hang round those warm water regions obscuring the horizon, and holding the canvas of the frigate out full and rigid. The effect, too, produced by the sudden change of medium of air and sea, caused the inside walls and ceilings of the vessel to condense in moisture, and every plank, timber, and bolt pour out oozy drops of perspiration upon our devoted heads. At last, came clear, drying weather, when, with winds

at times light, then fresh, first from one quarter, and then another, but always fair, we made rapid progress towards the Old World.

The internal organs of the ship also progressed favorably; a great portion of the crew were at first greener than the sea, in the ways of a man-of-war; but constant drilling in the ordinary routine of duty soon put everything in tolerable working order. At the outset, after recovering from the soul-harrowing effects of sea-sickness, their physical energies were devoted to recruiting their stomachs, and the effect was visibly manifest at every succeeding general muster, when they all marched around the captain for inspection.

I should say, on an *avoidupois* guess, that in aggregate bulk, the crew increased at the rate of about four tons per month. The marines, perhaps, fell a trifle below this estimate; for being of sedentary habits, and immoderately addicted to "duff," which invariably produced the colic, they were in a mass neutralized in fatness. Our friends, however, the Milesians, were the most difficult persons to bring into the traces. Paddy is tractable and witty, but stupid and blundering. They would persist in stowing their hammocks on one side of the deck in the morning, and looking for them on the other at night; being deluded into this dilemma, by remarking only the rising of the sun, and giving no heed to the stem or stern of the ship, they forgot that the sun had got round to another part of the heavens. Going up the rigging, however, was their severest trial. They were always "light in the hed, and wake in the ligs, not bein' accustomed to the say," though an old quarter-master of my acquaintance was eager to bet a month's pay that, with a hod of mortar over their shoulders, they could beat a cat to the main-royal truck.

It was not, however, trifles of this nature that the officers had seriously to contend with. It was with that class of persons whose characters or habits had become distasteful to their fellow-men on shore; to whom a man-of-war is an *Alsatia* of refuge; with whom clear good-natured persuasion or reason has but little weight; and who require the strong hand, and not unfrequently the cold steel at their throats, to reduce them to wholesome discipline and obedience.

The government had abolished flogging in the navy. Since the passage of the law, this was the first cruise wherein I had had the opportunity of witnessing the effect of that measure in a ship of war. It was, at the time, with me, a matter of exceeding doubt—while the grog part of the ration was left to work its pernicious influence—whether a man-of-war could be properly disciplined, without the lash, or the substitute of cruel and unusual means of punishment, to curb the naturally mutinous and vicious.

Contrary, however, to all my preconceived convictions, trained, as I had been, for many years, under the old system, where the cats were swung habitually upon the backs of the seamen, I must candidly admit, that my views have undergone an entire change.

There is not an officer, with the true feelings of manhood, whose soul has not revolted at the disgusting practice of punishment under the old regulations; and neither, do I believe, are there many who would not willingly have seen the lash abolished, had wise and effective substitutes been devised to supply its place. This, however, in a moment of hasty legislation, was overlooked; and the only means left with the officers to control the men, were those of an ordinary nature, or in nautical parlance, "according to the usages of the sea service."

The experiment, I feel persuaded, was fairly tried on board the *Cumberland*, and I am equally certain with decided success. There was introduced on board the frigate a thorough and impartial administration of rewards, as well as punishments, which held out encouragement to the good, and meted out strict justice to the bad. A prison was constructed on the lower deck, where the prisoners could not communicate with their shipmates. It had transverse rods of iron at top and bottom, to which the culprits were shackled, and they were made to keep the same watch below that their shipmates did on the upper deck, instead of dozing away their time in comparative comfort.

For light offenses the men were given extra work, and deprived of liberty on shore; but for offenses of greater magnitude, confinement for certain periods in double irons, and by sentence of court martial, disratings, deprivation of

pay, or disgraceful discharge from the service.

It was, however, the minor delinquencies that required the most attention, and the burden of the duty fell entirely upon the executive officers, of whom incessant vigilance was at all times demanded. At the same time, the rights of the crew and their comforts were respected. They were treated with moderation and firmness. I never heard of an oath being spoken through the trumpet during the period I was in the ship; and eventually the frigate became the most creditable vessel, in many points of view, that it had been my lot to sail in.

I must admit, however, that the crew did not, on all occasions, work with the same quickness and alacrity, as I had known in other ships; but this was more attributable to the feebler stamina of the men themselves, than to any defect of the system.

Of recent years, a great depreciation has been observed in the professional capacities of the enlisted men in the navy, and California and Australia may have been, in some degree, the allurements which have drawn them away, though it is fair to presume the race has not become entirely extinct. There is another reason, however, in the belief the sailors cherish, that, since the abolition of the cats, the brunt of the work on Uncle Sam's decks will fall upon the good men; and that the lazy, skulkers and worthless will have all the play and none of the labor. Even now, I venture to assert that, were the vote taken among the men themselves, on board every ship of war in commission, a large majority would be cast for the cats.

The chronometric point from which everything dates, on ship-board, is seven bells. A man-of-war wakes fairly with bustling life at that hour in the morning. The boatswains' whistles ring through the ship; the men tumble out of their hammocks on the gun and berth decks, and preparations are made for breakfast. As sounds fly upward, and as a salute of 32-pounders might be fired without particularly disturbing the denizens of the cockpit, we were generally informed of the hour by a servitor who attended upon us—a recent importation from Cork. Unlike his countrymen, he was a dandy, and had been known to reverse the oil cruet of the

casters upon his hirsute locks, to give them a glossy hue. "Av ye plaze, sur, to turn out," was his accustomed salutation, while lighting a candle on the bureau. Without a moment's reflection, I would throw my heels out of the bunk, and slide as gracefully as my attire would admit (taking care the while not to jolt my brains against the hard pine beams above) on to a camp-stool. Here, a few moments' rasping with the hair brushes served to restore my wits for the day, when ducking through the state-room door, into what we called the rural districts, I underwent a splash of sea-water, and then returned calmly to my vestments. There is nothing like a dip of cold water, at any time, but especially when the blood wants quickening in the sleepy morning.

By the time the boatswains again begin their shrill music, in piping to breakfast, the bell strikes eight, and then I knew by instinct that the gun-room meal was ready also, and accordingly I ascend to the upper regions. The officers' breakfast is quite "*à la trait-eur*," that is to say, each servant has something hot on the coals, at the cook-shop of the galley, for his officer. My individual prejudices were usually in favor of a grilled sea robin—the marine jargon for red herrings—stale bread with red wine and water. Eggs I never touch on the ocean—an absurd fancy which I could never overcome.

The breakfast equipage remains on the mess table about an hour; and any indifferent person, whether he be of the civil or military establishment of the ship, may sit and chat, or eat away the time, as it best pleases him. But, as the bell strikes nine o'clock, the drum takes up the sound, with a sharp, quick beat to quarters, while all hurry off to their stations. In a few minutes, the morning inspection of the crew and vessel is over—the batteries and gear examined—the retreat sounds, and all are thrown upon their resources of duty or pleasure, as the case may be. The captain and executive officer visit the different parts of the vessel, to see if all is in a state of order and cleanliness; the lieutenants exercise the divisions at the great guns and small arms; the surgeons make their professional calls upon the sick, and, if need be, the mechanics fall to work upon the canvas, wood, and iron. Every one has something to do,

and the time slips on to noon, when the sailing-master gets up the reckoning, marks off the ship's run upon the charts, and the crew go to dinner. The hours again creep on, until a little before three, when the beholder may remark, through the lattices of the wardroom cabins, the inhabitants thereof putting on coats, and making other preparations of the toilet, to be in readiness for dinner, as the bell strikes six. It was, with us, and is commonly on board a well-regulated and harmonious ship, the most cheerful hour of the day. When the clatter of removing first courses partially subsides, conversation becomes general; and, since there is rarely a man to be found, among our seafaring tribe, who has not visited some outlandish spot on the globe, or beheld some strange sight, or is cognizant of some remarkable incident, that his brethren have not seen, heard, or dreamed of, it follows that all, in turn, enjoy the opportunity of giving out their experiences, and one may readily imagine that, with narrators like sailor cos-

mopolites, there is often a world of amusement or adventure to be beguiled with.

And oh, my messmates! when we glance back upon the many merry, jovial hours we have passed together—when we reflect upon the fitful changes of this fleeting life, and of the black lines drawn, by those below us, day by day, through our names on the navy list, have we not reason to be grateful, that it pleased heaven to set a merciful watch over us, as individuals, and that we did not “sleep full many a fathom deep,” but held our wind, without being crippled in spars or rigging, under full sails and happy auspices, free from jar or discord? Well, then, my friends, I'm with you all, in spirit, once more, and wherever this may find you wandering—in green or blue water, in storm or calm, under torrid or temperate suns—I toss off a glass of our old “Batt's Pale” to your health, happiness, and speedy promotion. Bismillah! may the same blessings be showered upon the head of the drinker!

THE PROGRESS OF RELIGIOUS IDEAS.*

IT is a long time since the pen of Mrs. Child has remained in comparative abeyance. But during that period she has certainly not been an idle looker-on in the field of letters. With her activity of intellect, and her passion for research, she could not permit so many years to pass, without some important literary enterprise in view. She well accounts for her silence, by the production of these elaborate volumes.

They form a comprehensive historical work, to which the distinguished writer has devoted the researches and reflections of a long series of years. It is evidently the result of a peculiar personal experience, written with the freshness and ardor of earnest conviction, and clothed with an extraordinary subjective importance, on account of its connection with phases of mental development, in the progress of the author. For this reason, it will present great

attractions to a certain class of readers, who will find in it the reproduction of their own thoughts—the difficulties with which they have been beset, and possibly the solutions which they have attained—while, to persons of a more positive, dogmatic turn of mind, its broad, catholic statements will appear like perfidy to the prevailing faith of Christendom, and its resolute aim at impartiality like an excess of philosophic indifference. It is, however, but common justice to the author, to estimate the work from her own point of view, and that is one which has been seldom taken by writers on religious subjects.

Her motive, in the composition of these volumes, was, to present a succinct and candid analysis of the essential ideas embodied in the leading religious systems of the world, from the most ancient Hindoo records to the complete

* *The Progress of Religious Ideas through successive Ages.* By L. MARIA CHILD. 3 vols. New York: C. S. Francis & Co., 1855.

establishment of the Catholic church, intent only on accuracy of narrative, without reference to the decision of theological questions. Equally averse to the scoffing tone of skeptical writers, who regard all religions as impositions on human credulity, and to the foregone conclusions of ecclesiastical partisans, who betray a greater zeal for the support of their case than an even-handed attachment to universal truth, she has endeavored to do justice to all manifestations of religious faith—treating each of them with fairness and reverence, but showing no more favor to one than to another.

With this aim, she has exhibited each religion in the light of its own sacred books; in all cases presenting impartially the beauties and the blemishes; and ever solicitous neither to exaggerate merits nor to conceal defects. With regard to the positive truth or error of any system, she has preserved an absolute silence; not through timidity, or the want of decided opinions on her part, but from respect to the unity of her plan. But she has not failed to place each form of worship in the light in which it appeared to the sincere believers in its divine origin.

The course of inquiry in which Mrs. Child has engaged, embraces the manifestations of religion in the prevailing beliefs of the Hindoos, Egyptians, Chinese, Persians, and other Oriental nations, in the mythology of Greece and Rome, and the Celtic tribes, and in the historical developments of Judaism and Christianity. Following the great stream of eastern tradition, as the principal source of religious ideas, she finds the same psychologic facts reappearing under different forms, in every climate and age. "The same gamut, with infinite modifications of mode and time." The history of opinions is but the record of the successive steps in which Infinite Wisdom has been manifested among the errors, the frailties, the passions, and the intense spiritual longings of finite souls. The religious faith of the world has been of gradual growth. Our present modes of thought combine the mystic contemplations that were exercised in the ancient forests of Hindostan—the sublime aspirations of the Egyptians, born of vast deserts and the solemn gloom of subterranean temples—the faith in angelic hierarchies,

which illuminated the soul of the Persian—the Hebrew reliance on supernatural power, and the practical wisdom of Moses—the moonlight visions of the Infinite, which passed before the long-ling eye of Plato—and the gospel of forgiveness and love proclaimed by "the Great Prophet of Nazareth."

But Christianity, doubtless, contains a vital element of progress, superior to any other spiritual influence which has been revealed to the world. It is the only form of religion which has warmed up whole nations to sacrifice time, talent, and wealth, for the benefit of remote and degraded classes of people, from whom no advantage could be expected in return. Though, in the lapse of ages, it may change its external and adventitious conditions, all that really makes it a religion will remain forever.

It has been a favorite inquiry with some of the most eminent religious writers, to trace the analogy between the manifestations of religion in different ages of the world, thus showing the essential identity of the religious sentiment and its deep foundation in the nature of man. Mrs. Child has brought a rich abundance of materials for the illustration of this process. Everywhere she finds the elements of religious belief. Everywhere she finds the recognition of a Supreme Creator of the Universe; of a spiritual principle in man; of a golden age of innocence in the past, and a golden age of holiness in the future. Without deciding the question of comparative antiquity between the Hindoos, Chaldeans, and Egyptians, she maintains that the primitive ideas of religion sprung up among those old Oriental nations, whence they have descended on the stream of history, leaving their manifest impress on the character and development of subsequent ages. "From some spring in distant mountains, they have flocked down to us on the tide of time, like the little boats laden with flowers, and illuminated by a lamp, which South Sea Islanders set adrift on the waters, to be wafted to spirits in other regions. These flowers from the past have scattered seed in our gardens, and scintillations from the little floating lamp have lighted the wax tapers on our altars, the chandeliers in our churches."

No sacred writings of Chaldea and Egypt are known to have been preserved. The Hindoos and the Hebrews are the

only people of antiquity, of whose sacred literature we have any full and authentic remains. In comparing the religious ideas of these two nations, we discover a general resemblance amid characteristic differences. Both were remarkable for the fastidious care with which they preserved their sacred books. In both cases, it is difficult to determine the precise dates and authors of different portions. In both countries, the remaining fragments were collected by a compiler, believed to be inspired for the purpose—Vyasa among the Hindoos, and Ezra among the Hebrews. In both countries, the sacred books were the standard of the civil law, as well as of the religious ceremonies; in both, a new significance was given to the old record in the progress of social development and mental culture; in both, the ancient writings practically gave place to new compositions of an inferior order, the *Pouranes* among the Hindoos, and the *Talmud* among the Jews. Both nations claimed to be the exclusive depositories of divine truth, and hence regarded contact with foreigners as pollution, and in both a great religious teacher arose in the lapse of ages, protesting against the authority of the priesthood, appealing to the universal sympathies of humanity, and encouraging the common people to listen to teachers of their own degree.

The religion of Christ was the living expression of the celestial wisdom of its founder. Its superior excellence at once attracted the most truly noble minds of the age. Their convictions were echoed by the testimony of succeeding ages. Diluted as Christianity became by its admixture with worldly ideas, it contained within itself vital and indestructible principles. "Through all the din and dissonance of polemics, the gentle, sympathizing words of Jesus sounded forever, like a silver bell above the howlings of the storm. Earnest souls listened reverently to the all-pervading tones, and received therefrom a more child-like trust in the Heavenly Father, more humanity toward suffering brethren, and more assured hopes of life beyond the grave." The adaptation of Christianity to the universal wants of the soul, caused it to spread rapidly among the masses of mankind. The priests of Hindostan and Egypt, the philosophers of Greece and Rome, concealed the bright truths from the

common mind, through fear of desecration by familiar contact. Moses took a great step in advance, when he attempted to make a nation of priests of the sons of Israel. And Ezra wisely promoted his liberal purposes by erecting synagogues for the instruction of the people in the Law and the Prophets. Socrates, too, addressed his words of wisdom to the mind of mechanics in the market-place of Athens—but this was merely the dissemination of knowledge. The soul of Jesus, on the other hand, dwelt in the sphere of holiness, above the effervescence of passion and the limitations of intellect, and was filled to overflowing with a divine sympathy for the erring, the poor, and the wretched. He alone could say that he came to heal the broken-hearted, to preach good news to the poor, and to declare to the penitent woman: "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much." "Nearly two thousand years have passed away," says our author, "since those words of love and pity were uttered; yet, when I read them, my eyes often fill with tears. I thank thee, O Heavenly Father, for all the messengers thou hast sent to me; but above all, I thank thee for this, thy beloved son! Pure lily blossom of the centuries taking root deep in the muddy depths, and receiving the light and warmth of heaven into its golden heart! All that the pious have felt, all that poets have said, all that artists have done, with their manifold forms of beauty, to represent the ministry of Jesus, are but feeble expressions of the great debt we owe Him."

Such is the general conclusion at which the author arrives, as the sum of her laborious researches—a conclusion, however, to which the merit of novelty can scarcely be accorded, though, perhaps, it has never been stated with such distinctness of expression, and such variety of illustration, as in the present volumes. The cardinal idea of the identity of the spiritual nature of man has been a favorite theme with speculative philosophers in all ages; it was warmly cherished by the most celebrated fathers of the Christian church; and, in more recent times, was proclaimed as the basis of a wide-spread religious system by Fox, Barclay, Penn, and their most consistent followers among the Friends of England and America. Indeed, Mrs. Child appears

to be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of original Quakerism. That movement, in its inception, was a protest against the materialism of the age and the formality of the church, and an appeal in behalf of the presence and universality of a spiritual light in the soul of man. Mrs. Child has brought the aid of copious historical investiga-

tions to the support of this principle. Not, however, in a sectarian or dogmatic spirit; for her record of opinion is singularly free from any private influences. Her readers would scarcely anticipate the results of the inquiry, which she conducts with such a serene, intellectual equipoise, without prejudice and without partiality.

TO A WHIP-POOR-WILL.

WHY whip poor Will? what sin of mine
Deserves so harsh a word?
How impudent! I half incline
To quarrel with the bird.

Close to my chamber window, love,
That creature, every night,
Comes perching on the boughs above—
An ill-commissioned sprite.

And in that cool, sarcastic style
To pity me pretends:
Calls me "poor William," yet the while
A whipping recommends.

Poor Will! Poor Will! yet "whip poor Will!"
Thou contradictory thing;
What's my offense, and wherefore still
So cross a carol sing?

Thus at my chamber window, love,
Hid in that elm-tree shade,
From heaven's reproachful eyes above,
He screams my serenade.

Till, in the stillness of the hour,
Beneath those solemn stars,
His chant with a mysterious pow'r
My midnight slumber mars.

My little monitor! I own
That in the hush of night
Thy cry comes o'er me like the tone
Of conscience—thou art right.

Since, though for knowledge incomplete
Some pity I deserve,
Full off with weak and willing feet
From duty's path I swerve.

And pity must be mingled still
With chastisement—I know it—
Or else my native bent for ill
Might spoil both man and poet.

OWLCOPSE.

IN THREE PARTS—PART I.

"The virtue most in request is conformity."—EMERSON.

THEN I thought this meant conformity with the established customs of society; and, though some of these did not always find my young reason docile, the sanction of time inspired my inexperience with a certain respect—my wisdom of a little while bowed down before the old, general wisdom. In order to form an entirely independent opinion, possessing true value to my own eyes, I waited until years should give me a profounder knowledge of things. Years have not been tardy. They have shown me that the most savage demand, the most tyrannical exaction, is conformity to private opinion. Those individualities, which are called throughout the world reformers, and so forth, seem to me so bleak, so hard, so exclusive, that I wait another lapse of years to see clearer the relations between progress, in which I believe with the fervor of faith, and its agents, who walk side by side with wrath—now the executioners, anon the victims.

I.

Ellen Grey belonged to a conforming family; that is, they were well off, lived in a handsome house, spent fully their income, dressed elegantly, received hospitably all who came, without the catechism of religion, politics, or opinion, and fulfilled cheerfully the common exactions of society. If a solicitor came into Mr. Grey's office, he gave heartily to church, orphan asylum, relief union, homes for friendless, without thinking of his dreadful responsibility, or of the wicked encouragement he was lending to popular evils. His poor, ignorant heart was touched with the thought that, perhaps, one suffering being might be benefited by the money he had comfortably earned. If a beggar came to Mrs. Grey's door, he went away with a stomach or bundle fuller, and even money gleamed in his fingers—without good little Mrs. Grey having thought to call him a liar, to insist on smelling his breath, examine his bandages, and expose him in the afternoon by hunting up invented quarters. She did visit much among the poor, but, as she said,

she could not look into the condition of them all in the great city; and she would rather see, with her own eyes, the bit she gave spent in grog at the corner, than to let one good soul go away unaided. She may have been wrong; but I am no more intellectual than Mrs. Grey, so I shall not attempt to decide.

One of her sons-in-law was a Know-Nothing, and wanted to trample into the dust all foreigners; but Mrs. Grey could not be made to understand it. Once, after having just heard the most convincing arguments on the subject, she chanced to find two way-worn Irishmen in the kitchen, who had walked from New York, and had not had a mouthful, they said, that day. The Dutch girl had gone to holiday church. Mrs. Grey cooked with her own hands four slices of ham, fried some potatoes, dressed tomatoes, cut up a loaf of bread, and did not seem to be amazed when every trace of it, grease and all, had vanished from the table.

The fierce son-in-law grew blue in the face, because she asked who had invited foreigners to this country; who had opened offices to them and put them in; and whether it was wicked to take advantage of benefits, and raise your condition? He said she was a simpleton; and, as he was a man, and voted, and read papers, she supposed she was, and kept silent.

Mr. and Mrs. Grey had been brought up on a farm, with little schooling, much hard work, frugal diet, simple tastes, and early bed-hours. They had iron constitutions, so that they passed unscathed through the ordeal of city-life; and, with the carelessness of perfect health, paid no attention to the diet or habits of their children. They were ambitious to give them the advantages they had been deprived of; and, judging from their own disappointment and ripened thirst for knowledge, expected to see them cling to learning with a zeal that would make them prodigies. Ellen was sent to school when four years old, and, until sixteen, she bent over the low desk, that consumptive instrument of torture, which presses

against the vital organs of the young, hollowing their chests, curving their backs, making leather-visaged, wizened-up mummies of them. Day after day she came home with bursting headaches and blood-shot eyes. Her seat had been close by the stove; and, to keep the little purple girl in the furthest corner from freezing, stove and pipe daily glowed red hot. Mrs. Grey dosed her with blue mass and vermifuge, saved the richest, daintiest morsels for her, let her take long pickles to school, and made a highly-seasoned catchup for her especial benefit.

Thanks to early privation, Mrs. Grey could have swallowed pebbles and nails without discomfort. It is but justice to say she did not know of her child's stove sufferings. Ellen was a timid, submissive creature in her own defense. She said to herself: "The school-room is small; somebody must sit there, and I am so used to it, I suspect I can bear the heat and head-ache better than the other girls." Several of her school-mates she loved dearly; it might fall to their lot to sit there, she would sacrifice anything for their sake. She grew up a delicate, sensitive girl, so dependent upon love and sympathy that all isolated occupations were irksome to her. She could not enjoy reading unless she met a responsive look; and grew restless, when writing or sewing, if the room chanced to be empty. As one of her poetic admirers said, "she seemed born to be the shadow of another soul, an earthly symbol to it that the sun shone." All loved her, and, in the genial atmosphere of her home, she belied the saying, that the doom of highly-strung natures is sorrow.

They were a jolly family, and every day brought some pleasure, concocted together round the fire-side, or arranged in secret to surprise some loved one. Mr. Grey's father was a German, and had handed down to him many old customs, rendered still more sacred by the recollections of a tender parent and happy childhood. It was delightful to him, as the anniversary of his marriage approached, to see the scheming of his children, their frightened looks lest he should pop in upon their hidden preparations, the mysterious bundles huddled out of sight, and finally their heart-felt, innocent joy when he sat on the throne, beside his wife, looking out from his bower of cedar and roses to receive the

speeches, poems, and presents they had prepared with their own brains and hands. The neighbors said there was always a festival going on at the Greys'; and the young folks who did not visit them were really to be pitied. Marriages, births, anniversaries, Christmases, New Years, Thanksgivings, tableaux, and the like, kept them busy. Mrs. Grey would not let them stagnate, for if nothing better was proposed, she would sit down at the piano, and play, with her stiff, stumpy fingers, quadrilles, waltzes and polkas that she had had the courage and perseverance to learn late in life; or, if somebody else was there to play, she would lead off the dance, and show the spectators that both her soul and body had part in it. She said dancing was healthful and improving; for it kept her boys at home and made the girls less lazy.

II.

There must be immense preparations at the Greys' now; for Ellen is to be married. Many party dresses were made in anticipation of the event; many speculations indulged in as to the chances of an invitation, and all agreed it would certainly be the most brilliant soiree of the season. But to the wonder of everybody she disappeared one morning for the East; and rumor said there had been a family-wedding without any cake or wine—and that the bride wore a gray dress and bonnet. Some suggested that Mr. Grey had failed, or was going to; but Mrs. Tylor knew Mr. Brooks, the bridegroom; and said "she was sure it was his request that the wedding should be private."

"Why, was he a sensible young man who hated parade and show?"

"Yes," Mrs. Tylor supposed, "he was;" but thought "he did it more from principle."

"What principle?"

"Why, opposition to forms, my dear, to be sure; he wouldn't have had any marriage-ceremony, if the Greys hadn't felt so dreadfully about it. He says it's all stuff, and he had rather swear to a tree than to the minister."

III.

Ellen has returned and is shedding bitter tears at the parting with parents, friends, and relations. Above all other grief—though she is ashamed to confess it to her own heart—is the parting with Rose Lea—the affection that has no tie

of blood or duty; that has sprung from free election, and been cemented by a goodness and worth rarely equaled. Rose differed from Ellen in force of character: she felt the necessity of exercising her own will, she revolted at injustice. The cheek that blushed in proffering a present, or conferring a favor, could burn with indignation; and the voice that tenderly consoled could speak out boldly against wrongs to herself or others. She was gentle and timid as a fawn; yet full of active goodness. Though surrounded by the luxuries of wealth, she dressed as simply as a quakeress, and left the mark of her hand all over the house. She did not confine her charities to money or influence; but served to clothe the naked; ran about to look for board or lodgings for friendless strangers; took the modest penniless into her home; helped to arrange the humble dwelling of some poor but cherished friend—and all with a pretty, awkward diffidence that spoke more of the obliged than of the obliger. She loved Ellen with an admiring, pitying love—admiration for her affectionate, disinterested nature, and pity for the want of self-resource that rendered her so entirely dependent upon the sympathy of others. She knew it came partly from her feeble health and physical weakness, and lavished on her the same tender care she would on a delicate plant that languished whenever the sun stole away from the window.

They wept long in each other's arms; and Ellen drove off, beside her husband, to her country home.

IV.

It lay in a deep valley; and as far as eye could reach the Brookses were monarchs of all they surveyed. Golden rye-fields, waving wheat and oats, stately corn-stalks and verdant pastures indicate a well-stocked, well-kept farm. Mountain peaks, in gray and purple distance, set off the prospect like a dark frame around a gay summer landscape.

Ellen was delighted, and kept her husband laughing at her enthusiastic exclamations and orders to get out and gather her some of the bearded heads of grain, that she might see the difference, or a pretty weed that she threw quickly away on smelling it. Her knowledge of the country was confined to rides in the environs of the city and occasional visits to country town-resi-

dences of her friends. The novelty of a real farm was intoxicating. She threw her arms round her husband's neck, said she was so happy, she hoped to become a strong country woman, and to learn to milk cows. There were plenty of them to milk, to judge from the dotted pastures; and as they drove up to the double, ample, white house, they were greeted by such loud, cracked, discordant crows from long-legged-tailless Shanghais, that Ellen held her ears, and asked if those were really chickens.

Mr. Brooks, her husband's father, stood on the steps to receive them. He was a stately, dignified gentleman, pleasant in countenance, and courteous in manner. Ellen had seen him at the wedding, and was sure she should love him; first, because he was Phil's father; and next, because he was polite and kind to her. He did seem a little cold, but that was the sign of a warm heart; and when he knew her better, he would be less reserved. The house was neat, and comfortably furnished. Phil's two brothers, one younger, one older than himself, were kissed and shaken hands with; and aunt Tabby—Mr. Brooks's maiden sister—hurried Ellen to her room, that she might dust herself before supper.

V.

Mr. Brooks, senior, is a wealthy philanthropist, who, having been made wretched by the vices and wrong doings of society, has retired to a farm, to bring up his boys under the sweet influence of nature, and himself. Mr. Brooks is a utilitarian, and has a keen eye to the uses of life; he is a reformer, abolitionist, socialist, and gives money and aid in every way to advance progress. But, above all, Mr. Brooks is a man of principles. They are an immense pair of spectacles astride of his nose, through which he inspects all the actions and aspects of life. Mr. Brooks's mother respected him when he was a lad; his brothers and sisters have respected him amazingly, and his children respect him awfully.

Ellen soon found this out, and her timid soul sank down in a quagmire of respect. There was an irresistible atmosphere about him, that even the strong and hardened felt. How could poor human nature look boldly into the face of a man who had no vices—whose voice never grew a whit louder in dis-

cussion—who glared sternly at temptation, never yielded to weakness, and preserved his courtesy as intact at the domestic fireside as on state occasions?

VI.

Phil was occupied all day. He was the most intelligent and efficient of the boys—as Mr. Brooks always called his sons—and the chief management of the farm devolved upon him. If he had a spare moment, he was ashamed to spend it in gentle dalliance with his bride; for he was keenly alive to ridicule, and knew his father looked upon such follies with contempt. Phil had a frank, naturally genial nature; but the paternal hammer had beaten so unceasingly upon him since his birth, that it was only occasionally the original spirit gleamed forth. His mother died when he was four years old; and if he had ever been caressed or kissed by his father, it was so long ago that he had forgotten it. Mr. Brooks met the boys, after long absences, with a shake of the hand, and polite inquiries as to the state of their health. Phil, therefore, regarded a kiss as an effeminate Melinda Malvina romance, and any display of affection before the most intimate third, as a weakness that would render him superlatively ridiculous. In company he treated Ellen with a cold neglect, that stung to the quick her affectionate, demonstrative disposition. “Ah!” she thought, “if he loved me as I do him, he would not be occupied with what other people may observe; he would not sacrifice me to the fear of ridicule.” And she began to doubt the depth of his love—the capacity of his affection.

VII.

“Phil, dear,” said she, just after tea, one cool, autumn evening, “do let us have a fire in our room, and sit there this night; I’ve so much to say to you;” looking into his face, supplicatingly.

“Certainly; ’twould be delightful,” answered he, brightening up; “but—” glooming down—“father might think we were exclusive, and feel hurt.”

“You are always so tired at bed-time, that you fall asleep the moment your head touches the pillow,” suggested Ellen, timidly.

Phil sighed.

“If we do it once, we shall want to do it always; and father will think we have taken the stand to isolate our even-

ings, and break up the family circle; ’twont do, indeed, Ellen.”

She said no more, but went down with Phil to the sitting-room, to endure another Brooks evening. No pictures on the walls; no books on the table; no musical instrument but the dinner-horn, on the wide domain. Mr. Brooks argued that natural landscapes were better than artificial; and you had nothing to do but to look out at the window, to get your fill. As for statues, he had rather see a plump Dutch woman, any day. Literature was wish-washy trash; it did not advocate any great principle, but rather pegged people down tighter to old sins and forms. The tables were laden with reform and progressive newspapers and pamphlets, and the family were always in distress for a bit of waste paper, as all were religiously preserved on a shelf, in Mr. Brooks’s own room, never to be referred to in his life. Music, he said, tickled the ear. He liked to hear a ballad, or a mother singing to her baby; but cultivated music did more harm than good; a high state of art always accompanied a high state of corruption: witness Rome, Greece, and modern Europe.

Ellen was a cultivated singer; she had a fine voice, and great musical sentiment. How could she ever sing before him? He would certainly call it squalling; so she told Phil she did not care to have a piano. Phil had never heard a musical note in his home; he could not whistle “Yankee Doodle” straight through, and, therefore, for his own part, he was quite indifferent in regard to the piano. He did not perceive how easily Ellen was discouraged by the want of sympathy in others, nor how fast she was falling into the same slavery of deference that enthralled him.

Mr. Brooks reads the paper, and nods; Jim lies fast asleep on the sofa; Phil casts up accounts, and nods; Sam ties up seeds, and nods; aunt Tabby knits, and nods; and Ellen sews, fearfully wide-awake, in the midst of the oppressive silence. The Brookses are noted as a sleepy family; and there is even an anecdote of their having instituted evening readings, and been found by a friend, just after tea, all asleep, reader included, at the first page. Sometimes, in the shock of bobbing backwards or forwards, Mr. Brooks’s eye lights on an article that pleases him, or—his moral responsibility being always present—that may

be of service to the boys. He asks Sam to read it aloud. Sam is a dismal reader, never enunciates, or changes the tone, or stops, or looks up; even a lamb-like, droning article would feel that it was overdone in monotony; and the fiery, denunciatory words, that expected to burst forth in thunder-claps, fall faint and mangled victims on the listener's ear. Ellen gathers the sense of it, and tries to like it; but it is too savage to suit her mild spirit. She only knows it is invectives, vituperation, and calling of names of some party, sect, or individual. A little discussion, perhaps, follows the article; but as the boys have been modeled on the father, the differences are so slight, they soon meet on common ground.

VIII.

Mr. Brooks sees Ellen is not happy, but not an inch will he bend to her. His views of life are the right and Christian ones. She must bend to him. He continues to inveigh against the town, its follies, luxuries, superfluities, frivolities, forms, filth, vices, and winds up by pronouncing it a beastly place. Ellen loves the very smoke that grims it; the theatre, where she has often shed tears at thrilling scenes; the concert-halls, filled with recollections of floating melody and happy faces; the lecture-rooms, that opened to her noble thoughts and literary tastes; the long, gay streets, garnished with pictures, vases, all that human ingenuity can invent; the dear, old church, hallowed by saintly preaching and the kind face of the aged minister who had christened her, joined in her childish sports, sat by her bed of sickness, soothing it with sacred truths, and married her to dear Phil; the house where she was born, with the seeds she planted, now grown into trees, shrubs and flowers around it; the warm hearts that cherished her with tender love, and the merry spirits ever gushing over in vivacious streams around her father's fireside. And was that a false, frivolous existence—and her yearnings after it promptings of the devil? It must be so. Mr. Brooks was wise and exemplary, devoted to the welfare of humanity. She would try to change; to like the country and solitude; to get up some interest in milk and chickens; in fine, to imitate Aunt Tabby—unruffled Aunt Tabby, who worked at everything, everywhere, darned and patched garments of such hopeless condition that

one would have supposed the Brookses the poorest of creation, and who never seemed to have a desire beyond the routine of her daily life. So she followed Aunt Tabby to the dairy, the kitchen, the cellar, the smoke-house, the wash-room, the chicken-coops, the barn and the stable. Aunt Tabby, kind soul, was delighted; she had thought Ellen "a pretty, loving creetur, but of no born use;" and she gave her the lightest labors to perform.

Ellen went egg-hunting, first in the stable, where she stood looking a quarter of an hour at the horses' heels, and then rushed past them with a beating, sinking heart. The barn was nearly half a mile off. There was the bull, that snorted at her, and looked so red-eyed and fierce that she quivered in every limb. Then she had such a time getting the hens off their nests! Mrs. Pekin, Mrs. Nankin, and many others of similar kin, were determined to set. They had been cheated into laying over a hundred eggs, to be set on by common hens, and they would not stand it any longer. They could see their downy offspring now, being brooded and fed by false mothers, while they sat in wronged maternity over two eggs, and one of them porcelain at that. As Ellen poked at them with a long stick, their sullen eyes and swelled breasts said, as plainly as could be, that those two eggs should come into chickens, if they died for it. So they pecked the stick furiously, and when they got a hard rap on the head, sat stiller and squeaked, to give vent to their feelings. Ellen tried to pry them up, but their bodies were so heavy and slippery, and they scrambled so hard to get on the eggs again, that she did not often succeed. She was afraid to walk up boldly, throw her apron over them, capture them, and lift them out as Aunt Tabby did. They looked so big and formidable, and she had vague story reminiscences of hens pecking people's eyes out. After much open and concealed warfare and stratagem, scraping her legs in falling through the loft beams, choking over hay-dust, and getting her feet saturated in the stable-yard, Ellen reached home—hot, nervous, and exhausted, with a low back-ache that kept visions of beds, couches, sofas, anything horizontal with a pillow on it, floating in her brain.

She did some house-work, and was

finally obliged to stretch herself on the parlor sofa.

The horn blew for dinner.

"Why, Nelly," said Phil, entering, "what's the matter with you?"

"I am tired, and my back aches, dear Phil."

"Come and eat some dinner; may be you'll feel better."

IX.

At the dinner table Mr. Brooks said: "Phil, I've had a letter from your cousin John. He says his wife's sick again. I don't wonder; she'll always be sick, as long as she lives in town and doesn't work. I guess it wouldn't be much of a loss if she should die; she's a useless, ailing creature, and doesn't earn the salt that's in her bread."

"She can't work much when she is sick," suggested Phil.

"But she wouldn't be sick if she worked," retorted the father. "I guess her kitchen girl isn't sick. She fancies she has got an ache, and lies right down. Now, if her girl has an ache, she's got to work; and the consequence is, the girl gets well, and the mistress is bed-ridden, with a doctor pottering over her. There's nothing like work to strengthen and cure people. John's wife has been brought up in an idle, artificial way, and she won't be worth a fig till she changes."

"It's rather late for her to alter her constitution now," said Phil.

"Nonsense, she's only thirty; and there are cases of people having lived to be a hundred and fifty. If you treat yourself right, there's no necessity of being sick, till the final death illness. God knows what's best for us, and he made work a sacred duty to every Christian soul. There should be no drones in the human hive—no shirking off of a mite of our work, upon our brother. Labor should be equally divided; and as long as we are able to stand in the traces, we should perform our share."

Ellen ventured to say, that if we were brought up so from infancy, perhaps we might be able to do it. But Mr. Brooks contended that God was merciful, and we could regenerate our bodies as we could our souls: in proof of which he pointed to Aunt Tabby, whom he said he recollected as a very delicate, complaining girl, and who had become the tough, iron spike she was, by dint of work.

Ellen understood the lesson; she had received many such over the shoulders of a third. She knew, by secret divination, as well as if he had said it, that he thought her a gilded toy—a delicate lady, of no fixed principles—a misguided creature from the charnel-house of the past, transplanted into the hot-bed of the present. It was a terrible misfortune that Phil had not selected a strong country girl; but he must make the best of it, educate her in their views, and try to inspire her with zeal in the immense questions of the day. Mr. Brooks, therefore, talked unceasingly upon these subjects. He served them up at breakfast, dinner, supper, and through the long winter evenings. Ellen could not help admiring the ingenuity with which he would turn the most common-place remark into that great channel. He evidently considered himself a progressive delegate from God, accountable for every moment that was not spent in the cause. Blind Mr. Brooks! He did not see the satiety that filled the silent faces around him. Deaf Mr. Brooks! He did not hear the boys confess to each other that they wished progress were in the bottomless pit. And narrow-minded Mr. Brooks! he did not perceive that, to advance, one must be as universal as the God it was his secret boast to imitate.

Old Willet said of Barnaby, that "the lad needed imagination." If he had applied it to Mr. Brooks, he would have hit the right nail on the head. There was not a spark of poetry in his virtuous breast—not a gleam of sentiment in his Christian brain. If he had had any when young, it had vanished in his grim battles with sinful humanity. He was the apostle of wrath and indignation, and his tongue, a flaming sword, hacked mercilessly at the enemy. Not that he believed in war. Far from it—he was a peace advocate, and tender of the bodies of his brethren; but war upon souls—souls that did not look from the same point of view with his elevated humanity—was another thing!

X.

Ellen is in a flutter of happiness; she is making secret preparations to receive Rose Lea during the Christmas holidays. Everything has been scrubbed and bleached—pies made, turkeys and chickens cooped and crammed—and all inside the house, as Aunt Tabby remarked, is in apple-pie order. Ellen

nights as she thinks of the tasteful nothings of little expense, that poetize the dwelling of Rose. She dares not propose the purchase of such effeminating luxuries, so she plies her needle busily to make, from old duds, drapery, toilet and table-covers, mats, pincushions, and various gewgaws (puzzlers to the most practical utilitarian), to decorate Rose's room. She has embroidered for her, as a Christmas gift, an exquisite scent-bag, which is to pop out from a powder-box, on coiled wire, and amaze Rose exceedingly. The boys have admired it one by one. Mr. Brooks, too, says it is pretty, while holding it awkwardly as he would a young baby, but adds that perfumes are trifling things, being generally used to hide nastiness, beside having for their base detestable alcohol, that scourge of mankind.

Ellen loved perfumes with her whole soul; her books were full of dried, odorless flowers; her drawers, of lavender, rose leaves, and lemon verbena; her toilette-boxes, of bottles of perfume. The latter were artificial compounds, to be sure, which Mr. Brooks, doubtless, thought a departure from nature—that boundary line which every body quarrels about, imagining, as the whole upper world might at noon-day, that the sun was directly over its head, and consequently could not be directly over the head of another. Somebody says savages are the primitive original race, a speaking manifestation from God what life men were intended to lead; somebody else says savages are the fag end of an ancient race dwindled down to the lowest state of degradation.* However it might be, artificial compounds were dear to Ellen. Her memory was like a garden where each odor was a recollection of some spiritual flower that had bloomed in her being. Heliotrope—she stood in the crowd a blushing May-queen, and the scent from the handkerchief her mother had perfumed for her stole out and mingled vaguely with the scene, making it richer in love and beauty. Violet—she felt Phil's first kiss, and again the odor slid down through his curls, and she gazed up the winding celestial ladder, thinking she saw ascending humble, blue-eyed angels—spirits of the departed flowers. These perfumed dates of a delicious and poetic past were as precious to Ellen as the

history of glory and happiness can be to a nation.

As Ellen sadly carried the scent-bag—the halo of its beauty now shorn off—to its place of destination, she wished she knew what nature was; she had a secret terror of it as something cold, hard and bare, but very salutary; and as she pined to be morally and spiritually better, she determined to examine into the warp of her being and pick out the artificial threads a wrong education had woven there. She would be brave, if it did hurt and bleed.

XL

That evening they sat round the blazing fire that crackled and sent forth sheets of flame and sparks from the great chimney place. Jim, who was of rather a studious turn, was poring over an elementary German book; Sam, poor child! whose slow comprehension and thick blood had been made slower and thicker by the absence of all lively amusements, snored lustily on the sofa. Mr. Brooks's feet looked as if they were glued to the mantel-piece, and a strong smell of scorched woolen hinted that he was enjoying a roast and nap at the same time. His faithful companion, the newspaper, that had been placed over his head to shield it, had slipped down, and left his ample baldness in full glow.

Aunt Tabby was economically twining into padding and blue-bags fragments of prodigal shirts, that in the late wash had absolutely ejected whole the last patch. Aunt Tabby does not ask whether the stitches will hold this time, or not. She is doing her duty, and would not sleep quietly in her bed or grave, if the pieces were not turned into something. Ellen worked on a pair of slippers for Mr. Brooks, and had ingeniously arranged books and work-baskets to overshadow them from the observing eye of that gentleman. She looked happy; for her thoughts were full of the pleasant surprises she was to give, and of the coming of the dear friend for whom her soul thirsted.

"Phil," she said, as he at last laid down his pen and closed the ponderous book of his farm journal, "we must write to Rose to-morrow, and repeat the invitation formally—not that she is formal, you know; but I think she

* De Maistre—Soirées de St. Petersburg.

would feel pleasanter to see that you join heartily in the desire to welcome her."

"Reach me the portfolio. I guess I'll do it now," said Phil.

The paper rattled and tumbled from Mr. Brooks's lap. He rubbed his half-blistered parts as if the stinging felt good, yawned, stretched, got up, and said to Phil, "Did I not hear something about an invitation?"

"Yes," answered Phil, "I am going to write to Rose Lea to pass the holidays with us."

"Hum! I think you might have made a better choice," said Mr. Brooks contemptuously. "Mr. Lea is a wine-bibber and a time-server and worshipper of Mammon; his wife is a pert minx and a pleasure-seeker. I prefer you would not invite them, as I do not wish the boys to be influenced by such trash. Besides, I have received a letter telling me that Adams and Brown, two staunch reformers, will be here in a day or two; and as I desire much that you should become acquainted with them, I have invited them to visit us."

Phil said nothing. Ellen sat stunned and rigid as if struck by lightning. The force of the decree dawned on her slowly, and she felt, if she staid there, she should shriek or rave. She left the room hurriedly and threw herself on the bed, to writhe and moan as she plucked away at the artificial thread of an unworthy friendship; but like the main thread of a ribbon, the more she pulled, the more it shortened and curled up her past being—bringing memories of childhood, school-days, girlhood, and womanhood shared with Rose, so near and startling that she quivered like an aspen leaf, and stuffed the pillow in her mouth to choke back the convulsive sobs.

Phil staid some time down stairs, though he was dying to go up; but it might seem silly to be sympathetic or solicitous; so he tramped on his epicurean desires and read like a stoic three long columns of "a most able speech." When he went up, he found Ellen pale, cold, and silent. He had left her alone in her grief. If she could have wept at first on his bosom, the pang would have been softened, and the encircling arms of love might have given her peace and hope. Phil felt it now, and was so sorry and penitent, that Ellen recognized that he really loved her as well as he could, and passed the night wish-

ing they lived on a desert island, that Phil might be always alone with her; only Rose should come often, and with her warm sympathy and genuine nature teach Phil that pressing manifestations of love are nobler than neglect, even when the eye of the whole world is on us.

XII.

The next morning Ellen was ill; and the Brookses, who abused the whole race of physicians when well, but always sent for them when sick, had the doctor soon at Ellen's bedside. He pronounced her complaint a nervous fever, ordered tonics, quiet, riding, and change of scene. Ellen recovered rapidly on receiving a letter from her mother, saying she should leave the girls to take charge of the Christmas tree, and start directly for Owlcoopse—the name of the Brooks estate; whether suggested by the nightly screeching of that sage bird, or the fact of the Brookses sitting wisely on the tree of knowledge during society's fancied daylight, and seeing perfectly clear when that deluded body groped in darkness, is not known to this day.

Mrs. Grey came; and, energetic creature that she was, proposed taking Ellen out to drive the first day. Now the Brookses were always very busy; they would necessarily be exceedingly busy for years to come, as the farm when they took it was an old one, in the most dilapidated and forlorn condition. The neighborhood was not thickly settled; and though they had nine or ten men always employed, they were generally short of hands. The boys worked like day-laborers. They were up early in the morning, swallowed their meals hastily, and often protracted their out-door stay late into the evening. Phil, particularly, loved dearly a farmer's life; it suited his active, somewhat domineering temperament; and his taste and ambition to excel, which, if left unbiassed, would have shown itself in handsome horses, equipages, and pictures, now found a vent in planning and executing a model farm. Mr. Brooks alone led an easy existence, pottering about just enough in the morning to carry out his dietetic principles, and sitting all the rest of the day (it was a mystery how much heat his thin legs could bear) plump up against the chimney, reading and dozing. There was an especial stuffed rocking-chair which

was respected as his. Lest the reader should wonder how he reconciled this comfortable do-nothingness with his principles of equal labor, we must inform him that Mr. Brooks had an intense respect for old age; and though he was green and well preserved, he had reached the period when he considered himself exempt. To be sure, he had never worked but in the quiet, gentlemanly way of "boss" in a flourishing commercial establishment; but we give Mr. Brooks's own excuse when referring to any inconsistency of his past life—"want of light."

Mrs. Grey inspected the whole farm with the fidelity of a reconnoitering soldier; and, on finding six horses in the stable, and a carriage and buggy under the shed, went to hunt up Phil. She found him in his shirt sleeves though the day was frosty, with a long rail on his shoulder, aiding and superintending the construction of a new fence.

"Phil, isn't there anybody who can drive Nelly and me this afternoon? It's a clear, bright day, and I think the air will do the poor child good."

"The horses will all be busy, I guess," answered Phil; "we've got to send four of them now in the wagon for a load of rails, and the other two in the cart to the mill. We've a great deal to do this week and can't spare the horses very well."

Mrs. Grey had learned by questioning Ellen that she had never been to drive except on Sunday, when the Brookses, for their own pleasure, passed the whole live-long day at a neighboring relative's. To go for the delight of driving, for the voluptuous luxury of quiet and motion combined, for the exhilaration caught from the breezy air, for the spiritual happiness floating in the shifting landscape, were sentiments with which the useful, well principled Brookses could not sympathize.

Mrs. Grey looked disappointed. Phil saw it, and remembering the doctor's injunction said: "We might put only two horses in the wagon, and leave the other two for the carriage, if you could get any one to drive you. I can't leave the men."

Mrs. Grey said she was not afraid to drive, she had done it often; but Phil observed that the carriage horses were skittish, and he hadn't any confidence in a woman's driving anyhow, they always went like the devil and ruined

the best broken horses. "Ask father, perhaps he will take you," added Phil.

Mr. Brooks was reading. Mrs. Grey did not like to interrupt him; so she sat down to wait till he had finished; but meantime he went into a gentle slumber, and left the little woman glancing at him uneasily and revolving in her mind how she should frame her request. It would not do to ask right out such an awe-inspiring, respectable person; she would hint at it and give him the chance of offering. Mr. Brooks was almost always reading or sleeping in the parlor, the only room where there was a constant fire, besides the kitchen, so that the other occupants of the parlor, out of good breeding, politeness, or respect, were either silent or carried on a subdued, ghastly conversation as if a corpse were in the room.

Ellen and Mrs. Grey were now engaged in one of those pantomimic colloquies; but the latter, being naturally strong-voiced and lively, grew so red in the face and whispered so hoarsely, that Mr. Brooks wriggled for some time as if he were being grated, and finally awoke to ask what time of day it was.

Mrs. Grey:—Two o'clock, Sir; it's a most charming day overhead; cool, but bracing and clear as a bell. Nelly, dear, you ought really to pay more attention to what the doctor says, and keep out of doors as much as possible. Don't you think so, Mr. Brooks?

Mr. Brooks:—Certainly, ma'am. There's nothing like in-door work and out-door exercise to keep the body healthy. I suspect you've realized that, ma'am.

—This was said with a glance at Mrs. Grey's buxom figure.

Mrs. Grey:—Oh! yes; yet I was never weakly as Nelly is, but one month in my life; and that, when I was thrown from a horse, and hurt my spine. I remember it took all the spirit out of me; and if it hadn't been for riding in the fresh air every day, I believe nothing on earth would have pulled me off my back. By the by, Mr. Brooks, don't you think riding would benefit Nelly? The doctor recommends it.

Mr. Brooks:—Riding is good, but walking is better. Legs were given to us before horses; and I presume the Creator intended thereby that we should use our own legs, whenever we could,

and not enslave poor dumb brutes to carry our lazy weight.

Mrs. Grey, going to the window:— The sun has thawed the frost, and the paths look very muddy. Phil says the carriage and horses are at our disposal, if we can find any one to drive us.

*Mr. Brooks:—*Mud is a very innocent, inoffensive dirt. It was intended we should walk in it, I suppose, or it would not have been put there. The multitude can't ride. The masses are obliged to walk. Without doubt there are now thousands of human beings delving in the mud. We should encourage no pleasure that they cannot share, particularly useless aristocratic ones.

—Hereupon Mr. Brooks again glued his feet on the mantel-piece, and outwitted the slippery newspaper by pinning it together on both sides of his head.

XIII.

Mrs. Grey and Ellen equipped themselves for a walk. The road through the farm was a new dirt one; the paths around the house had had a sprinkling of gravel, which had been washed away by the late heavy rains. Ellen was depressed, from the recent conversation, from the fresh conviction that she was expected to combat savagely against dear old ties, suffering, and ill-health. The soaked stubble-fields looked to her like her own soul, shorn of their summer glories; the still, dark, naked trees, like the grim, wintry spirits that bound up her life-sap. She was soon recalled to realities by the weight of her shoes, which she found, on looking down, were surrounded by a large circle of clayey mud, that seemed to increase in thickness at each step. Mrs. Grey had got a stick, and was punching at hers vigorously, declaring if another layer stuck on, she shouldn't be able to lift one foot before the other.

Pretty soon they came to a boggy place, cut up by horses' hoofs; and Ellen's buskin was clenched by the heel, and torn quickly off her foot. She stood on one leg while her mother fished it out and cleaned it; and, in hopping to a log to put it on, left her other shoe also in the mire. Her feet had grown thin with her body; and her shoes were a little too large.

Mrs. Grey, what with fatness, carrying several pounds of mud, holding up her clothes, and jumping to reach lumpy

places, was so distressed and out of breath that they turned back.

"Mother dear, you can imagine my winter walks here," said Ellen; "except that I haven't you with me to make them somewhat bearable. I took just such a one, alone, six weeks ago, and since then I have not had the desire or courage to repeat it. Mud may be innocent, but I dislike it very much; and it's so heavy to carry that walking becomes a fatigue instead of a recreation. I often think of the long streets so quickly dried, the crowds of people, the many human things to interest one, and the loved faces of friends beaming on me every few steps. I'm afraid I don't love the country. I've been disappointed in myself; for surely it would be pleasant if I had enough rustic appreciation in me."

Mrs. Grey suggested that nature was gloomy and bare now; perhaps in the summer she would find plenty to interest her.

Ellen smiled sadly, and said she trusted to find more to reconcile her in the little child that would soon be given to her. She should be so glad to be in the country on its account, that, perhaps, she should learn to love it for the benefit and enjoyment it would give her child. "I should like to have it much in the open air, and never—oh! never—go into a close, hot school-room." Ellen spoke with so much fervor, that she changed the subject quickly, fearful of having brought an implied reproach upon her mother.

Mrs. Grey was so occupied with the question that had tormented her since she first came—whether Ellen was happy—that she did not notice it, but said, abruptly:

"Nelly, child, it seems to me you're changed. You never were gay and noisy, like the other children; but, at least, you were always ready to play and laugh in your own quiet way. Now there's a strange expression about you; you smile with a kind of sadness, as if you thought you ought to. Tell your mother, Nell, pet, if you're happy?" And the poor woman threw herself on Ellen's neck, and sobbed.

Ellen cried, too, but asserted that she was happy. Every one had some cross to bear, and she supposed hers was light in comparison to many.

"But what is the cross, Nelly, dear? aren't they kind to you?" persisted Mrs. Grey.

"Oh, yes!" replied Ellen, quickly; "they're always polite and courteous. The boys are amiable, and would do anything I asked them; but I—I—the fact is, I would like to live alone with Phil."

"And so you should," said Mrs. Grey, energetically. "I would not ask you to live with me even, for I know young folks are happiest alone. Have you talked to Phil about it?"

"No, no," said Ellen, shaking her head alarmingly. "Phil has not a cent of his own, has been brought up to no trade but farming, and has heard such anathemas against the town, that he fancies he'd die there of some dreadful disease after a month or so. Besides, his father wouldn't like it."

"And what if he wouldn't?" said Mrs. Grey, bluntly.

Ellen looked so astonished at the idea of revolt against Mr. Brooks, that Mrs. Grey laughed, and said, in her stout little way, *she* would talk to him if he were as dignified and lofty as the great Mogul. "Why, Nelly," pursued she, "all he wants is to be talked to plainly. I'm so vexed to think I hadn't more courage than just to hint! If I had said squarely: Mr. Brooks, will you take Nelly and me to ride?"

"Well, he might have answered squarely: No; and how mortified we should have felt!" suggested Ellen.

"More fools we, then, Nelly. He would have been the one to be mortified, upon reflection, instead of dozing snugly now behind the principles he set up as precautionary barriers. I tell you," said the shrewd little woman, whose plain good sense and lively independence made her less afraid of Mr. Brooks than others were, "if people are selfish and disobliging, they ought to have the mask pulled off their faces, and not impose upon us, poor sinners! with the superior airs of principles, duty, Christianity, and so on. I don't want to be a turkey, to be driven about by any red rag, shaken before my eyes like a holy banner! But, heavens! Nelly, how pale and fagged you look! I'm glad we're near the house. It has been an awful walk. I'll leave my shoes outside," said Mrs. Grey, looking at them in dismay, "and go right up stairs and change my dress. I thought I had held it up; but I must always get to gesticulating," continued the good lady, indignantly, "and down it goes. Nelly, you had better rest a while in the parlor."

"Not in the parlor; I'll go up to my room."

"It's too cold there, child; you'll freeze."

"It is colder down there," said Nelly, shudderingly. "The walk has been short, and it will seem strange in me to be so tired."

Mrs. Grey, being rather puzzled by this answer, said nothing, went to change her dress, and then to find Phil, to whom she intended to disburden a part of her anxieties, and advise him, at whatever sacrifice, to have a home of his own.

XIV.

The result of the interview she communicated to no one; but as she was in the habit of talking aloud to herself, we suppose it would be no betrayal of confidence to insert the following fragments:—

"Now, it's strange he seems to love Nelly, and to be really distressed at what I said about her, and yet he talked all the time about his own health, dread of town life, attachment to farming, and having no other resources. He's an energetic, likely fellow, and Mr. Grey could easily find him something to do; but I do believe he had rather hang on in expectation of his father's wealth. I'm afraid he'll be gray first; for I've always noticed that your thin, cautious people, who hoard up health, take life easy, have money, and are considered incumbrances, outlive the gloomiest calculation. Phil half confessed he thought the old gentleman a bore, and said, with unction, he wished Jim would get married. He thinks Ellen will become used to the country, and, when she has a baby, won't be lonely. I trust so. I must make it a blanket."

And Mrs. Grey lost herself in reflections, whether it should be scalloped or fringed, worked in crewel or floss.

Meantime, Ellen was congratulating herself that she had had the courage not to tell her mother all. "Dear mother," she thought, "she can do nothing for me, and it would have made her so unhappy! I should be too mortified to have her know what was said of Rose and kind Mr. Lea." And again a flush of indignation, a thousand times daily repeated, reddened her pale cheek, and made her heart thump like a hammer. "I know he drinks wine for dinner, but he never abused it in his life; as for his being a worshiper of Mam-

mon, Mr. Brooks then must have been one, to get the wealth he has; a jackass means anything and nothing, he's always calling people asses. How strange it is that an austere and ceremonious gentleman like Mr. Brooks can occasionally call people such hard names! But a time server." Ellen pondered long on that sneering epithet, but could not come to any conclusion what time it was, nor how it could be wrong to serve time, as it served us constantly. She wound up her reverie with a flood of tears that assured her she never could give up the Leas, nor get them out of her heart.

xxv.

Mr. Brooks had been long twinged in his conscience concerning the Christianity of eating animal food; and the next day at dinner declined taking any, preparatory to his expounding his views to the family. He had read all that had been said on the subject in the learned journals that crammed his shelves, and felt ready to explode with authority, conviction, and zeal.

"Now it seems to me," said he, "that eating meat is a low, brutish taste. Dogs and lions eat meat; horses and cows don't, and they are much kinder and nobler in their dispositions. Some assert, from our teeth and stomach, that we were made to eat it; but they argue, I guess, from the cravings of their gross appetites. Nations that live principally on rice and vegetable diet have produced the most instances of longevity."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Grey, in consternation, "you wouldn't advise people to give up meat entirely? Why we eat it three times a day. I always slice the rarest beef and mutton for supper."

"And bring up such children as *that*," said Mr. Brooks, pointing significantly at Ellen. "It's terrible to think how, through ignorance and lack of investigation, we blight the lives of our offspring."

"But why ain't I blighted?" said the good lady, glancing down at her portly person, and holding out an arm that might bolster a giant; "I've eaten it twice as long as she has, and have never been sick in my life, but once—and that from an accident—you know."

"Well; but how long will your life last?" suggested Mr. Brooks, "that's the question. We were, doubtless, intended to live much longer than we

do. Why isn't the short-coming owing to meat?"

"I don't know how I am to find out the way to live the longest, without two lives; a meat one, and a vegetable one," answered she. "It isn't safe to experiment on one's self otherwise."

"The feelings soon tell what agrees with the body; but we will waive that side of the subject and turn to another. Will you go out to-morrow, Mrs. Grey, and slay me and dress me an ox, that I may feast thereon?"

"Not I, indeed."

"Well, somebody must do it. Now am I to say to Sambo:—'Sambo, you're my brother before God; but I choose to think you more vulgar and beastly than I am. Blood won't make you faint, nor anguish sicken you. Lead that ox far out of my sight, knock him down, rip him open, cut him up, and don't even let me see a raw piece of him, if you love me and value my nerves. The cook will do the handling; and all I desire is to partake of it when in a decent state to suit my delicate sensibilities.' People may pow-wow as much as they please, but that's the Christian view of the matter."

Mr. Brooks made an oratorical poke—he was opposed to flourishes—and looked as if he would like to see anybody get upon a higher platform than that!

Mrs. Grey was floored; and for a few moments there was a triumphant, impressive silence, soon broken through by her saying, faintly, "She didn't know that butchers felt abused—she never heard them complain."

"That's the worst feature of it, my dear madam; we not only force them to a brutal employment, but we accustom them to it, so that they become brutes themselves, and compete with each other in the number of slain, and the most scientific manner of slaying."

"Well, now," replied she, "I didn't know they were any more wicked than other men. I've been to market these thirty odd years, and have a great many butcher acquaintances. They are rather fat, red-faced, and big-voiced, to be sure, but they'd say as cheerily:—'Good morning, Mrs. Grey. What now? There's a splendid steak I have saved for you, just suit Mr. Grey to a T. I have been wanting to see you, Mrs. Grey; and the big voice would sink into a whisper as fine as any gentleman's.

'My old woman's out of sorts, and I'd like to know how to make *tappyoker*. I've been up with her o' nights lately, and last night she took a craving for some, such as you made her once, she said. I'll just take it down, if you've time.' And if I hadn't insisted on making it myself, he would have really written it with a bloody pencil and bloody hands, on a bloody piece of paper. I thought my basket was rather heavy, and when I got home, I found in it a quantity of mutton-chops, a soup-bone, and a lump of liver I hadn't paid for. There was one butcher used always to bring his baby in a basket when the weather was mild, to give his wife a lift in the work, he said, but I believe, too, because he couldn't bear to leave it behind. I never could go by, without stopping; he was so proud and tender of it! It was always smeared with candy. One day it had the colic, from being stuffed with the best things in the market, and he asked me, with tears in his eyes, what he should do. I took it home, gave it catnip and lobelia, and it soon got well. Do you believe that butcher never had change afterwards when I went to buy? It ran up into a bill, and he wouldn't present it. Mr. Grey sent him what he considered the amount; and the next Christmas, I had a present of a handsome silk dress, that the girls have called the butcher-dress ever since."

Mr. Brooks seemed alarmed lest the private history of all the butchers was coming, and hastened to say that conjugal and paternal love were strong animal characteristics, and argued nothing for human progress.

It was admitted that butchers were a degraded class, and of course it was their occupation which made them so.

Mrs. Grey contended that they were no more degraded than any class absorbed in material wants, and the struggle for bread. She had nursed them in sickness, and seen them under the weight of affliction; she knew they had noble hearts and generous impulses like other mortals. "They were fond of me," added the good lady, blushing; "and I'm sure I was neither conjugal, nor paternal. As for honesty, I have been as often cheated at the wagon of a farmer as at the stall of a butcher. I've killed many a chicken myself, and

believe I am less hard-hearted than some who would scorn to do it."

"But what right had you to kill a chicken?" demanded Mr. Brooks, seriously; "the Bible says: thou shalt not murder——. You laugh, Mrs. Grey; but it isn't any the less murder because you are of a different race, or stronger and more cunning than a poor dumb beast. This chicken," seizing a drumstick, and pointing it with a solemn ghostly wave at Jane, the black cook, who entered to change the plates, "this chicken, four hours ago, was running about, enjoying itself, and would be enjoying itself now, if presuming mortals had not taken away from it the measure of life God gave."

The murdered leg seemed to make no great impression on Jane, who had a slight greasy rim round her mouth, as if she had been surprised regaling on the choice tid-bits in the frying-pan. She removed the platter with the lazy indifference of one whose soul is full to satiety of what it surveyeth, and reported in the kitchen that the "old gem"-mun was gwine it awful with a leg in his hand."

We will spare the reader the rest of the discussion; for Mr. Brooks, if opposed, hung on to an argument like grim death, and when he had presented all the phases of it, turned them, twisted them, and repeated them, dressed up in a few new words and similes, as if they were original and striking thoughts. He never took a speaking part in the reform meetings he attended, never eased himself by writing articles, though possessed of fine argumentative talent, and a certain power of style. His family became the repository of all his out-door and in-door enlightenment. He sat in ready, sleepy indolence when trifling, worldly matters were broached, but showed he listened attentively by ingeniously screwing some remark into the basis of a mighty progressive edifice. He talked to Mrs. Grey long after dinner, when she whispered to Ellen she felt so buz-fuz and cottony in her head, that she was afraid she should drop to sleep unless something was done to breeze up. But such men as Mr. Brooks do not talk in vain; and the consequence of his persuasive talents was, the disappearance of meat from the table.

CALHOUN ON GOVERNMENT.*

THE close of this fine collection of the late Mr. Calhoun's writings and speeches, judiciously edited by Mr. Crallé, affords a fitting opportunity for some remarks upon the political theories of that distinguished man.

Apart from the general interest which attaches to the leading subjects of them, there is a special interest arising from the peculiar position and circumstances of the author. For many years he occupied a foremost rank among the number of our foremost statesmen. He was connected, in one way or another, with the administration of the federal government, from before the war of 1812, or from the close of the era which may be regarded as the era of the revolutionary fathers and founders of the Republic, till his death. No important political question has divided the common mind, on which he was not called to speak or to act; and it is universally conceded that, on all occasions, he spoke with ability, and acted with firmness, if not discretion. His fame, as a legislator, is second to that of none of his colleagues. Much as we Americans, in the immaturity of our intellectual development, are prone to exaggerate the powers of mere political men, we have scarcely exaggerated those of Mr. Calhoun. He fully deserved the wreaths of laurel which he won in the olympic contests of the senate, and among the bureaus at Washington.

Mr. Calhoun occupied not only a distinguished, but a peculiar position. Scarcely identified with either of the great political parties of the nation, he alternately co-operated with and opposed each; and always on grounds of his own, and with an independent body of followers on whose fidelity he could rely. Mr. Webster was never such a representative of the East, nor Mr. Clay of the West, as Mr. Calhoun was of the South. They had earnest admirers and supporters, in their respective localities, and many who adopted opinions entirely from their words; but Mr. Calhoun had lieges, who, besides admiring him and supporting him, were willing to buckle on their armor and

fight to the death in his cause. Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster were leaders, chosen by their friends; but Mr. Calhoun was a captain, who commanded his troops. It was this peculiarity of political faith, combined with this grasp of personal influence, which at one time in his career brought him into open conflict with the central government, and came nearer than any other event in our history to the overthrow of our federal system. He was called, in the bitter partisan animosities of the day, John Catiline Calhoun; but nothing could have been more unjust to his position, his character, and his abilities, than the comparison suggested by such a parallel. There was nothing of conspiracy, while there was much of gallant daring and noble self-sacrifice, in the revolt which he undertook to conduct.

Besides his general experience of political life and his original habits of thought, Mr. Calhoun was one of the few of our statesmen who have possessed philosophical genius, and whose tastes led them, in addition to the duties of practical administration, to the study of abstract principles. His enemies used to deride this latter quality, as his metaphysical tendency, implying that it was somewhat of a disqualification rather than a merit; but we suspect it was true in his case, as it has been in so many other cases, that his metaphysics was simply their ignorance, and that the subtlety and depth of thought, which they could not comprehend, they were amply able to ridicule. Mr. Calhoun was only metaphysical to the extent in which every man, who seeks to penetrate the rational grounds and first principles of science, must be metaphysical. He was not satisfied with the stereotyped and superficial theories of political action, which are commonly accepted; and he endeavored to find deeper and more primary truths. Whether he succeeded, we shall see; but the attempt, in that direction, certainly ought to have been regarded with favor; and, out of the range of party meanness, would have been regarded with favour, and not reproach.

It would seem, therefore, that Mr.

* *The Works of John C. Calhoun.* Edited by RICHARD R. CRALLÉ. 6 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1855.

Calhoun was preëminently qualified by practical experience, and special endowment, for the task of speculating on subjects of government. We do not, however, share in the sentiment which confounds practical and speculative ability. Some knowledge of actual life is necessary to the philosopher, and some knowledge of abstract principles to the practitioner; but great skill in practice does not necessarily imply great acuteness in speculation, nor does great sagacity in speculation imply great and effective power in management. Comte, indeed, contends that speculative men are quite unfit for the duties of administration; because intellectually they are unprepared for special and pressing calls on their activity; and, morally, they are unwilling to take a sufficient interest in the obtrusive and detailed realities, with which it is the business of government to deal. But if this be true, it is equally true, on the other hand, that practical men are unfitted for the duties of investigation; for while they are absorbed in the mere functions of administration, devoted to the special and temporary aspects of questions, they are not apt to rise to those contemplations of the whole—to the more patient and comprehensive generalizations—which are the province of philosophy.

In the first of these volumes we have a posthumous disquisition on Government, which contains a summary view of Mr. Calhoun's theory of the origin, nature, and ends of the state, in the right constitution of political society. With the larger number of our modern thinkers, he begins by discarding the old doctrine of a "natural state," anterior to the existence of society, which is so gratuitous and absurd an assumption, that one wonders how it ever crept into thought. Man's only natural state is the social state, without which he could not either exist physically, or be a man at all. When the lion casts her whelp into the desert, it will grow up, through its own unaided instincts, into a perfect lion; but the human infant, cast into the desert, will perish on the spot, or degenerate into something infinitely less than man. A communion with our kind is absolutely necessary to the development of those intellectual and moral faculties which constitute us men. For this reason the Creator has endowed us with spontane-

ous, social impulses, which, without any experience of the pleasures of society, or any reasoning as to its probable advantages, lead us universally into association. They are impulses as natural as the impulse to eat; and the human being could just as easily thrive, without that food which is the nutriment of his body, as he could without that intellectual and moral reciprocity which is the nutriment of his mind and heart.

Society, then, being one of the most original, positive, and indispensable of the needs of man, must be also one of his clearest and most essential rights. If he can only exist and grow by means of fellowship with others—if that fellowship is the condition *sine qua non* of his bodily continuance and of his spiritual evolution—then by the very ordinance of the Creator, in placing him here, he is entitled to all the necessary ministrations of society. He is, moreover, equally entitled to them, to the extent of his capacity to receive them, with every other man, whatever conventional arrangements his predecessors may have made to the contrary, or the laws of previous society have determined. As the creature of the Heavenly Father, he has a right to every bounty which that Father has made auxiliary to his creatureship. This, we say, is the obvious inference from Mr. Calhoun's primitive principle; and yet he argues, in several places, to a very opposite result. In the disquisition on Government, for instance, he denies that all men are "created free and equal," alleging that they are created subject to conditions, and with the most flagrant disparities of power and skill. Men, he says, are born subject to parental authority, and to the laws and institutions of the country by whose protection alone they draw their first breath; which is true, but which does not apply to the maxim it is meant to controvert. When it is said that men are created free, the meaning is, not that they are physically or morally exempted from the laws of the mediums in which they live (which would be an intrinsic absurdity), but that freedom is the distinctive and constituent element of their manhood—the reason why they are men, and not vegetables or animals. In the same way, when it is said that men are created equal, it is not asserted that they are, or ever will be, equal in physical or moral capacity; but that, as

children of the same Father, they are equally entitled to all the bounties essentially to their existence, which he has bequeathed as a free gift to their race. Again, Mr. Calhoun has departed from his fundamental truth, when, as in the letter on the Rhode Island controversy, he contends that the suffrage is not a natural but a conventional right, resting upon the concession of others, or upon the political constitution of the state. But if society be the natural state of every man, his right to a membership in that society, and, consequently, to a voice in the control of those acts by which he is affected, is also natural. Nor can he be deprived of that right on any other grounds than its positive necessity, as a means of self-defense to the other members. But this is anticipating.

We have seen that, in our estimation, as well as Mr. Calhoun's, society is the universal because inevitable condition of man. At the same time, we may see another no less universal and inevitable fact, that wherever there is society there is government. As man is not possible without society, so society is not possible without government, or an agency for the execution of its ends. The question, therefore, arises, what is the origin of this coincidence? Why has there never been a society without a government? Mr. Calhoun's solution is, that the direct or individual affections of man are stronger than his sympathies or social feelings, and that this fact occasions the necessity for some controlling power, which shall be vested with authority to bring his repellant into subordination to his attractive feelings. By the constitution of our nature, he argues, we feel more intensely what affects us directly than what affects us indirectly through others. Each one has a greater regard for his own safety and happiness than for the safety and happiness of others, and, where they come in conflict, will prosecute his own in preference to that of others; and hence "the tendency to a universal state of antagonism between individual and individual, accompanied by the passions of jealousy, anger, and revenge, followed by insolence, fraud and cruelty, and ending in general discord and confusion, if not prevented by some controlling power," which is government. Jones, it is obvious, gathers a mushroom supper for himself with far livelier satisfaction than

he sees Smith or Brown eat it; and as Smith and Brown each entertain the same sentiments about that, each is more likely to pursue his own supper than furnish suppers to others. He will even take forcible possession of the suppers of others if they happen to be scarce and he very hungry. Government, therefore, is a provision, which Smith and Brown adopt as a shield against Jones's trespassing voracity—it is a social reaction from individual selfishness.

This view is virtually the same with the celebrated theory of Hobbes, who, in the *De Cive* and the *De Cuperi Politico*, maintains that man, in the state of natural liberty, is in a state of warfare, in which each one is struggling to advance his own interests; but he adds, that, inasmuch as experience shows that universal warfare is universal suffering, reason dictates that he should organize institutions for security and peace.

In either form we do not think the theory an entirely accurate statement of the case. The external necessity for government takes its rise in the diversity of the human constitution, both intellectual and moral; for as all men have not the same capacity, nor the same goodness, they must differ in judgment and purpose in regard to nearly every question, not mathematically demonstrable, which is presented to their decision. Each one, without supposing him more wicked than the rest, or more stupid than the rest, would be inclined to his own course, by the simple fact of his individuality. Where a multitude of these individualities, therefore, are expected to act together, there must be some acknowledged rule of order by which they shall act, and some ministerial agent by which that rule is enforced. But Mr. Calhoun means more than this simple diversity of individual constitution, when he says that government originates in the superior strength of the individual over the social affections. By individual affections, as his argument assumes throughout, he means the selfish affections—those which terminate in the individual's well-being and gratification; and by social affections, those which terminate in the well-being or gratification of others, or, in a word, man is more selfish than social, so that government is needed to restrain the selfish within social ends. If this view be correct, however, if the indi-

vidual tendency is permanently stronger than the social, let us ask how society gets formed at all? As the former, which is the dispersive or centrifugal force, is more intense and powerful than the latter, which is the concentric or centripetal, why should there not be a general flying asunder of the parts? There can be no society where there is nothing to hold society together; and no government, of course, where there is no social union to be governed. In the very idea of society, then, some kind of an equilibrium, between the two forces we have named, is implied. Let self-love become paramount among men as it is among brutes, and there would be no more society among men than there is among brutes—nothing more than a temporary gregation for some predatory purpose. On the other hand, let social love reign exclusively, and there would be no free individualities among men—nothing but mechanical atoms lost in a mass. The balance, or reciprocity, between this projectile force which swings man away from humanity, or the centre of life, and the attractive force which draws him back to it, must be incessantly renewed to render social existence possible. A permanent preponderance of either would be fatal to it; for, in the one case the individual would be flung off into savage isolation or social nothingness; and, in the other, would be swallowed up by his race, to the total loss of self-consciousness. In the mutual action and reaction of the two principles he is alone enabled to live as a man, and as a conscious member of society. His relations to nature, through his senses and bodily appetites, prompting him always to self-gratification, and his relations to his fellow-man inspiring him always to social gratification, it is only through the equilibrium of the two that any strictly human fellowship or society can be attained.

Now, the defect of Mr. Calhoun's statement is, that it does not bring out the fact that the social or sympathetic affections are as liable to disorder as the individual, and just as much create the necessity for government. Love, for example, which, as it respects the individual, is a truly social affection, inasmuch as it takes him out of the narrow sphere of his personal existence, to blend it with that of another, is, at the same time, susceptible of the most frantic abuses, as regards society. The

family tie, which again, as it respects the individual, is a generous social affection, enlarging and filling out his being with the noblest and sweetest sympathies, may yet degenerate into a nucleus of cold and adamantine inclusiveness. Ambition, or that corporate sympathy, which leads great minds to the organization of parties, or the conduct of armies to victory—as in the cases of Cromwell or Napoleon—will often lead them, also, to the disastrous overthrow of every principle of order. Benevolence itself, or the pure and amiable desire to improve the condition of suffering men, unaccompanied by wisdom, will run, as many say of the temperance and anti-slavery agitations, into dangerous fanaticism. It is not, consequently, the simple excess of the individual affections, or the simple weakness of the social feelings, which explains and justifies government, but the irregularities of both, which incessantly demand adjustment.

The real origin of government, however, is in no external perception of its necessity, but in an internal necessity, in a fundamental idea or instinct, if you please, of our human constitution. Actually, as we know from history, governments originate sometimes in the extension of parental authority, sometimes in voluntary compact, and oftener in force. But lying back of all accidental or extraneous occasions, is a profounder cause, internal to human nature itself, and explanatory of these various phenomenal manifestations. We have said that man was a compound of individual and social affections, which lead him to society; but he is likewise more: for, over and above these, he is endowed with a rational and moral nature, which qualifies him for self-control. He aspires, not only to society, but, under the ever present grace of God, to truth, to goodness, to beauty; or, what is the same thing, to universal unity or order. Degraded, ignorant, or savage as he may be, this higher life will solicit admission to his soul, and, once entertained, will conduct him, step by step, through all the stages of an advancing civilization. His every attempt at government, then, from the patriarchal to the democratic, is the result of his love of unity and order—feeble at first and unenlightened, but gradually gaining strength by exercise, and wisdom through experience. Just as his sciences grow up

from a primitive love of truth, enlarged by accumulation of generalizations, and his arts from the love of beauty, disciplined into refinement, so his governments are perfected under the impulse of a love of order, made wiser and better by the mingled failures and successes of centuries. As a last result, in this process of political education, he attains to the conception of a perfect political society. It is expressed by the word justice, or equity. He finds that equity, in the political sphere, becomes the equivalent of equilibrium in the mechanical. Allowing to every force its own unimpeded action, up to that point at which it would interfere with the same free action of others, it gives freedom to each, and harmony to all. It adjusts law to liberty, stability to movement, and order to progress. It reconciles the individual to authority, because the individual, recognizing, in the principle of justice, his own better nature, to which he assents from the bottom of his soul, goes really unrestrained except by himself, while it invests the ministers of power with a divine sanction, because earthly justice is a reflection of the eternal order of God.

In this view, which we say is the highest that man has yet reached, the function of government is regarded as solely juridical; or, in other words, preventive of wrong, rather than provocative of good. It holds, that as society puts away its injustice, every social blessing must ensue. Do you ask why? Because it perceives that ample provision for every positive activity has been made by the Creator, in the very constitution of man. His physical necessities, his intellectual curiosity, and his social and moral desires will set him in motion of themselves, provided justice will but protect him in their exercise. He needs no driving wheel, but a balance; no stimulus, but security.

Let the interference of individuals be restrained, let the excesses of society itself be curbed, and his own restless impatience to improve his condition, his ambition to enlarge the sphere of his influence, his love of the eternal truth, and goodness and beauty, which forever flow from the great fountain of life, into his heart, will impel him to every acquisition and grace which can expand or adorn his nature.

Nothing could be clearer in theory; but clear as this truth is in theory, it has

been made yet more clear, by the practical experiences of the nations. Those which are the most advanced in civilization, in which wealth, knowledge, and refinement are the most widely diffused, in which willfulness and disorder are the least pronounced; where tenderness for the female sex and for children, and beneficent sympathy for the distressed, are the most active; where the most profuse provisions for education and science are made, and the interests of the liberal arts, and morals, and religion, are most enthusiastically promoted, are precisely those nations in which governments are most restricted to their primary equitable functions, and the people left the freest to develop their resources and themselves.

Be it remarked, at the same time, that politics does not exhaust the relations of society. As men have duties to each other, beyond the duties of justice, so society has a sphere of responsibility beyond the political sphere. Politics is a branch, only, of a larger domain. It is introductory, both as a science and as a practice, to another and higher science and practice. The useful or benevolent relations of men to each other, need an organic expression, no less than their juridical or political relations. The subjects treated of in what is commonly called political economy—the end aimed at so widely by the European socialists—are the relations to which we refer, are among the most vital of human interests, and demand as thorough and effective a treatment as those preliminary relations which are organized into what is denominated the state. In other words, politics is but a department of what the great French speculator, Comte, barbarously names Sociology, for the want of a better term. But the difference between the political relations of men and their useful or benevolent relations is here—that as the object of the former is justice, whose authority is undeniable and universal, they may act through force; but as the object of the latter is benefit, they can act only by voluntary consent. The state, within its sphere, compels, because justice, which it represents, is imperative, sovereign, and irresistible; but society, in the greater sphere of uses, merely solicits, consults, and agrees.

To return to politics: the great practical question is, how the administration

of justice—the principal function of government—is to be secured. As its efficient agents must be men liable to selfish aberrations, *quis custodes custodiet?*—who will take care of the government? How shall the functionaries, who execute the just will of society, be themselves prevented from becoming oppressors and wrong-doers? With Mr. Calhoun especially, who adopts the selfish view of human nature, this is the all-important question. He treats it with extreme ingenuity and the most elaborate care. His precursor, Hobbes, had answered it in the most simple and obvious way, for one holding to that theory—confine the government to as few agents as possible, i. e., to a single hereditary monarch. Raised by his position above the ordinary temptations of avarice, fraud, and ambition, his own interest will be identified with the interests of the whole community, and he will act impartially towards all. But Mr. Calhoun was too much of a democrat by education, and too good a logician, and, moreover, had read too much of human history to be deluded by this fallacy. He accepted, therefore, the democratic solution, of written constitutions and direct responsibility to the people, yet with a difference; he thought written constitutions, in themselves, worth no more than the parchment on which they were written, against the interests of the majority resolved to violate them, while universal suffrage by itself would be only a means of giving efficacy to the will of that majority. Whatever the constitution may prescribe, the right of suffrage, he argues, by placing the control of the government in the majority, “must, from the same constitution of our nature which makes governments necessary to preserve society, lead to conflict among its different interests—each striving to obtain possession of its powers, as the means of protecting itself against the others—or, of advancing its respective interests, regardless of the interests of others.” The major interest will, of course, prevail, and the minor will have only escaped the tyranny of one man, or an aristocracy, perhaps only to be reduced to the severer tyranny of a majority. There must be, therefore, some bridle contrived even for the majority.

Looking at the history of the world, and seeing how constitutions have failed,

and suffrage led to despotism, one is at first sight inclined to believe in the truth of this representation. In France, for example, both have been frequently tried, and, in every case, without success. Since the year 1789, no less than six or seven constitutions have been established, by the largest popular votes—and established merely to be annulled. The Constitution of '93 was voted by 1,801,918 for to 11,610 against; the Constitution of the year III. was voted by 1,107,567 for to 49,977 against; that of the year VIII., by 3,012,569 for, 1,562 against: and so of the rest, down to that of 1852, when Louis Napoleon was invested with the constituent power, by a vote of 7,439,216, out of a total of eight million ballots! yet, regarding these facts more closely, do they prove that constitutions and suffrages are of no avail? Amid all the changes of name, was there any real change of constitution? Amid all the suffrages cast, was there any real expression of the voice of the people? Emphatically, no! Under every *régime*, the government of France was the same—a despotic centralization. It was even more despotic under Danton and Robespierre than it became under Bonaparte; it was just as despotic under Ledru Rollin, and Lamartine, as it now is under Louis Napoleon. Changed in name, but not in powers or functions, the state was unchanged, and controlled the popular voice, in every case. Had there been, at any time, a real change of the constitution (by which we mean not the written words, but the organic disposition), there would have been a real expression of the popular will, and a true democratic success. The democratic theory embraces three essentials: first, a written constitution, limiting the powers of government to the just and fundamental objects of all governments; second, a distribution of all local power among the coördinate localities to which they relate; and third, universal suffrages, under inspectors of election chosen by the people. But these France has never had. She has had written constitutions, but no distributions of power, and she has failed, because she was always a despotism, and not a democracy. Anybody, who will calmly consider any of the constitutions that she ever tried, will say that they ought to have failed, that it was impossible for them to succeed, not in

France merely, but anywhere. Adopted in the United States, with all the imputed fitness and capacity of the people, they would have exploded similarly—in civil war.

These failures, then, can hardly be quoted against the democratic solution, because the conditions of successful experiment were not fulfilled. A man who goes to sea with a hole in the bottom of his boat, ought not to complain if he sinks. Nor is his folly a proof of the defects of the art of navigation. Where the conditions of democratic government are not observed, it is idle to expect its success; but where its conditions are observed, we have the most positive and grateful evidences of its success. Take the twenty or thirty republics of this Union—the separate States we mean, not the Federal Government—and in every one we shall find order, stability, freedom, and progress. They are organized by written constitutions, with the powers defined, with suffrage almost universal, but with numerous local centres, and they stand as firmly to-day, and operate as harmlessly, as they did sixty years ago, when the most of them were formed. Their failures or their dangers are not in themselves. They contract, and do not grow in power, while the society which they rule over is expanding in numbers and wealth, with unprecedented rapidity.

Let us, however, before defending the popular theory, ascertain more precisely the nature of Mr. Calhoun's objections to it, and the theory he propounds in its place. He contends, as we have seen, that under a popular form of government, where a great diversity of interests prevails, and where the collective will is expressed through the numerical majority, the strongest interests invariably get the control. They take all the honors and emoluments of office; they stretch constitutional powers to aggrandize themselves; they promote factions; and, finally, they lead to corruption, anarchy, and despotism. "If the whole community," he adds, "had the same interests, so that the interests of each and every portion would be so affected, by the action of the government, that the laws which oppressed or impoverished one portion would necessarily oppress and impoverish all others—or the reverse—then the right of suffrage, of itself, would be all sufficient, to coun-

teract the tendency of the government to oppression and abuse of its powers."

"But such is not the case: on the contrary, nothing is more difficult than to equalize the action of the government in reference to the various and diversified interests of the community; and nothing more easy than to prevent its powers becoming instruments to aggrandize and enrich one or more interests, by oppressing and impoverishing the others, and this, too, under the operation of laws, couched in general terms, and which, on their face, appear fair and equal." "The more extensive and populous the country, the more diversified the condition and pursuits of its population; and the richer, more luxurious and dissimilar the people, the more difficult is it to equalize the action of the government—and the more easy for one portion of the community to pervert its powers to oppress and plunder the other."

This is his fundamental position; and the remedy he proposes is, the organization of the different interests of society, on a scheme which is called "the concurrent majority." "Let the sense of each interest or portion of the community," he says, "which may be injuriously or unequally affected by the action of the government, be taken separately through its own majority, and then require the consent of each interest to put or keep the government in action. In other words, give to each division or interest, through its appropriate organ, either a concurrent voice in making and executing the laws, or a veto on the execution!" In this way all unequal or injurious action will be prevented, just as in Rome the veto of the tribunes prevented the encroachments of the patricians upon the plebeians; or as in old Poland the veto of each member of the diet prevented the passage of any dangerous law; or as in Great Britain the reciprocal checks of kings, lords, and commons upon each other prevent the accumulation of power in the hands of either. In this way, too, when all the parts or interests of a society have a negative upon the proceedings of the other parts, a spirit of mutual concession and compromise is begotten, which must lead to the most amicable and patriotic relations. As no measure could be carried without the assent of the minor interests, their liberties would be secured, and the majority rendered more conciliatory and justly disposed.

In proceeding to remark upon this scheme, the first difficulty that occurs to us is, in regard to the vague and indefinite application of the word "interest," in this country. In the older nations, where distinct and well-defined classes have grown up, under the old feudal arrangements—or where separately organized races live under a common political system—or where, again, the territorial divisions, or marches, bound peculiar interests or peoples—we can easily tell what "interests" are, and see how an organization by "interests" might be effected; but, among us, where there are no acknowledged classes; where all races are promiscuously mingled—except the blacks, who have no political existence whatever—where there are no really divided or opposite interests, though we sometimes loosely speak of an agricultural interest, a commercial interest, a manufacturing interest, a mining interest, etc., and where the geographical divisions, if they were not fast melting away, under the influence of rail-roads and rivers, would present no positive or radical antagonisms, it is hard to discover in what manner an organization by "interests" could be applied. As, according to the renowned Mrs. Glass, you must first catch your hare before you can cook it, so you must first get your "interests," before you can organize them. Unless you choose to consider each separate trade as the "interest" to be acquired, which would plunge you, at once, into the worst form of socialism—that which proposes to organize industry through the state—there are no interests on which to attach your theory. Our ordinary political divisions into states, counties, townships, etc., are, for the most part, arbitrary, or, at least, do not involve any very separable interests. The "majority" and "minority" interests, which appear in politics, are quite too fluctuating to be made the ground of a permanent organization. Like the Paddy's flea, when you put your finger on them, they are not there. What was the minority yesterday is the majority to-day—and the majority of to-day will become the minority to-morrow. In fact, the free and the slave states are the only strongly contrasted divisions of any kind, in this nation—and this division is not so much one of interest (at least, so far as the North is concerned) as of moral con-

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viction. What real or effective diversity of "interest" is there between any of the New England states, or between New York and Pennsylvania, or between New York and Ohio, or between any of the western states? We mean, what diversity sufficiently pronounced to be made the foundation of a permanent organic consecration? In what way do "interests" of any one state dominate those of another? Is Massachusetts an oppressor? Is Illinois? Is Louisiana? Can we say that they would be, if their political equality in the federal Senate were removed, and a numerical majority prevail there, as in the House? During the legislation of the last fifty years, at least, has the House, elected by a numerical majority of the people, shown any more disposition to oppress the states, than the Senate, elected on the principle of the concurrent majority, by the states? On page 391 of vol. I., Mr. Calhoun himself admits that there has been no conflict between the several states, as the founders of the Constitution apprehended, and that the only conflict is between the North and South.

Nor is it true, as Mr. Calhoun alleges, that the "interests" of a community are the more likely to oppress and plunder each other, the more extensive and diversified they are, for the simple reason that, in such a case, the less willing or able are they to combine. We can conceive how, in a single homogeneous community, where only two or three positive interests unite, the strongest one might oppress the others, or a few weaker ones combine for the same purpose; but, in a large society, stretched over a vast expanse of territory, where ten thousand different pursuits engage attention, and the interests of persons and localities are intensely complicated, it is almost morally impossible that any one or any dozen should gain a complete and lasting ascendancy. It is impossible that any one or any dozen should be so paramount as virtually to override the others. The very fact of their diversity itself is the guarantee of their comparative equality. Let any one or any dozen attempt an undue control, and that instant the remaining hundred, though separated before, have a common motive for resisting the aggression. In proof of this, compare the condition of the southern states of this Union

with that of the northern! At the South, there is one interest—the slaveholding—superior to all others: it, accordingly, dominates all others, and it allows of no legislation, scarcely the expression of an opinion, which it may deem in the remotest degree unfriendly to its sway. There is, consequently, but one political party at the South—the pro-slavery party—and all others are crushed into utter nullity. But, diversify the interests of the South, as they are diversified at the North—let a large manufacturing population step in—let the mechanic arts flourish, if that were possible—let an indigenous commerce invite thither its traders, sailors, and stevedores—let the corn and wheat farmer take his place by the side of the cotton planter and sugar grower—and this terrible and leaden despotism of a single interest would be broken; society would begin to exhibit that lively variety of pursuits and opinions which is the safeguard, as it is the stimulant, of civil progress.

We are very far, then, from participating in Mr. Calhoun's fears as to the fatal domination of certain interests in any developed society. Parties will be there, no doubt—parties arrayed against each other in bitter hostility—combining and combating on many grounds—according to education, to prejudices of birth, to affinities of race, to mere names, to abstract convictions, to religious tenets, and what not; but the fewest and feeblest of these parties will be those which act upon mere interest. For it is a libel on our human nature to assert that men, in their political conduct, are solely or mainly controlled by their "interests." They are not; they are controlled by convictions, into which the question of interest enters only as a part, and generally a most inconsiderable part, amid a large and powerful influx of motives—from passion, honor, association, principle, reason, and conscience. And, the more deeply they are concerned in public movements, the higher the general excitement, the more entirely exempt are they from the influences of personal consideration. Indeed, Coleridge remarks somewhere, that abstract metaphysical notions have often more effect upon the feelings of the great body of the people, than the most immediate and extensive prospects of personal advantage. A few brief sentences, proclaiming the right of all

to read the Scripture, brought on the Reformation; the vague general maxims of the physiocrats aroused the French insurrection; the power of Cromwell was in the religious earnestness of his nation; and our own Revolution lived upon the vitality of the short preamble to the Declaration. More than that: this very preamble, expressing in formal phrase what seems to be abstruse deductions of political science, has had more influence, in forming the character of this mighty nation, than all the checks, and balances, and vetoes of the constitution. Not that such checks and negatives are useless; but that, in legislating for men, it should not be forgotten that they are men, with generous sensibilities, and impulses of honor, and the love of fair-dealing, and a consciousness of relations to God. In the last resort, it is on these that every hope of good government and every good cause must rely, and not upon cunningly-devised checks of law.

As a consequence of this appreciation, again, we do not share in Mr. Calhoun's dread of the ravages and mischiefs of the numerical majority. We readily concede that there are cases in which the voice of the majority ought not to prevail. In all questions which transcend the proper objects of government, not only should a majority of voices, or two-thirds, or the concurrence of a dozen majorities, but unanimity, be required to their passage. Or, what amounts to the same thing, the very entertainment of them should be forbidden by the organic law. We would write on the front of every constitution, in characters of living flame, such as Dante saw on the portals of hell:—"Thus far, and no farther." But, within the strict limits of government, it seems to us that the expedient of determining questions by the greatest number, is the most just, safe, and effective. It is the most just; because, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the majority, when they have a right to judge at all, are more likely to be correct than the minority; while to require more than a majority of voices for their determination, is really to put the control in the hands of the minority. Why should a fraction over one-third of the members of a community be empowered to defeat the wishes of the other two-thirds? Or, why should one-fourth of a nation—say five millions out of twenty

millions—be allowed to arrest for ever the lawful purposes of the larger number? In the Senate of the United States, for instance, which represents the states equally, and is a specimen of Mr. Calhoun's concurrent majority, it takes a vote of two-thirds to confirm any treaty. Now, suppose a commercial treaty is before it, of the highest importance to the people of a large number of the states—a treaty perfectly within the just power of the government—yet, by this contrivance of requiring two-thirds, it may be rejected by eleven states, whose united population will not amount to two millions—against twenty states—nearly double the number—whose united population will be over seventeen millions! Is that just? Again, according to the provisions of the federal constitution, under its concurrent majority system, three-fourths of the states, i. e. twenty-four of the smaller ones, containing about eight millions of white people, may bring about any amendment of the constitution that they please, even the most monstrous, against the other fourth, representing a population of eleven millions! Nay, a bare majority in those states—say five millions—may carry their amendments against the unanimous opinions of the remaining fourteen millions? Under similar machinery, the President of the United States, with all the fearful and tremendous power concentrated in his hands, may be elected by several millions less than one-half the qualified voters of the states. If, therefore, the numerical force may sometimes act to the oppression of the minority, we see also, that the concurrent force may act to the oppression of the majority; and surely if either has to suffer, we ought to prefer that it should be the lesser number.

As evidence of the enormous strides of the "numerical majority" to power, Mr. Calhoun refers, in bitter terms, to the action of our federal government. He instances, particularly, the assumption of an appellate jurisdiction by the supreme court over the state courts; the creation of a national bank to regulate the currency; the passage of a protective tariff, to the detriment of the planting states; the distribution of public money in furtherance of schemes of internal improvement; and the restriction of slavery in the territories. But Mr. Calhoun does not stop to remark

that all these measures, with the exception of the first, have been repealed by the same influences under which they were established. The bank is dead; the tariff is dead; internal improvements are dead, and squatter sovereignty reigns rampant in the territories. Nor does he dwell upon the fact, while mentioning it incidentally, that these measures, whether good or bad, were all carried and repealed under concurrent and not numerical majorities. The federal Congress, consisting of the House, which represents the people numerically, and the Senate, which represents the states equally, requires a concurrent vote to the passage of any bill. As far as that is concerned, then, the concurrent system is, by Mr. Calhoun's own complaints, ineffective. Meanwhile, it is worthy of remark, in the midst of the overshadowing encroachments of the central government, where the concurrent system is so largely applied, that under the state governments, where the numerical plan exclusively prevails, there has been a steady diminution in their powers. In nearly all of them the constitutions have, from time to time, been reformed, and always with a large curtailment of their patronage, their jurisdiction, and their means of corruption. Take the state of New York, with one-sixth the population of the Union, for example: it has twice, since the beginning of the century, revised its organic laws; it has stripped its executive of a once extended power of appointment; it has abolished innumerable useless offices; it has retrenched the expenditures of every department; it has re-organized its judiciary; and it has restricted the legislature within comparatively the narrowest limits.

We do not deny that the federal government has become swollen and bloated until it is now a fearful congestion; but the cause we ascribe to original defects in the constitution, and particularly to its abnormal growth, aided by usurpations of the executive. In the constitutional surrender to the President of his vast power of appointment, and in the assumption by him, without authority, of the power of removal, we discover the source of nine-tenths of the corruption and degeneracy which has fallen upon our politics. Yet the evil, alarming as it is, by no means fills us with dismay. We believe there is virtue enough in the people to chastise and correct every

abuse. Let their minds once escape the agitations of the slavery-question, forced upon them by the infamous schemes of filibusters and propagandists, and they will be directed to their other great fountain of pernicious influence. We should soon after expect to see the Congress assert its proper control over removals; we should expect to see the diplomatic service, which is a sort of honored asylum for the decayed or rejected politicians of the states, retrenched; we should expect to see the cumbrous post-office establishment, with its bands of pretorians, now operating as a check upon the speedy diffusion of knowledge, abolished; we should expect to see two-thirds at least of the remaining appointments resumed by the people, and the overgrown functions of the executive, generally, remodeled. Our confidence would rest in the recuperative energies of the people; in their general intelligence; in their common sense; in their love of justice, and in the fact, despite Mr. Calhoun's theories, that the persons interested in bad government must always be few compared with the many who are interested in good government.

With the end at which Mr. Calhoun aims—the arrest of centralization—we cordially sympathize; but we hold that that end is to be most effectively and harmoniously reached—not by a system of independent governments with a negative upon the action of each other, which would infallibly lead to anarchy—but by an original distribution of the functions of government among coördinate local governments, with impartial

tribunals for the decision of cases of disputed jurisdiction. The organized parts of every large community should be treated as individuals are treated by society. They are all placed on an equal footing; their rights are protected by the fundamental law, and their disputes are settled, not by themselves, but by the courts. Were each one allowed a negative, in his own case, there would soon be, inevitably, an end to the social union. Adjudication, and not nullification, is the true remedy for wrongs. Nullification is but disguised revolution; but adjudication is contentment, peace, and security.

We hold as strongly as Mr. Calhoun ever did, to the necessity and importance of the doctrine of local self-government; but, we hold it on broader grounds: not simply that the separate parts of a nation may be a check upon the other parts, but because it is the most efficient means of distributing power, and of educating the people. All consolidated governments must sooner or later die of plethora; and the people under them must sooner or later lose the habit, and with that the desire of government; and a despot must step in, if for no other reason, to save them from themselves. But a true system of local governments, where the parts cannot be anarchical, nor the centre oppressive, exercises its people in the practice of every political virtue, and trains them to self-respect and felicity and honour; and is capable of being extended, as we believe that under Providence it yet will be, to all the nations of the globe.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

AMERICAN LITERATURE AND REPRINTS.

—Everybody has his private and particular quarrel with the post-office. We all lose our letters; we all waste precious time, and more precious temper, over the perpetual breaks and defects of our postal system; but few of us are fully convinced of the fact, that the existence of such a system is a disgrace to the country. We imagine the evils to be less in extent and less remediable than they really are. Mr. PLINY MILES's capital pamphlet on *Postal Reform* ought to change all this. Mr. Miles has resided several years in London, and he has been connected with our own Post-office Department. He, therefore, speaks of that which he doth know; and the results of his investigations ought to scandalize us into energy.

According to Mr. Miles, we are now enduring a postal system which worries government, vexes and injures the public, demoralizes the officials, and pleases nobody.

At the same time, various European nations, and especially Great Britain, are quietly enjoying a postal system which enriches the government, serves and benefits the public, controls the officials, and satisfies everybody. We commend these facts to the consideration of all our readers, excepting those engaged to deliver orations on the coming Fourth of July.

In 1854, the expenses of the United States Post-office, for carrying 120,000,000 letters, amounted to two millions of dollars *over and above* the receipts of the Department. Of these letters, about *four millions*, or one in thirty, died, and were damned to the flames at Washington city.

In the same year, the expenses of the British Post-office, for conveying 450,000,000 letters, amounted to six millions of dollars *LESS* than the receipts of the Department; and of these letters rather less than *five thousand* finally died, and were laid aside to await the chances of revival.

In 1854, New York, with a population of three quarters of a million, had to content itself with *one* post-office—and that a dirty, shabby, inadequate den, far from the centre of population.

In the same year, London, with a popu-

lation only thrice as large, was served by *five hundred* post-offices.

The simple truth is, that some two hundred thousand inhabitants of New York live so far from the post-office as to be not much better off, in that respect, than the people of some small country district which the mail reaches once a week!

In 1854, the "drop letters," or those for "local circulation," amounted to 715,000; which, at one cent each, brought in a revenue of 7,150 dollars!

In the same year, the "drop letters" of only six cities in England numbered 74,000,000; which, at a penny each, brought in a revenue of \$2,225,000, of which sum \$1,500,000 was clear net profit!

Mr. Miles states, that in London he has often sent a letter by post to a distant part of the city, and received a reply within three hours. Should we not think the millennium at hand in New York if such a thing could be said of *our* post?

Mr. Miles does not content himself with attacking this or that abuse, the senseless regulation of compulsory prepayment, or our equally senseless registration system; he shows conclusively that the only conditions on which we can hope for a decent, orderly, and economical Post-office, are the following:—1. The abolition of franking. 2. A uniform rate of letter-postage of two cents on all single letters; and a uniform method of rating and weighing all letters. 3. Letter-carriers and receiving-offices in all large towns. 4. A method of remitting money by post-office money-orders. 5. A prompt return to the owners of all dead letters. 6. The abolition of compulsory prepayment, and a double charge on all letters not prepaid. He calls upon our merchants, and our leading men generally, to stir at once in this matter, with decision. We echo his call with all our heart; and, with him, we will not despair of the triumph of facts and common sense.

—Who Mr. R. A. WILSON may be, we do not know; but he writes a book on *Mexico and her Religion*, which he dedicates to the "American Party of the United States." He, himself, is a most unquestionable American: nothing seems to have daunted

him in his journeys; nothing seems to fetter his freedom of speculation. He abhors the Papists, and disbelieves the chroniclers. His book is, decidedly, interesting; and, though we cannot approve of the sarcastic levity which he sometimes uses in speaking of things sacred, we have been impressed by his apparent candor and his unquestionable good feeling. Mr. Wilson gives us a great deal of valuable information respecting the manners and morals of the Mexican world, and a sort of running commentary upon Bernal Diaz and the History of the Mexican conquest. If Mr. Wilson is right (and he makes no assertions, it is fair to say, which he does not support, or try to support, by good practical evidence), Cortez was an unmitigated liar, and Bernal Diaz a priestly fabrication; the Aztec Empire a humbug, and the conquest an enterprise not comparable to the exploits of the English Buccaneers along the Spanish main. Mr. Wilson quietly ignores Mr. Prescott throughout; but, if Mr. Wilson is right, Mr. Prescott's "History" must take its place with the romances of the Grand Cyrus. Mr. Wilson also suggests a theory—which he maintains plausibly enough—that the yellow fever in America is one of the consequences of the African slave trade. His book is altogether curious, as a capital transcript of a busy Yankee brain.

—*The Moral and Intellectual Diversity of Races* is a book of which the body has been supplied by COUNT GOBINEAU; the head by Mr. H. Hotz, translator, and the tail by Dr. NORR, of Mobile. As it happens, in such cases generally, the body is the best part of the work, and has not been greatly improved by the additions of the editors. Mr. Hotz's introductory analysis is scarcely more than a repetition of his author's conclusions, except in one case where he deviates from him to go wrong; and Professor Nott's appendix, though it furnishes some useful facts, is not remarkably important. The work itself, however, is one of high value. The translation is executed with a good deal of care and accuracy, without sacrificing freedom. But, in one place, Mr. Hotz has made a sad perversion in making a seemingly simple change. Count Gobineau divides all the races of mankind into the masculine and feminine, or active and passive races; or those again in which the emotional or

moral nature prevails, and those in which the intellectual and practical prevails. Mr. Hotz, however, renders this division into the speculative and utilitarian races, which, besides destroying the beautiful relation suggested by his author's terms, really conceals his main principle, namely, that the best races are those fecundated by the conjunction of the two characteristics, the moral and the practical, while the lowest are those, as the Chinese and Hindoo, in which one predominates to the exclusion of the other. Under the term of M. Gobineau, all the inferior races, as they are considered, immediately address themselves to our sympathies; but, under Mr. Hotz's terms, they become repulsive. Mr. Hotz has also omitted, in several places, most interesting inquiries in which the author indulges, but which do not seem to have fallen in with his translator's prejudices. When will these official translators and editors learn, that what the reading public wants is the whole of the author's thought, and not the emasculated form of it, which may be agreeable to his accouchers? The notes are, mainly, of some value.

The problem of the author is, to investigate the actual diversities of the human races, with reference particularly to their influence upon the civil and political history of mankind. He manages it with learning, discretion, and candor; he means to be a Christian and philanthropist; but some of his conclusions, it seems to us, are unwarranted by philosophy and even pernicious. What is the cause, he asks, of that overthrow or ruin of nations, which has occurred with such uniformity as to lead us to suppose that it is a law of nature? He shows that the causes usually assigned, such as fanaticism, the corruption of morals, irreligion, luxury, bad governments, are not the true causes, because nations have suffered all these and retained their vitality. But, he answers, the real cause is degeneracy, in the etymological sense of the term, or the alternation of the original blood of the nation. Or, in his own words, a nation is degenerate, when the blood of its founders no longer flows in its veins, but has been gradually deteriorated by successive foreign admixtures; so that the nation, while retaining its original name, is no longer composed of the same elements. The corruption of the

blood leads to a modification of the original instincts, or modes of thinking—the new elements assert their influence, and when they have once gained perfect and entire preponderance, the degeneration is complete.

It will be seen that this view assumes a permanent and original diversity in races, or a palpable difference in the capacity and intrinsic worth of the different branches of the human family; and, accordingly, the author argues it, at great length, and with much expenditure of learning and force, though with no novel or original views. He endeavors to demonstrate, first, that these differences are not the result of political institutions, but rather that political institutions are the result of them: secondly, that they are not the result of geographical situation: and, thirdly, that Christianity cannot change their essence, though it may modify them to a small extent. In other words, the substance of his argument is, that every civilization must grow out of the primary instincts of the races, and that it cannot be implanted or impressed, or taught by other races, as we see in the cases of the Paraguayans, the South American Indians, the Cherokees, the African negroes, and others, in which attempts have been made to impose European civilization upon them.

Now, we may admit the premises of M. Gobineau—we may admit an original, natural diversity among the races of men, because all the facts of history show that, up to the ante-historic ages, that is, for four or five thousand years back, the distinctions between the races have been permanent; but it does not follow from this that the inferior races are incapable of improvement, or a high civilization. Because they have not advanced in times past, is no reason that they may not advance hereafter. A naturalist of the time of Tacitus, observing the Germanic races, might have reasoned that, inasmuch as they had been barbarians for thousands of years, they would always continue to be barbarians. Yet, we know that these very races have produced the richest and most diversified civilization that the world has yet seen. A person looking at the condition of woman, only a few centuries ago, might have argued that she could never be much more than a toy or a slave, and yet we know to what a beautiful and glorious

stature woman may attain. The development of the races is not a question of one year or of a hundred; but depends upon the plans of that divine Providence with which a thousand years are but as one day. We do not deny the possibility of a philosophy of history, or the right of science to generalize on the facts of our brief past; but we hold that all its generalizations, at this period of the world, when the most advanced races have only begun their career of real civilization, are to be accepted with caution.

The issue between those who deny the improbability of races and those who do not, is the old issue between naturalism and spiritualism, or between materialistic science and religion. Are all men susceptible of regeneration, that is, not of a literal change of nature, but of a change of impulse or motive, from selfish and natural ends to spiritual ends, or to an inward love of goodness and truth, as the principle of their lives? This is the point in dispute. Religion, by which we mean the Christian religion, says that they are; while science, founding itself upon a simple induction of facts, maintains that they are not. M. Gobineau, though professedly a Roman Catholic, seems to take the naturalistic side of the dispute; and those who would see it presented with much fairness and sagacity may read his volume with profit.

—In criticising Dr. Mahan's work on the modern spiritualism, we called for a treatment of the subject by a regular scientific man, accustomed to the laws and procedure of scientific method. This we supposed we might find on opening Dr. HARE's new work, but were sadly disappointed. Like most others who have undertaken a favorable view of the matter, he has gone off into theological speculations instead of handling the facts in a philosophic manner. His contributions to our knowledge of the strange phenomena are interesting, as coming from a professor of the natural sciences of acknowledged position; but they do not add much to what was before known, while the supernatural communications, on which so much reliance is placed, rather confuse and perplex the question. That these occurrences could not be the result of collusion, or even of self-deception, was pretty well demonstrated before; and the experience of Dr. Hare only confirms that conviction. That

they may come from certain weak and uneasy spirits, who have departed this life without having got fully settled in any other, was also a possible belief, which Dr. Hare strengthens; but his reasonings do not go any further. To suppose, on the ground of such "communications" as he gives, or of communications previously given, that these rappings and tippings are the signs of a new opening of revelation, of a new intercourse which is to be established between earth and heaven, would be wholly unwarranted. We can only judge of the character of a messenger by that of his message; and, by this test, we pronounce the spirits, thus far, a set of sickly, pink-eyed sentimentalists, who are incapable of giving us a single thought in advance of what is already known. Some speak as Bacon; but their sentences have as little of the pith and matter of Bacon in them as a schoolboy's theme. Others take the name of Swedenborg, but of a Swedenborg that has lost all his fine sagacity and noble logic. Both Bacon and Swedenborg were clear-sighted, profound, and consistent thinkers; but their spiritual personators are weak and waxy rhapsodists. Even the spiritual Shakespeare is, sometimes, made to write poems—but such a Shakespeare!

The mischief of these manifestations is, that almost everybody who meddles with them instantly turns theologian, and publishes a new gospel. Now, as the gospel that we have is an excellent one, and will be quite ahead of the world for some time yet, will nobody undertake a fair and candid investigation of them as a simple question of science? Dr. Hare has not succeeded, and the field is still open.

—Here, at last, we have, in Mr. Lewes's *Life of Goethe*, a biography of Germany's greatest son, which is not only reliable, but readable. The large book of Viehoff, and the lesser book of Schäfer, while clumsy enough to worry even a German, are not sufficiently profound to impose upon even an Englishman. Neither of these writers had access to any unpublished material; neither of them had familiarized himself with Goethe otherwise than as he appeared in print.

Mr. Lewes has been engaged upon his work for more than ten years. During this time, he has visited Germany often, has acquainted himself with the surviving

friends of Goethe, and with the places in which the great man lived; has examined files of private correspondence, and traced out the thread of many an obscure adventure.

So much for his diligence. For his capacity, it had been already attested by various literary works of no ordinary merit. Mr. Lewes's "Biographical History of Philosophy," with all its defects, is at once one of the most entertaining and one of the most really valuable treatises upon the development of metaphysical science which we possess in the English language; his novel of "Rose, Blanche and Violet" is a romance in conception, and a keen analytical satire in execution; while his contributions, over the signature of "Vivian," to the London *Leader*, have attracted the attention of the most careless members of that most careless class—the readers of newspapers.

Mr. Lewes is a man of fine culture, of critical insight, of accurate perceptions, and of catholic temper. We expected from him an excellent book upon Goethe, and we are happy to say that our expectations have not been disappointed.

Mr. Lewes strikes on his title page the key-note of his work. He writes upon his shield the device of Jung Stilling: "Goethe's heart, which few knew, was as great as his intellect, which all knew." How many of our lady readers will exclaim against this motto! The wrongs of Frederica and of Lili have never been forgiven by their sex; and it is one of the pet convictions of the cultivated female world, that Goethe was a heartless flirt, a creature who "ground up his friends and his loves alike for paint." To those who cherish this conviction, we commend the brilliant and fascinating pages in which Mr. Lewes discusses the poet's relations with the various women who, at one time or another, ensnared his roving, restless heart. Perhaps they will condemn his conduct as severely as ever; but they will surely revise their judgments of his character.

When these volumes have been read carefully, charitably, thoughtfully, to the end, the prejudice must be very toughly rooted which can interfere with an acceptance of the words with which Mr. Lewes preludes his examination of the poet's life:

"One man is the carrier of one kind of

excellence, another of another. Achilles wins the victory, and Homer immortalizes it: we bestow the laurel-crown on both. In virtue of a genius such as modern times have only seen equalled once or twice, Goethe deserves the epithet of great; unless we believe a great genius can belong to a small mind. Nor is it in virtue of genius alone that he deserves the name. Merck said of him, that what he lived was more beautiful than what he wrote; and his life, amid all its weaknesses and all its errors, presents a picture of a certain grandeur of soul which cannot be contemplated unmoved. I shall make no attempt to conceal his faults. Let them be dealt with as harshly as severest justice may dictate, they will not eclipse the central light which shines throughout his life. He was great, if only in large-mindedness—a magnanimity which admitted no trace of envy, of pettiness, of ignoble feeling, to stain or to distort his thoughts. He was great, if only in his lovingness, sympathy, benevolence. He was great, if only in his gigantic activity. He was great, if only in self-mastery, which subdued rebellious impulses into the direct path prescribed by his will and reason. "This man, we may say, became morally great, by being in his own age what in some other ages many might have been—a genuine man. His grand excellency was this, that he was genuine. As his primary faculty—the foundation of all others—was intellect, depth, and force of vision, so his primary virtue was justice—was the courage to be just. A giant's strength we admired in him; yet strength ennobled into softest mildness. The greatest of hearts was also the bravest—fearless, unwearied, peacefully invincible."

"The following pages will, it is hoped, furnish evidence for such a judgment, and help to dissipate the many misconstructions which darken the glory of the life of Germany's greatest son."

Especially grateful are we to Mr. Lewes for the preëminence which he has given to the youth of Goethe. In this biography we see the fiery, magnificent Apollo of Strassburg as distinctly as the solemn Jupiter of Weimar. When one reflects how exclusively we have been familiarized heretofore with Goethe, as he appeared in his age, with the stately prime minister, the starred and white-cravatted excellency, it is less surprising that we should have done the great heart of the poet so much injustice.

Who could look on Schwanthaler's venerable magnate, as he stands there in the Goethe-platz of Frankfort, and fancy that

Titan in nankeens capable of passionate excesses or youthful indiscretion?

The criticisms upon Goethe's works, which Mr. Lewes has scattered through his book, are always worthy of attention—thoughtful, clearly stated, suggestive. The style of the book is attractive. Sometimes, indeed, the journalist is betrayed by a dash of flippancy or a discursive episode; but the reader is taken up at the first page, and carried cleverly along to the last. If he knew Goethe before, he will find the journey delightful; if he did not, he will find it also astonishing.

We have now only to thank Messrs. Ticknor & Fields for giving it to us so speedily and in so handsome a form, and to recommend it cordially to our readers. We are sorry, however, to see that Mr. Lewes has been misled into crediting Mr. John Oxenford with a translation of Goethe's *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, which Mr. John Oxenford never made. The translation which appeared with his name, in London, was a deliberate piracy, perpetrated upon Mr. Parke Godwin and Mr. Dana, of this city.

—The issue of the sixteenth edition of Dr. GRISWOLD'S *Poets and Poetry of America* is an illustration of the interest taken by our reading community in the history of American literature, as well as of the substantial merits of the work. Dr. Griswold is an indefatigable literary mouser. On all points of gossip concerning books and book-makers, he is more extensively informed than most men. He has an innate vocation for the pursuit, with which his name is identified. His taste is certainly not immaculate, but then he makes no pretensions to literary infallibility. He is, sometimes, inaccurate in details, but his errors are usually of trifling consequence; and the main features of his statements will, for the most part, bear examination. He, perhaps, indulges too much in criticism—for the purpose of his work is historical, not critical—and the majority of his readers would give more for a page of facts than for a volume of opinions. Still, many of his comments are valuable, and, except in the rare instances which betray a tinge of personal prejudice, are considerate and discriminating. Too much praise can scarcely be accorded to Dr. Griswold

for his energy and perseverance as a pioneer. The collective literature of every country is a wilderness, and a bold spirit and robust arm are needed to penetrate its tangled mazes. Dr. Griswold, indeed, has had predecessors in his work, like Kettell, Cheever, Bryant, and Keese; but still a vast field was left for his researches, and he has entered it with resolution and success. In the present edition, many new names have been introduced; several of the articles entirely re-written and numerous attractive specimens give from our latest poets.

—*REED'S Lectures on English History.* We had occasion to commend the lectures of the late Professor REED, on English literature, for their fine scholarship and amiable spirit; and we discover the same qualities in the present volume, with some others of a higher order. It was scarcely possible to say anything original on a theme so worn as that of the English writers; and all that the reader had a right to expect was, a genial appreciation and a methodical treatment of the subject. These Mr. Reed gave. But, in the work before us, he has struck out in a somewhat new path—treating English history not in itself, nor in what are usually called the historical relations, but as it has been illustrated by the genius of Shakespeare; and treating it with much philosophical discernment and skill. Mr. Reed's fundamental idea is, that history is interpreted by the imagination as well as by the reason; and that while poetry has a precious power of its own, for the preservation of historic truth—reviving the past so as to make it imperishable—it has also a clarifying power, which divests that truth of much of the heterogeneous and impure matter, mingled with its actual contents. This thought he defends in the opening lecture, with remarkable clearness, and even beauty of illustration; and then, in the following lectures, applies it to the ages dramatized by Shakespeare. Of the ten plays, founded upon the chronicles of his country, by Shakespeare, one relating to King John is a kind of prologue; and another—the Henry VIII.—a kind of epilogue. But the other eight are parts of one continuous drama, of which the subject is the fall of the Plantagenet dynasty, and the time, nearly the whole fifteenth century. The period embraces the reigns of the second and third Richards; the fourth, fifth, and sixth

Henrys, and the fourth and fifth Edwards—beginning with the accession of the boy Richard, and—after a thousand civic conflicts and vicissitudes—ending in the catastrophe of Bosworth Field. The eight plays in which this stupendous historical theme is treated, are, as Professor Reed says, so closely interwoven with each other, that they may be regarded as the eight acts of one grand tragedy: at the same time, each play is complete in itself; but it is in contemplating the scenes as a whole that we see the real grandeur, the awful might and magnitude of the genius, which could worthily handle so immense a theme. We are commonly so much impressed by the merits of Shakespeare's more imaginative plays, that we are apt to lose sight of the greatness of this historical series; and it is only when they are brought together as a unity—as in these lectures of Professor Reed—that we feel how wonderful they are. It is needless for us to add, that in his generalizations and criticisms, Professor Reed evinces careful historical reading, fine taste, a noble and sweet humanity, and an ardent love of his topics. We could have wished that his mind had been less imbued with Wordsworth's poetry (which is quoted whenever a poetical quotation is made), not because we dislike that poetry, but because the frequency of its occurrence takes away the sense of variety, which it is one object of a quotation to give, and leads to a suspicion (unjust in this case, we believe,) of a narrow or partial culture on the part of the author. Wordsworth's poetry contains a rich store of profound thought and striking imagery; but "great poets lived before William Wordsworth." The proof reading of the volume has not been as careful as its neatness, in other typographical respects, deserved.

—*Mrs. SARAH J. HALE* proposes to edit a *Library of Standard Letters*, comprising selections from the correspondence of eminent men and women. The first volume is before us, and contains the letters of Mme. de Sévigné. Mrs. Hale has arranged these letters, not according to the dates, but according to their addresses, throwing all the letters to one person into one series. We cannot think this plan an improvement, if the object of the work be to make the reader acquainted with Madame de Sévigné. It is very instructive to see the different

faces which a woman of genius presents, at the same time, to her various friends.

The letters are translated as well as untranslatable letters can be, but the notes are dreary. The class of readers for whom these books are intended can hardly be much edified by the information, that the "Princess d'Harcourt" was the "daughter of Charles de Brancas." Nor can we think that Mme. de Sévigné is quite a model, in private life, of Christian conduct, for modern young ladies. Still Mrs. Hale's idea is a good one; and if we are not mistaken in the belief, that the taste for epistolary literature is not, and never can be a popular one, the series she proposes will be successful.

—We have to thank the Messrs. Harper for another edition of that most delightful of books, TALFOURD'S *Life and Works of Charles Lamb*. There are persons, we are told, and these well informed, who "know not Lamb." Are such persons to be pitied, or to be envied? to be pitied for their long exile from the coziest nook of all the literary world; or to be envied for the joy which shall be theirs when they enter it? How entertaining these Editorial Notes would be, could we extract into them half a dozen pages at random, from these two stout volumes! But this may not be—so reader, go buy the stout volumes, and learn to think better of life and of man.

In this new edition, the publishers have incorporated those last memorials of Lamb which the pious affection of Talfourd gave to the world a few years since—those memorials which make us reverence a hero in the man, whom we had loved before as a friend. Pharisees! whose lifted brows and hands could never fall for thinking of Lamb's one frailty, "consider now his career, and ask yourselves if the annals of self-sacrifice can show anything, in human action and endurance, more lovely than its self-devotion exhibits."

—From the Harpers, also, we have two new volumes of their *Classical Library*. Mr. Watson's translation of Xenophon's *Anabasis* and *Memorabilia* is to be commended for its fidelity rather than for its elegance. It is admirably adapted for a college "pony;" but the *Anabasis*, especially, is such an interesting narrative, that it deserved a more attractive English dress. Mr. Ainsworth's *Geographical Commentary* is subjoined, and is a valuable addition.

Mr. C. R. Edmonds has collected in one volume the moral writings of Cicero, to which he has appended notes, designed to exhibit a comparative view of the opinions of Cicero, and those of modern moralists. This is an excellent notion, and has been quite well carried out. The translation is curious in one respect. It so closely follows (at least in the *De Officiis*) Cicero's idioms, that Cicero's imitation of the Greek thought and style is still more apparent in this English version than in his own original Latin.

—Three novels engage our attention. We give the precedence to the best of them. This is, *Caste, a Story of Republican Equality*, by SYDNEY A. STORRY, JR. The collocation of these two "Stories" on the title-page indicates, at once, the sharpest criticism we have to make on this book. It is not elegantly, nor always correctly written, and the real interest of the narrative is impaired by the deficiencies of the author's style. Moreover, he has given a bad name to a good book. "Caste" suggests Uncle Tom, and Ida May, and the multitude of inferior books called into being by the success of these; and every sensible man recoils at such a suggestion. But "Caste" is neither an imitation nor a repetition, nor a lecture in disguise. It is a true novel, into which the element of slavery enters only as one spring of interest and of passion. The story is well managed, and, though not probable, comes within the limits of possibility and the legitimate domain of the novelist. As a rebuke of the vile prejudice against color, which vulgarizes the manners and degrades the minds of so many Americans, "Caste" cannot be too highly praised. It is written with force, and feeling, and fire.

—*Lily*, by the authoress of the "Busy Moments of an Idle Woman," is a good specimen of a bad class. The plot of the novel is sketchy and vague—the characters clear in description, shadowy in development—the dialogue pointed, lively, and clever. But one cannot help recognizing, in the leading personages, certain individuals well known in southern and northern society, and we cannot, with a good conscience, congratulate the authoress on her skillful portraiture of scenes that ought not to have been painted, and of persons who probably don't choose to see their photographs in all the shops. The book

yields such an aroma of scandal, that we beg leave to suggest an addition to the title. Let it be called, in the second edition, the "Tiger-Lily."

—Mr. Wood's *Modern Pilgrims* is hardly a novel. It is still less a romance. It is, in fact, a nondescript book—Mr. Wood having taken the name of old John Bunyan in vain, for his own purposes. What those purposes are, all of his readers perhaps will not discover. So far as we can find them out, they are to find fault with everybody, and to criticize everything. The criticisms of the author are often superficial, and always extravagant; while his frame-work of allegory is ill-constructed, bare, and unattractive. On the whole, Mr. Wood has come as far short of Bunyan, in this instance, as he fell behind Chamisso in his former work, "Peter Schlemihl in America."

—The *Widow Bedott Papers* is a collection of popular sketches of rural life and rural people in New England, by a lady. The author makes unmerciful use of the New England peculiarities of character and language, and seems to have aimed at doing for the social world of Yankeeedom what Jack Downing did for the political. The book was written by Mrs. B. W. Whicher, who is now no more. And Mrs. Alice B. Neal has prefaced the book with a graceful and interesting memoir. She praises the virtues of Mrs. Whicher as warmly as her talents; and the tone of the "Bedott Papers" is, certainly, creditable to the feelings and the impulses of the writer.

—Mrs. WIRT (the widow of the distinguished attorney-general) has carefully and lovingly prepared a large quarto, entitled *Flora's Dictionary*. It is, at once, a course of botany, a complete flower letter-writer, and a dictionary of quotations. It will, undoubtedly, be a popular book; for it is profusely illustrated—profusely and showily, though not always in the best taste.

—An enterprising young firm in Boston, who signalized themselves a short time since by disinterring De Quincey's "Klosterheim," in spite of the author's expressed desire that the book should be left in its quiet grave, have now done themselves more credit, and the public more service, by issuing a handsome edition of JOHN STERLING'S fascinating tale of the *Onyx Ring*. Veteran readers of Blackwood will

not need to be reminded of the power, the beauty, and the subtle pathos which pervade that singular romance. The brilliant and versatile genius of Sterling, which exercised a pervasive rather than a perceptible influence upon the English literature of the times, is most adequately embodied, perhaps, in this creation. "One builds Cyclopean walls; another fashions marble carvings." It is something, also, to have wrought a magic ring, the mystic charm of which will test the consciousness of men for several generations yet to come. To the romance is prefixed a brief, candid, and intelligible memoir of Sterling, by Charles Hale.

—MR. DUGANNE is one of the greatest of American poets. This we say, with fear and trembling, on the authority of Mr. Duganne himself; for the style of Duganne's notes upon Duganne has impressed us with a belief that he will take the life of anybody who questions the perfection of his genius.

Mr. Duganne is an "Iron Man," we are informed, and plays upon an "Iron Harp"—whether it is a "harp of a thousand strings," or merely a Jew's harp, we don't pretend to know. It is enough that he plays so deftly as to have persuaded Mr. James Lesley, of "Ironcroft," to publish his resonant strains in a gorgeous octavo, on very handsome paper.

Mr. Duganne bangs the anvil and blows the trumpet—lauds labor and incites to battle—through some four hundred pages. He is a devotee of that "philanthropy" which an Eastern professor gravely defined as "the worst passion of our nature;" and, in the fervor of his emotions, not seldom soars above the restraints of rhyme and the narrow limits of versification. This, of course, is no affair of ours; and Mr. Duganne might have misused metre to the end of his days, unmolested by us, had he not seen fit to abuse almost every respectable writer in America. When we glanced at Mr. Duganne's portrait prefixed to this volume, we thought him rather an amiable-looking man. In private life he may be all that his face would indicate, but he is a terrible fellow in print. Not contented with assailing all his literary brethren, in one of the most ineffectual and clumsy satires ever composed, he has fallen upon them again, in a series of notes à la Tom Moore, in the course of which he has the

unspeakable audacity to lift up the heel against our own sovereign lady, "Maga," herself!

—MR. BAYARD TAYLOR has nothing to do with "Iron Men" or "Iron Harps." He is an artist, and a man of feeling, and in the handsome volume entitled *Poems of Home and Travel*, he gives us a careful selection from his works. Mr. Taylor is a thoughtful student of metre. How delicately true, for instance, is the key of that charming poem, "The Wayside Dream;" how dreary the music of the "Storm Lines," in which the poet has ventured upon an experiment and achieved a success. Mr. Taylor's domain lies in the realm of experience, rather than in that of speculation. His fine poem of the "Summer Camp" would have been finer than it is, had he not happened to think of the "Lotus-Eaters." If Mr. Taylor will compare the development of his "Pard and the Soldier" with that of the morbid and horrible story by which it was suggested, we think he will apprehend, fully, the criticism we have hinted here. For the praise we would imply, the reader will find that in the response of his feelings to such strains as those the poet sang "In Italy."

But, why do we go so far back? The judicious readers of our pages have not yet forgotten the rhythm of the "Wind and the Sea," or the stately poem of the "Mariners." These they will recover in the new volume, and other "Sunken Treasures" worth the finding. For instance, such pictures as this:

"AT HOME.

"The rain is sobbing on the wold;
The house is dark, the hearth is cold;
And stretching drear and ashy gray
Beyond the cedars, lies the bay.

"My neighbor at his window stands,
His youngest baby in his hands;
The others seek his tender kiss,
And one sweet woman crowns his bliss.

"I look upon the rainy wild;
I have no wife, I have no child;
There is no fire upon my hearth,
And none to love me on the earth."

Mr. Taylor will see that we have taken a liberty with this poem, which liberty is only our covert way of conveying to him a suggestion. Meanwhile, O reader! is not the picture finished, complete, and pathetic?

A BATCH OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—All the

little ones are eagerly looking, of course, for new and bright books. Christmas is coming, and New Year follows. Fortunately for the publishers, each year, if it does not produce a new crop of good books, brings forward a new crop of children to read the old ones.

This year, we have a reasonable supply of novelties. Of these, one of the handsomest and most attractive is Mr. Cranch's story of the *Last of the Huggermuggers*. Here is an artist and a man of genius devoting himself to entertain the little sovereigns of the fireside, and the little sovereigns ought to thank him. The adventures of Little-Jacket—a kind of diminutive Gulliver—among the giant Huggermuggers, his hiding in shells as big as houses, and subsisting on plums as big as cows, with all that afterwards befell him among that monstrous people, are here set forth with pomp and circumstance of solemn text, and lively, sketchy, humorous pictures.

—The *Mysterious Story Book*, and *Out of Debt, Out of Danger*, by Cousin Alice, come to us with a cordial word of introduction from Miss C. M. Sedgwick. The moral of both of these books is unexceptionable—the style sufficiently interesting; and they are simply very good specimens of the Edgworth school of story books. To all friends of that school we recommend them.

—The title of the *Bears of Augustusburg* attracted us to a pretty little volume, adorned on the cover with a gilded print of a great bear, seated beside a little girl. But we are sorry to say that the story of the Augustusburg Bears is no fairy tale. It is a German moral story—the moral of which is enforced by the most disagreeable events. There is a vast difference between realistic horrors and horrors of the imagination. There can be no objection to the slaughter of hundreds of dragons and giants in a child's story; but we must protest against the introduction of bears who crunch up pious old ragmen and respectable mothers, with their great white teeth. There are pretty passages, nevertheless, in the *Bears of Augustusburg*, and the translation is good. Like many children's books, however, it is carelessly written. This is a sad mistake. It is useless to teach a child grammatical rules beyond his comprehension, if he hears and reads ungrammatical English.

ART MATTERS.

Winthrop Praed, that witty and warm-hearted poet, who, for some mysterious reason, has never had his due of fame, once upon a time sang thus of the potent charms of some young lady:

"She smiled—and every heart was glad
As if the taxes were abolished,
She frowned—and every face was sad
As if the opera were demolished."

It is hardly safe to think how glad our hearts would be, could that consummation of felicity, dreamed of by the impassioned poet, be granted unto us; to waste our strength in sighing for the unattainable, is no part of wisdom. But the extreme of misery which the singer contemplated has befallen us, and now—are our faces sad? With the old year dies the Opera! Everybody can see the bathos of that sentence. Does everybody see the dash of pathos that lurks in it, too?

In this kindly season of twilight, betwixt the old year and the new, on which the star of Christmas shines, all pleasant things take on them a new value. Men think now more tenderly of those whom they love; and affections that have been too silent, perhaps, throughout the busy year, speak now in gifts and courtesies, in cordial wishes and in social mirth. At such a time all the arts of ornament and of amusement assert their importance in every heart, and the duller eyes can discern a use in poetry and in painting, in music and dainty books, in merry games and genial acting, in the cunning of the graver and the delicate devices of the "worker in fine gold and stones of price."

At such a time to chronicle the closing of our most brilliant and admirable place of entertainment is rather a doleful duty. Does New York wish the Opera to be demolished? Or do we only desire to have the fame of fine operas, without the trouble of sustaining them?

Paris, with all the attractions and all the motives to exertion of the Great Exhibition, has listened, this season, to no such presentations of Italian Opera as Mr. Paine has given us at the Academy. The Italian Opera, at Paris, opened late in the season, with the *Mosé* of Rossini (the re-written *Moïse* of the Grand Opera).

Mosé was heard thrice, by poor houses, and was then followed by *La Cenerentola*. The first part in *Mosé* was filled by Mme. Fiorentini—a singer who is no longer young, whose voice has lost much of its freshness, and even of its force, and who, in her best days, was legitimately a seconda donna. The rôle of *Sinaide* was sung by Sig.rina Pozzi—an artist of fair rank; Carrión, a smooth-voiced, but slashing tenor, of the school of Verdi, stormed the music of Amenophis; these, with Everardi, a good barytone, and Angelini, a respectable basso, complete the list. In *La Cenerentola*, Borghi-Mamo, a tasteful, accomplished, but not very powerful soprano, came upon the stage, supported by Zucchini, a basso by courtesy and necessity, in the part of Don Magnifico.

So much for Paris. We have had Madame Lagrange, the pearl of prima-donnas, who never disappoints a manager, and always disappoints the public—by doing more than they had any reason to expect—Madame Lagrange, whose marvelous vocalization wins at once, and whose other rare gifts disclose themselves continually, like new veins in a mine; and Miss Hensler, with her fine fresh, sweet tones and tasteful method, in exchange for whom Paris would gladly give us both Fiorentini and Castellani; and Mlle. Nantier-Didiée, whose most ripe, rich voice we have hardly given ourselves time to enjoy, but in whom we recognized at once the admirable artist and the gifted woman. We have had not one but two tenors in the prime of their powers—Salviani, who quietly charmed us while we were waiting to be astonished, and Brignoli, who *won't* be an actor, but who cannot help being a fine singer. We have in Rovere the best buffo whom Lablache will leave behind him when that vast voice of his shall subside into silence; and Amodio, and Morelli, and—but why should we run through the list? We have surely set forth, beyond cavil, the fact that, if the Opera has not succeeded in New York this season, the fault does not rest with the artists whom Mr. Paine has brought from Europe to enchant us.

If the fault be ours, shall we have a chance to repair it? That would seem to be somewhat doubtful now, though we are

vaguely told that the Academy will "not be reopened for operatic performances before the first of March." And if it be re-opened then, one thing is certain, our admirable Mme. Lagrange will not be here to receive our repentant homage. The uncivilized Brazilians have claimed her, and the imperial city of Rio, which we disdainfully associate with coffee-bags has given more strength to the hands of its operatic directors than we of New York are willing to give to ours.

We shall not rejoice in Opera at the opening of the Year. But for both great and small, other merriments and entertainments will not be lacking.

Here are the Ravels—those marvelous men who now, at fifty, tumble and leap, and stand on their heads and are pressed flat and blown up just as comfortably as when they were in the flower of their lusty youth some twenty years ago. Many a boy who laughed the tears into his young eyes, so long since, at the capers of "Gabriel," may sit now beside his own sons to witness the triumph of the old tricks over a new generation.

The charms of pantomime are inexhaustible—they win their way through the gravest waistcoat, and find a spot of genial weakness in the toughest heart. "Many a philosopher," says Thackeray somewhere, "would creep around the corner to see Punch, if he thought nobody saw him."

We in America, be we philosophers or not, have a considerable fear of being "seen by somebody;" but now that the holidays have come, we may take courage from a child's hand, and go boldly to places of no great gravity, and laugh ourselves into good humor and all the good, noble thoughts, and feelings, and dispositions which good humor brings.

Then, besides our pantomimes, we have store of theatricals, those mirrors of the world, set sometimes a little askant.

Is it true, for instance, that all the successful heads of families in "our best society" are secret swindlers; that all our lady leaders of fashion are mere furbelowed cookmaids? Do we never find a gentleman and an honest man in "our best society," except he be under a cloud of misfortune and civil contumely? and are the members of that "good society" so purblind, so dim-sighted, through ignorance and vanity, that every pretender, every impostor, every

foreign barber—though he carry his basin in his hand, and curl his talk in papers—may successfully impose himself upon their credulous greed of lions?

It is not easy to dramatize a society so fluctuating and comparatively chaotic as ours; but, if it be not easy to dramatize, it is, perhaps, undesirable to caricature. We cannot recommend such fun as wholesome for the holidays.

Nor can we entirely commend the more seemly, and, at first sight, quite acceptable drolleries of the troupe of "Juvenile Comedians" whom Mr. Marsh has brought to the Broadway for us.

Children love to act. Every parlor is a play-house; every hearth-rug a stage for the little Roscluses and Rachels, the little Garricks, and Keans, and Listons of every household. And since, in this yet imperfect world, even children must sometimes work—since there are still such things as factories, and the race of "small servants" is not yet extinct (alas! how few of such hapless creatures may hope to meet with a Dick Swiveller! how many must groan on into maturity beneath the awful eye of a Sally Brass!)—since such things are, and are likely for some time yet to be, we can see no objection to making the work of children as much of a play as it can be; and we would gladly give an encouragement to all the gay spectacles, and pretty tableaux, and lively, innocent making of fun which these little ones can be drilled into.

But let the drama of children be child-like. Let us not convert these little creatures into ineffectual parodies of adult actors and actresses. The farce and the comedy which are addressed to the perceptions of grown-up audiences, and have their foundations in the experience of life, are sadly ill-suited to these young, inexperienced children.

Often it must chance that the only relief from the child's inadequate presentation of parts which he happily cannot comprehend, will be found in his unconscious utterance of allusions which it would be shocking to believe he understood, and which move the laughter of the thoughtless by their contrast with the innocence of his young face and voice. Were such a contrast what it is not—a legitimate provocation to wholesome mirth—another reflection would rise to our minds: how long will a child, thus encouraged to say

things of the meaning of which he is supposed to be ignorant, remain in ignorance of their meaning?

Christmas gifts we must have, too, as well as Christmas jokes. And what gifts are so good as those upon the worth of which time must throw an ever fairer light? Beautiful books—books beautiful to the eye of the soul as well as to that of the body—books that one may learn to love—loving the giver not the less but the more, for the new affection we give to the gift's self: the painter's fancies, the engraver's faithful studies—these are gifts honorable to bestow, and worthy to receive. And nothing more marks the gradual growth of taste in our country than the slow but steady elevation of the standard of "beautiful books."

It is not very long since it was hard to find at Christmas any "beautiful books" but great annals, in bindings like the furniture of a steamboat, or a crack hotel. But we are beginning to learn that a "Book of Beauty" is not necessarily a beautiful book; that the ideal of female loveliness is not to be sought in a smooth-faced young lady, simpering out of a cloud of laces, between two pages of hot-pressed paper, and that a gaudy coat is as vile a thing when put upon a book as upon a man. Witness the number of exquisitely-illustrated volumes of true poetry that have been issued and bought up within the last three or four years, and that heap now the shelves of the bookstores. Longfellow, Gray, Cowper, Thomson, Byron, Rogers, Milton—the thoughts and fancies of these, sketched into visible form by the pencil of a Turner, or a Stothard, or a Birket Foster, make gifts that love may gladly offer and accept.

We had hoped this year would add to our store. There were promises of an exquisite edition of Tennyson, and we heard much of a pencil busy on Keats's delicious *Eve of St. Agnes*. But the Tennyson, alas! has not come, and the Keats has come—and again, alas! For this is not *Porphyro*, nor his *Madeline*, and Keats must wait a little longer for his artist.

The most exquisite book of the season, that we have seen, is still Birket Foster's dainty illustration of the "*Allegro*" and "*Penseroso*." Mr. Darley's "*Margaret*"

would have been a rare gift! But it has not yet passed from his ripening hand. When he lays down his pencil from that fine labor, will he not resume it in the service of *Hiawatha*? That poem is so full of pictures, that Mr. Darley might write in beauty upon its pages a criticism that would open the eyes of many who will not, and of more who cannot see with the mind's vision.

Of pictures proper, which are their own sufficient text, we had a word to say; but the unexpected expansion of the skirts of our *Maga*, which have already crowded out a worshipful company of Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans, who were waiting to be presented to a transatlantic public, compels us to be brief.

Yet, we must advise you, reader, to step, some one of these holiday mornings, into the Messrs. Williams's, and look at the exquisite water-color drawing of John Faed's "*Scott and his Contemporaries*;" that admirable group of noble heads and genial faces, which you know so well in the engraving. They look, to be sure, rather like a conclave, as they sit there about that table, wearing their dignity for the world's eye.

But, could you see them at midnight, you would not think them such very bad companions for a merry Christmas supper.

Nor can we help leaving with you the thought of a new and noble work of Landseer. "*The Shepherd's Prayer*" will make a Christmas picture in your mind.

Fancy a wide, wide plain, stretching, far away, from a hill in the foreground, to dim, distant mountains; on the hill stands a crucifix—a wooden cross bearing up the rude image of Him who came to lead the world into the fold of God—at the foot of the cross kneels, with adoring looks, a stalwart shepherd, and around him and behind him are scattered, far and wide, in boldest perspective, his sheep—a mighty flock, whitening all the plain. Over him, and them, and all the scene, broods a thought, vast and fair as the sky—the thought which Coleridge sang so well, and Browning has sung so much better:

"God made all the creatures, and gave them our love and our fear,
To show they and we are His children—one family here."